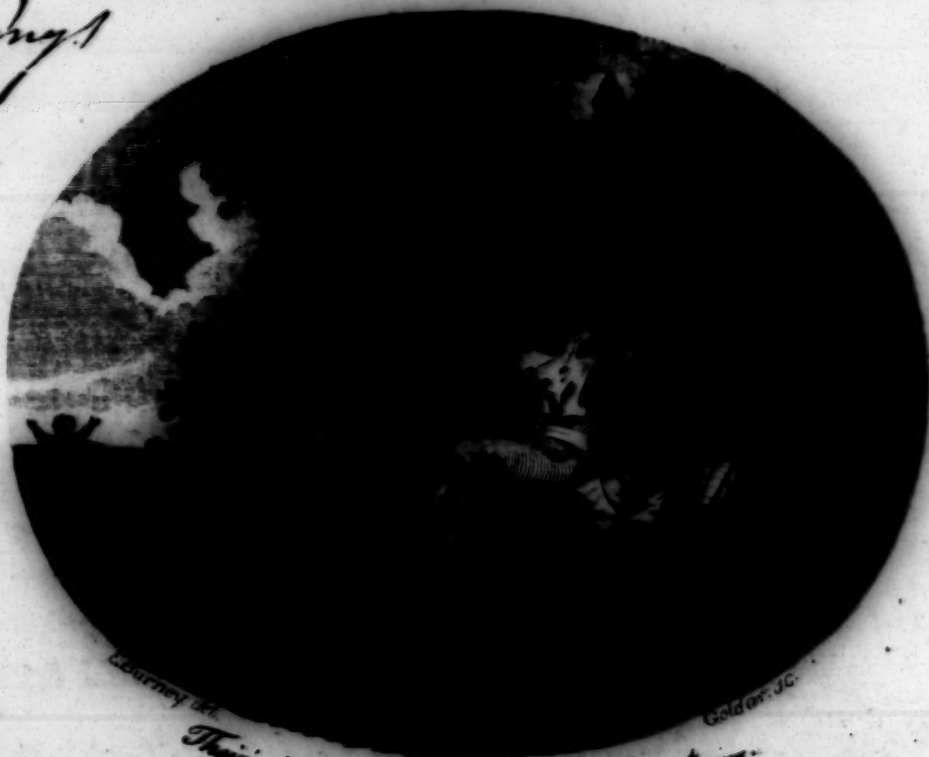


H THE **W**
POETICAL EPITOME;
OR,
ELEGANT EXTRACTS ABRIDGED
FROM THE LARGER VOLUME,
FOR
The Improvement of Scholars at Claffical and other Schools,
IN THE ART OF SPEAKING;
IN READING, THINKING, COMPOSING;
AND IN THE CONDUCT OF LIFE.

A. M. D. C. C. I.
1801



This is the Sunshine of the Breast.

L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR C. DILLY, IN THE POULTRY. 1791.

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THE Favourable Reception which the Large Volume in Octavo, entitled, *ELEGANT EXTRACTS IN POETRY*, has met with from the Public, is a Testimony of its Use and Value, more to be depended on than any which could be given by Speculative Opinions prior to the Decisions of Experience.

But coin of the purest metal may be so large and ponderous as to become inconvenient for the purposes of general circulation. Five Guinea Pieces are indeed carefully deposited and preserved in the Cabinet, but are seldom produced in the Market or the Exchange. Bulky Volumes are very useful in the Library, and for consultation; but cannot be adapted to the Pocket, and the hourly Wants of busy and familiar Life.

Under this persuasion it seemed right to reduce our larger Volume to a small Size, adapted to the Convenience and Finances of all: adapted to the Use of Schools of every Description; as well those of young Ladies as young Gentlemen; as well those in which the English only is taught, as those which are established for the Purposes of the most liberal and learned Education.

As to the Utility of the Study of Poetry at an early age, how much Pleasure it affords, how much it contributes to polish and refine the Mind,

how gradually it leads to all other Learning; this, I hope, is sufficiently evinced in the Preface prefixed at first to the larger Volume, and now subjoined to this Introduction.

That this **EPITOME** is well adapted to initiate the young Mind in Poetical Studies, may be asserted with confidence, because the larger Volume has been already approved; and the **EPITOME** contains an assemblage of the most beautiful Poems contained in the larger Volume.

The larger Volume will still continue on Sale, and will be preferred by many, as it certainly contains a much larger quantity. It will probably be introduced into Families and Libraries, and many of the best Schools, as it has already been honoured with this distinction. And the Public will, in justice to the first Promoters of useful Designs, preserve in mind that the large **ELEGANT EXTRACTS**, PUBLISHED BY **Mr. DILLY**, are the genuine and original Publications under that title; the success of which has lately occasioned an Imitation of them.

P R E F A C E.

SINCE Poetry affords young persons an innocent pleasure, a taste for it, under certain limitations, should be indulged. Why should they be forbidden to expatiate, in imagination, over the flowery fields of Arcadia, in Elysium, in the Isles of the Blest, and in the Vale of Tempè? The harmless delight which they derive from Poetry, is surely sufficient to recommend an attention to it, at an age when pleasure is the chief pursuit, even if the sweets of it were not blended with utility.

But if pleasure were the ultimate object of Poetry, there are some who, in the rigour of austere wisdom, would maintain that the precious days of youth might be more advantageously employed than in cultivating a taste for it. To obviate their objections, it is necessary to remind them, that Poetry has ever claimed the power of conveying instruction in the most effectual manner, by the vehicle of pleasure.

There is reason to believe that many young persons of natural genius would have given very little attention to learning of any kind, if they had been introduced to it by books appealing only to their reason and judgment, and not to their fancy.

fancy. Through the pleasant paths of Poetry, they have been gradually led to the heights of science: they have been allured, on first setting out, by the beauty of the scene presented to them, into a delightful land, flowing with milk and honey; where, after having been nourished like the infant from the mother's breast, they have gradually acquired strength enough to relish and digest the solideſt food of philoſophy.

This opinion ſeems to be confirmed by actual experience; for the greateſt men, in every liberal and honourable profeſſion, have given their early years to the charms of Poetry. Many of the moſt illuſtrious worthies in the church and in the ſtate, were allured to the land of learning by the Song of the Muſe; and they would perhaps have never entered it, if their preceptors had forbidden them to lend an ear. Of ſo much conſequence is Poetry to the general advancement of learning.

And as to morals, “ Poetry,” in the words of Sir Philip Sydney, “ doth not
 “ only ſhew the way, but giveth ſo ſweet a proſpect of the way, as will entice
 “ any man to enter into it; nay, the Poet doth, as if your journey ſhould be
 “ through a fair vineyard, at the very firſt give you a cluster of grapes, that,
 “ full of that taſte, you may long to paſs farther. He beginneth not with ob-
 “ ſcure definitions, but he cometh to you with words ſet in delightful propor-
 “ tion, either accompanied with, or prepared for, the well-enchanting ſkill of
 “ muſic;—and with a tale;—he cometh unto you with a tale, *which holdeth*
 “ *children from play*, and old men from the chimney-corner. Even thoſe hard-
 “ hearted evil men, who think virtue a ſchool-name, and deſpiſe the aſtere
 “ admonitions of the philoſopher, and feel not the inward reaſons they ſtand
 “ upon,

“ upon, yet will be contented to be delighted; which is all the good fellow
“ Poet seems to promise; and so steal to see the form of goodness; which seen,
“ they cannot but love, ere themselves be aware, as if they took a *medicine of*
“ *cherries.*”

Thus Poetry, by the gentle, yet certain method of allurements, leads both to learning and to virtue. I conclude, therefore, that, under a few self-evident restrictions, it is properly addressed to all young minds, in the course of a liberal education.

It must be confessed, at the same time, that many sensible men, both in the world and in the schools of philosophy, have objected to it. They have thought that a taste for it interfered with an attention to what they call the MAIN CHANCE. *What poet ever fined for sheriff?* says Oldham. *It is seldom seen that any one discovers mines of gold and silver in Parnassus,* says Mr. Locke. Such ideas have predominated in the exchange and in the warehouse; and while they continue to be confined to those places, may perhaps, in some instances, be advantageous. But they ought not to operate on the mind of the gentleman, or the man of a liberal profession; and indeed there is no good reason to be given why the mercantile classes, at least of the higher order, should not amuse their leisure with any pleasures of polite literature.

That some object to the study of Poetry as a part of education, is not to be wondered at, when it is considered that many, from want of natural sensibility, or from long habits of inattention to every thing but sordid interest, are totally unfurnished with faculties for the perception of poetical beauty. But shall we

deny the cowslip and violet their vivid colour and sweet fragrance, because the quadruped who feeds in the meadow, tramples over them without perceiving either their hues or their odours? Against the opposers of Poetry, the taste of mankind, from China to Peru, powerfully militates.

Young minds have commonly a taste for Poetry. Unseduced by the love of money, and unhacknied in the ways of vice, they are indeed delighted with nature and fact, though unembellished; because all objects with them have the grace of novelty: but they are transported with the charms of Poetry, where the sunshine of fancy diffuses over every thing the fine gloss, the rich colouring, of beautiful imagery and language. "Nature" (to cite Sir Philip Sydney again) "never set forth the earth in so rich tapestry as diverse poets have done, "neither with so pleasant rivers, fruitful trees, sweet-smelling flowers, nor "whatsoever may make the earth more lovely.—The world is a *brazen* world "—the poets only deliver a *GOLDEN*; which whoever dislike, *the fault is in their* "judgment, quite out of taste, and not in the sweet food of SWEETLY-UTTERED "KNOWLEDGE."

It will be readily acknowledged, that ideas and precepts of all kinds, whether of morality or science, make a deeper impression when inculcated by the vivacity, the painting, the melody of poetical language. And what is thus deeply impressed will also long remain; for metre and rhyme naturally catch hold of the memory, as the tendrils of the vine cling round the branches of the elm.

Old Orpheus and Linus are recorded in fable to have drawn the minds of savage men to knowledge, and to have polished human nature, by Poetry. And

are

are not children in the state of nature? And is it not probable that Poetry may be the best instrument to operate on them, as it was found to be on nations in the savage state? Since, according to the mythological wisdom of the ancients, Amphion moved stones, and Orpheus brutes, by music and verse, is it not reasonable to believe, that minds which are dull, and even brutally insensible, may be penetrated, sharpened, softened, and irradiated, by the warm influence of fine Poetry?

But it is really superfluous to expatiate either on the delight or the utility of Poetry. The subject has been exhausted; and, whatever a few men of little taste and feeling, or of minds entirely sordid and secular, may object, such are the charms of the Goddess, such her powerful influence over the heart of man, that she will never want voluntary votaries at her shrine. The Author of Nature has kindly implanted in man a love of Poetry, to solace him under the labours and sorrows of life. A great part of the Scriptures is poetry and verse. The wise son of Sirach enumerates, among the most honourable of mankind, **SUCH AS FOUND OUT MUSICAL TUNES, AND RECITED VERSES IN WRITING.**

With respect to this Compilation, the principal subject of this Preface (but from which I have been seduced into a digression, by giving my suffrage in favour of an art I love)—if I should be asked what are its pretensions, I must freely answer, that it professes nothing more than (what is evident at first sight) to be a larger Collection of English Verse, **FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS,** than has ever yet been published **IN ONE VOLUME.** The original intention was to comprize in it a great number and variety of such pieces as were already in use in schools, or which seemed proper for the use of them; such a

number and variety as might furnish something satisfactory to every taste, and serve as a little Poetical Library for school-boys, precluding the inconvenience and expence of a multitude of volumes.

Such was the design of the Publication. The Editor can claim no praise beyond that of the design. The praise of ingenuity is all due to the Poets whose works have supplied the materials. What merit can there be in directing a famous and popular passage to be inserted from Shakspeare, Milton, Pope, Gray, and many others of less fame, indeed, but in great esteem, and of allowed genius? Their own lustre pointed them out, like stars of the first magnitude in the heavens. There was no occasion for singular acuteness of vision, or of optical glasses, to discover a brightness which obtruded itself on the eye. The best pieces are usually the most popular. They are loudly recommended by the voice of Fame, and indeed have been already selected in a variety of volumes of preceding collections. To confess an humiliating truth, in making a Book like this, the hand of the artisan is more employed than the head of the writer. Utility and innocent entertainment are the sole designs of the Editor; and if they are accomplished, he is satisfied, and cheerfully falls back into the shade of obscurity. He is confident that the Book cannot but be useful and entertaining; but he is, at the same time, so little inclined to boast of his work, that he is ready to confess, that almost any man, willing to incur a considerable expence, and undergo a little trouble, might have furnished as good a collection.

As taste will for ever differ, some may wish to have seen in it passages from some favourite, yet obscure poet, and some also from their own works; but it was the business of the Editor of a *school-book like this*, not to insert scarce and
curious

curious works, such as please *virtuoso* readers, chiefly from *their rarity*, but to collect such as were *publicly known, and universally celebrated*. The more known, the more celebrated, the better they were adapted to this Collection; which is not designed, like the lessons of some dancing-masters, for *grown gentlemen*, but for *young learners only*; and it will readily occur to every one, that what is old to men and women, may be, and for the most part must be, *NEW to boys and girls receiving their education*. Private judgment, in a work like this, must often give way to public. Some things are inserted in this Volume, entirely in submissive deference to public opinion; which when general and long continued, is the least fallible test of merit in the fine arts, and particularly in Poetry. Whatever was found in previous collections, which experience had pronounced proper for Schools, has been freely taken and admitted: the stamp of experience gave it currency. The freedom of borrowing, it is hoped, will be pardoned, as the collectors, with whom it has been used, first set the example of it.

It is unnecessary, and perhaps might be deemed impertinent, to point out the mode of using the Collection to the best advantage. It is evident that it may be used in schools, either in recitation, transcription, the exercise of the memory, or in imitation. It furnishes an abundance of models; which are the best means of exciting genius. Such *Arts of Poetry* as those of Gildon, Byshe, Newbery, and their imitators, effect but little in the dry method of technical precept; and the young Poet, like the Sculptor, will improve most by working after a model. It is evident that this Collection may be usefully read at *ENGLISH SCHOOLS, in the classes*, just as the Latin and Greek authors are read at the *grammar-schools*, by explaining every thing grammatically, historically,

historically, metrically, and critically; and then giving a portion to be learned by memory. The Book, it is hoped, will be particularly agreeable and useful *in the private studies* of the amiable young student, whose first love is the love of the Muse, and who courts her in his summer's walk, and his winter's solitude.

In the latter part many little pieces are admitted, mere *lusus poetici*, chiefly for the diversion of the student. They are, it must be confessed, no more than flowrets at the bottom of Parnassus; but it is hoped, that their admission will be approved, as they may gradually lead the scholar to ascend higher up the hill, who might have been deterred from approaching it if he had seen nothing in the first prospect but the sublime, the solemn, and the sombrous.

The reader will have no cause to complain, if, instead of *Extracts*, he often finds whole poems inserted. This has been done whenever it seemed consistent with the design, and could be done without *injustice*. In this matter, the opinion of those who must be supposed best qualified to give it, was asked, and followed. The wish was to take nothing but what seemed to lie on the *common*, relinquished or neglected by the lord of the manor.

Though the Book is divided into Four Parts, yet the formality of regular and systematical arrangement of the component pieces, has not been strictly observed. Such compilations as these have not unfrequently been called garlands and nosegays: but in a garland or nosegay, who would place the tulips, the lilies, the pinks, and the roses in separate compartments? In this artificial disposition, their beauty and fragrance would be less pleasing than if they

they were carelessly mingled with all the ease and wildness of natural variety. I hope the analogy will hold ; if not, I must throw myself in this, as I do in all other circumstances of this publication, upon my readers indulgence. I expect not praise ; but I confide in receiving pardon.

Perhaps the reader will be the more inclined to extend it towards me, if I do not weary him with apologies. I will then conclude my Preface with the ideas of Montaigne:—" *I have here only made a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own but the thread that ties them.*"

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THE
POETICAL EPIITOME;

OR,
ELEGANT EXTRACTS ABRIDGED, &c.

BOOK FIRST.

SACRED AND MORAL.

§ 1. *An Address to the Deity.* THOMSON.

FATHER of light and life! Thou GOOD
SUPREME!

O teach me what is good. Teach me THYSELF!
Save me from folly, vanity, and vice;
From ev'ry low pursuit! and feed my soul
With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure;
Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss!

§ 2. *The Universal Prayer.* POPE.
Deo opt. max.

FATHER of all! in ev'ry age,
In ev'ry clime ador'd,
By Saint, by Savage, and by Sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou Great First Cause, least understood,
Who all my sense confin'd
To know but this, that Thou art good,
And that myself am blind;

Yet gave me, in this dark estate
To see the good from ill;
And, binding nature fast in fate,
Left free the human will.
What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This teach me more than hell to shun;
That more than heav'n pursue.
What blessings thy free bounty gives
Let me not cast away;
For God is paid when man receives;
T'enjoy is to obey.
Yet not to earth's contracted span
Thy goodness let me bound;
Or think Thee Lord alone of man,
When thousand worlds are round.
Let not this weak unknowing hand
Presume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land
On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart
Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, O teach my heart
To find that better way.
Save me alike from foolish pride,
Or impious discontent;
At aught thy wisdom has deny'd,
Or aught thy goodness lent.
Teach me to feel another's woe;
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.
Mean tho' I am, not wholly so,
Since quicken'd by thy breath;
O lead me wheresoe'er I go,
Thro' this day's life or death.
This day, be bread and peace my lot:
All else beneath the sun
Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not;
And let thy will be done.
To Thee, whose temple is all space;
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies!
One chorus let all being raise!
All nature's incense rise!

§ 3. *Hymn on Gratitude.* ADDISON.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys;
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.
O how shall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare
That glows within my ravish'd heart?
But thou canst read it there.
Thy providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redress,
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.
To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,

Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
To form themselves in pray'r.
Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom those comforts flow'd.
When in the slipp'ry paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm unseen convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.
Thro' hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
It gently clear'd my way,
And thro' the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.
When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
With health renew'd my face,
And when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Reviv'd my soul with grace.
Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss
Has made my cup run o'er,
And in a kind and faithful friend
Has doubled all my store.
Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart
That tastes those gifts with joy.
Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death in distant worlds
The glorious theme renew.
When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works to more,
My ever-grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.
Through all eternity to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
For O! Eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise!

§ 4. *Hymn on Providence, from Psalm 134.*
ADDISON.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care:
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountains pant;
To fertile vales, and dewy meads,
My weary wand'ring steps he leads;
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Tho' in the paths of Death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

Tho' in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile:
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd;
And streams shall murmur all around.

§ 5. *Hymn, from the Beginning of the 19th Psalm.*
ADDISON.

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heav'ns, a shining frame,
Their Great Original proclaim;
Th'unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's pow'r display,
And publishes to ev'ry land
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wond'rous tale,

And nightly to the list'ning earth
Repeats the story of her birth:
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball!
What tho' nor real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found!
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing as they shine,
"The Hand that made us is divine."

§ 6. *Hymn.* MRS. ROWE.

THE glorious armies of the sky
To thee, Almighty King,
Triumphant anthems consecrate,
And hallelujahs sing.
But still their most exalted flights
Fall vastly short of thee:
How distant then must human praise
From thy perfections be!
Yet how, my God, shall I refrain,
When to my ravish'd sense
Each creature, everywhere around,
Displays thy excellence!
The active lights that shine above,
In their eternal dance,
Reveal their skilful Maker's praise
With silent elegance.
The blushes of the morn confess
That thou art still more fair,
When in the East its beams revive,
To gild the fields of air.
The fragrant, the refreshing breeze
Of ev'ry flow'ry bloom
In balmy whispers own, from Thee
Their pleasing odours come.

The singing birds, the warbling winds,
And waters murmur'ing fall;
To praise the first Almighty Cause,
With different voices call.

Thy num'rous works exalt thee thus,
And shall I silent be?

No; rather let me cease to breathe,
Than cease from praising Thee!

§ 7. *Hymn.* Mrs. ROWE.

THOU didst, O mighty God! exist
Ere time began its race;
Before the ample elements
Fill'd up the void of space:

Before the pond'rous earthly globe
In fluid air was stay'd;
Before the ocean's mighty springs
Their liquid stores display'd:

Ere through the gloom of ancient night
The streaks of light appear'd;
Before the high celestial arch
Or starry poles were rear'd:

Before the loud melodious spheres
Their tuneful round begun;
Before the shining roads of heav'n
Were measur'd by the sun:

Ere thro' the empyrean courts
One hallelujah rung;
Or to their harps the sons of light
Extatic anthems sung:

Ere men ador'd, or angels knew,
Or prais'd thy wondrous name;
Thy bliss, O sacred Spring of life!
Thy glory was the same.

And when the pillars of the world
With sudden ruin break,
And all this vast and goodly frame
Sinks in the mighty wreck;

When from her orb the moon shall start,
Th'astonish'd sun roll back,
And all the trembling starry lamps
Their ancient course forsake;
For ever permanent and fix'd,
From agitation free,
Unchang'd in everlasting years,
Shall they existence be.

§ 8. *Hymn, from Psalm 148th.* OGILVIE.

BEGIN, my soul, th'exalted lay!
Let each enraptur'd thought obey,
And praise th'Almighty's name:
Lo! heaven and earth, and seas and skies,
In one melodious concert rise,
To swell th'inspiring theme.

Ye fields of light, celestial plains,
Where gay transporting beauty reigns,
Ye scenes divinely fair!
Your Maker's wond'rous power proclaim;
Tell how he form'd your shining frame,
And breath'd the fluid air.

Ye angels, catch the thrilling sound!
While all th'adoring thrones around
His boundless mercy sing:
Let ev'ry list'ning saint above
Wake all the tuneful soul of love,
And touch the sweetest string.

Join, ye loud spheres, the vocal choir:
Thou dazzling orb of liquid fire,
The mighty chorus aid:
Soon as grey ev'ning gilds the plain,
Thou moon protract the melting strain,
And praise him in the shade.

Thou heav'n of heav'ns, his vast abode,
Ye clouds, proclaim your forming God,
Who call'd yon worlds from night:
"Ye shades, dispel!"—th'Eternal said!
At once th'involving darkness fled,
And nature sprung to light!

Whate'er

Whate'er a blooming world contains,
That wings the air, that skims the plains,
United praise bestow :

Ye dragons sound his awful name
To heav'n aloud ! and roar acclaim
Ye swelling deeps below.

Let ev'ry element rejoice :
Ye thunders, burst with awful voice
To him who bids you roll ;
His praise in softer notes declare,
Each whispering breeze of yielding air,
And breathe it to the soul.

To him, ye graceful cedars, bow ;
Ye tow'ring mountains, bending low,
Your great Creator own ;
Tell when affrighted nature shook,
How Sinai kindled at his look,
And trembled at his frown.

Ye flocks that haunt the humble vale,
Ye insects fluttering on the gale,
In mutual concourse rise :
Crop the gay roses vermeil bloom,
And waft its spoils, a sweet perfume,
In incense to the skies.

Wake all ye mounting tribes, and sing ;
Ye plummy warblers of the spring,
Harmonious anthems raise
To him who shap'd your finer mould,
Who tipp'd your glittering wings with gold,
And turn'd your voice to praise.

Let man, by nobler passions sway'd,
The feeling heart, the judging head,
In heav'nly praise employ ;
Spread his tremendous name around,
Till heav'n's broad arch rings back the sound,
The gen'ral burst of joy.

Ye whom the charms of grandeur please,
Nurs'd on the downy lap of ease,
Fall prostrate at his throne :

Ye princes, rulers, all adore ;
Praise him, ye kings, who make your pow'r
An image of his own.

Ye fair by nature, form'd to move,
O praise th'eternal Source of love,
With youth's enlivening fire :
Let age take up the tuneful lay,
Sigh his blest'd name—then soar away,
And ask an angel's lyre.

§ 9. Hymn. ANON.

HOW are thy servants blest, O Lord !
How sure is their defence !
Eternal Wisdom is their guide ;
Their help Omnipotence.

In foreign realms and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes I pass'd unhurt,
And breath'd in tainted air.

Thy mercy sweeten'd every soil,
Made every region please ;
The hoary Alpine hills it warm'd,
And smooth'd the Tyrrhene seas.

Think, O my soul, devoutly think,
How with affrighted eyes
Thou saw'st the wide extended deep
In all its horrors rise !

Confusion dwelt in ev'ry face,
And fear in ev'ry heart,
When waves on waves, and gulphs in gulphs,
O'ercame the pilot's art.

Yet then from all my griefs, O Lord,
Thy mercy set me free ;
While in the confidence of pray'r
My soul took hold on thee.

For tho' in dreadful whirls we hung
High on the broken wave,
I knew thou wert not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save

The storm was laid. the winds retir'd,
 Obedient to thy will ;
 The sea that roar'd at thy command,
 At thy command was still.
 In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
 Thy goodness I'll adore ;
 And praise thee for thy mercies past,
 And humbly hope for more.
 My life, if thou preserv'st my life,
 Thy sacrifice shall be ;
 And death, if death must be my doom,
 Shall join my soul to thee.

§ 10. *Hymn.* ANON.

WHEN rising from the bed of death,
 O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
 I see my Maker face to face,
 O! how shall I appear?
 If yet, while pardon may be found,
 And mercy may be sought,
 My heart with inward horror shrinks,
 And trembles at the thought ;
 When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclos'd
 In majesty severe,
 And sit in judgment on my soul,
 O how shall I appear !
 But thou hast told the troubled soul,
 Who does her sins lament,
 The timely tribute of her tears
 Shall endless woes prevent.
 Then see the sorrows of my heart,
 Ere yet it be too late ;
 And hear my Saviour's dying groans,
 To give those sorrows weight.
 For never shall my soul despair
 Her pardon to procure,
 Who knows the only Son has dy'd
 To make that pardon sure.

§ 11. *A Night Piece on Death.* PARNELL.

BY the blue taper's trembling light
 No more I waste the wakeful night,
 Intent with endless view to pore
 Tho' schoolmen and the sages o'er :
 Their books from wisdom widely stray,
 Or point, at best, the longest way.
 I'll seek a readier path, and go
 Where wisdom's surely taught below.
 How deep yon azure dies the sky !
 Where orbs of gold unnumber'd lie ;
 While thro' their ranks, in silver pride,
 The nether crescent seems to glide.
 The slumbering breeze forgets to breathe,
 The lake is smooth, and clear beneath,
 Where once again the spangled show
 Descends to meet our eyes below.
 The grounds which on the right aspire,
 In dimness from the view retire ;
 The left presents a place of graves,
 Whose wall the silent water laves.
 That steeple guides thy doubtful sight
 Among the livid gleams of night ;
 There pass, with melancholy state,
 By all the solemn heaps of fate ;
 And think, as softly-sad you tread
 Above the venerable dead,
 ' Time was, like thee, thy life possesst ;
 ' And time shall be, that thou shalt rest.'
 Those graves, with bending osier bound,
 That nameless heave the crumbled ground,
 Quick to the glancing thought disclose
 Where toil and poverty repose.
 The flat smooth stones that bear a name,
 The chissel's slender help to fame
 (Which ere our set of friends decay,
 Their frequent steps may wear away)
 A middle race of mortals own,
 Men half ambitious, all unknown.
 The marble tombs that rise on high,
 Whose dead in vaulted arches lie,

Whose

Whose pillars swell with sculptur'd stones,
Arms, angels, epitaphs, and bones;
These, all the poor remains of state,
Adorn the rich, or praise the great;
Who, while on earth in fame they live,
Are senseless of the fame they give.

Ha! while I gaze, pale Cynthia fades,
The bursting earth unveils the shades!
All slow, and wan, and wrapp'd with shrouds,
They rise in visionary crowds;
And all with sober accent cry,
"Think, mortal, what it is to die!"

Now, from yon black and fun'ral view,
That bathes the charnel-house with dew,
Methinks, I hear a voice begin—
(Ye ravens, cease your croaking din;
Ye tolling clocks, no time refund
O'er the long lake and midnight ground)
It sends a peal of hollow groans,
Thus speaking from among the bones:

"When men my scythe and darts supply,
How great a King of Fears am I!
They view me like the last of things;
They make, and then they dread, my stings.
Fools! if you less provok'd your fears,
No more my spectre-form appears:
Death's but a path that must be trod,
If man would ever pass to God:
A port of calms, a state of ease,
From the rough rage of swelling seas.

Why, then, thy flowing sable stoles,
Deep pending cypresses, mourning poles,
Loose scarfs to fall athwart thy weeds,
Long palls, drawn hearfes, cover'd steeds,
And plumes of black, that, as they tread,
Nod o'er the 'scutcheons of the dead?

Nor can the parted body know,
Nor wants the soul, these forms of woe:
As men who long in prison dwell,
With lamps that glimmer round the cell,
Whene'er their suffering years are run,
Spring forth to greet the glittering sun;

Such joy, tho' far transcending sense,
Have pious souls at parting hence.
On earth, and in the body plac'd,
A few and evil years they waste:
But, when their chains are cast aside,
See the glad scene unfolding wide;
Clap the glad wing, and tow'r away,
And mingle with the blaze of day.

§ 12. *Messiah, a Sacred Eclogue.* POPE.

YE Nymphs of Solyma! begin the song:
To heavenly themes sublimer strains belong.
The mossy fountains and the sylvan shades;
The dreams of Pindus and th'Aonian maids,
Delight no more.—O Thou my voice inspire,
Who touch'd Isaiah's hallow'd lips with fire!
Rapt into future times, the bard begun:
A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son!
From Jesse's root behold a branch arise,
Whose sacred flow'r with fragrance fills the skies:
Th'ethereal spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
And on its top descends the mystic Dove.
Ye heav'ns! from high the dewy nectar pour,
And in soft silence shed the kindly show'r!
The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid,
From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade;
All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail,
Returning Justice lift aloft her scale;
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white-rob'd Innocence from heav'n descend.
Swift fly the years, and rise th'expected morn!
O spring to light, auspicious Babe, be born!
See nature hastes her earliest wreathes to bring,
With all the incense of the breathing spring;
See lofty Lebanon his head advance,
See nodding forests on the mountains dance,
See spicy clouds from lowly Saron rise,
And Carmel's flow'ry top perfumes the skies!
Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers;
Prepare the way! a God, a God appears!
A God, a God! the vocal hills reply:
The rocks proclaim th'approaching Deity.

Lo, earth receives him from the bending skies!
Sink down, ye mountains, and, ye vallies, rise!
With heads declin'd, ye cedars, homage pay;
Be smooth, ye rocks, ye rapid floods, give way!
The SAVIOUR comes! by ancient Bards foretold;
Hear him, ye deaf! and, all ye blind, behold!
He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
And on the sightless eye-ball pour the day:
'Tis he th'obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
And bid new music charm th'unfolding ear;
The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
And leap exulting like the bounding roe.
No sigh, no murmur, the wide world shall hear;
From ev'ry face he wipes off ev'ry tear.
In adamant chains shall death be bound,
And hell's grim tyrant feel th'eternal wound.
As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,
Seeks freshest pasture and the purest air,
Explores the lost, the wand'ring sheep directs,
By day o'ersees them, and by night protects:
The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms;
Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage,
The promis'd Father of the future age.
No more shall nation against nation rise,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er,
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more;
But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
And the broad faulchion in a plowshare end.
Then palaces shall rise; the joyful son
Shall finish what his short-liv'd sire begun;
Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
And the same hand that sow'd shall reap the field.
The swain in barren deserts, with surprise,
Sees lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise;
And starts, amidst the thirsty wilds, to hear
New falls of water murmuring in his ear.
On rifted rocks, the dragons late abodes,
The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods;
Waste sandy vallies, once perplex'd with thorn,
The spiry fir and shapely box adorn;

To leafless shrubs the flow'ring palm succeed,
And od'rous myrtle to the noisome weed. [mead,
The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant
And boys in flow'ry bands the tyger lead;
The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet;
The smiling infant in his hand shall take
The crested basilisk and speckled snake,
Pleas'd, the green lustre of their scales survey,
And with their forky tongue shall innocently
play.

Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem rise!
Exalt thy tow'ry head, and lift thy eyes!
See a long race thy spacious courts adorn;
See future sons and daughters, yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on ev'ry side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies!
See barb'rous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;
See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,
And heap'd with products of Sabæan springs!
For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,
And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
See heav'n its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day.
No more the rising Sun shall gild the morn,
Nor ev'ning Cynthia fill her silver horn;
But lost, dissolv'd in thy superior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
O'erflow thy courts: the Light himself shall shine
Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine;
The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away,
But fix'd his word, his saving pow'r remains:
Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns!

§ 13. *An Elegy, written in a Country Church-
Yard.* GRAY.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
 And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
 Save where the beetle wheels his drony flight,
 And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds ;
 Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r,
 The moping owl does to the moon complain
 Of such, as, wand'ring near her secret bow'r,
 Molest her ancient, solitary reign!

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
 Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring
 Each in his narrow cell for ever laid, [heap,
 The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn, [shed,
 The swallow, twitt'ring from the straw-built
 The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
 No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
 Or busy housewife ply her evening care :
 Nor children run to hup their fire's return,
 Or climb his knees the envied kifs to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield ;
 Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke ;
 How jocund did they drive their teams afield !
 How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy
 froke !

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
 Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;
 Nor gauds hear with a disdainful smile
 The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
 And all that beauty, all that health e'er gave,
 Await, alike, th'inevitable hour ;
 The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
 If mem'ry o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
 Where thro' the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
 The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
 Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath !

Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
 Or Flatt'ry soothe the dull cold ear of death !
 Perhaps, in this neglected spot is laid
 Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire :
 Hands that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
 Or wak'd to extasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
 Rich with the spoils of Time, did ne'er unroll ;
 Chill Penury express'd their noble rage,
 And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem, of purest ray serene,
 The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear ;
 Full many a flow'r is born to blush unseen,
 And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village-Hampden, that with dauntless breast
 The little tyrant of his fields withstood ;
 Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest ;
 Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

Th'applause of list'ning senates to command,
 The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
 To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
 And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade : nor circumscrib'd alone [fin'd ;
 Their growing virtues, but their crimes con-
 Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
 And shut the gates of mercy on mankind ;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
 To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
 Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
 With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife
 Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray ;
 Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
 They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect,
 Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
 With uncouth rhimes and shapeless sculpture
 Implores the passing tribute of a sigh. [deck'd

Their name, their years, spelt by th'unletter'd
The place of fame and elegy supply : [muse,
And many a holy text around the strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, ling'ring, look behind ?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires :
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of nature cries ;
Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th'unhonour'd dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate ;
If, chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall enquire thy fate :

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
" Oft have we seen him, at the peep of dawn,
Brushing, with hasty steps, the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That writhes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noon-tide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that bubbles by.

Hard by yon wood, now smiling, as in scorn,
Mutt'ring his wayward fancies, he would rove ;
Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,
Along the heath, and near his fav'rite tree :
Another came ; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he.

The next, with dirges due, in sad array, [borne,
Slow thro' the church-yard path we saw him
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth,
A youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown ;

Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere ;
Heav'n did a recompense as largely send :
He gave to Mis'ry all he had, a tear ; [a friend
He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all he wish'd)

No farther seeks his merit to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose)
The bosom of his Father and his God.

§ 14. *Hymn to Content.* Mrs. BARBAULD.

natura beatis
Omnibus esse dedit, si quis cognoverit uti.
CLAUDIAN:

THOU, the Nymph with placid eye !

O seldom found, yet ever nigh !

Receive my temp'rate vow :

Not all the storms that shake the pole
Can e'er disturb thy halcyon soul,
And smooth th'unalter'd brow.

O come, in simple vest array'd,
With all thy sober cheer display'd,
To blest my longing sight ;
Thy mien compos'd, thy even pace,
Thy meek regard, thy matron grace,
And chaste subdu'd delight.

No more by varying passions beat,
O gently guide my pilgrim feet
To find thy hermit cell ;
Where in some pure and equal sky,
Beneath thy soft indulgent eye,
The modest virtues dwell.

Simplicity in attic vest,
And Innocence with candid breast,
And clear undaunted eye ;
And Hope, who points to distant years,
Fair op'ning thro' this vale of tears,
A vista to the sky.

There

There Health, thro' whose calm bosom glide
 The temp'rate joys in even tide,
 That rarely ebb or flow;
 And Patience there, thy sister meek,
 Presents her mild, unvarying cheek
 To meet the offer'd blow.

He influence taught the Phrygian sage
 A tyrant master's wanton rage
 With settled smiles to meet:
 Inur'd to toil and bitter bread,
 He bow'd his meek submitted head,
 And kiss'd thy faintest feet.

But thou, oh Nymph retir'd and coy!
 In what brown hamlet dost thou joy
 To tell thy tender tale?
 The lowliest children of the ground,
 Moss-rose and violet blossom round,
 And lily of the vale.

O say what soft propitious hour
 I best may choose to hail thy pow'r,
 And court thy gentle sway?
 When Autumn, friendly to the Muse,
 Shall thy own modest tints diffuse,
 And shed thy milder day.

When Eve, her dewy star beneath,
 Thy balmy spirit loves to breathe,
 And ev'ry storm is laid;
 If such an hour was e'er thy choice,
 Oft let me hear thy soothing voice
 Low whispering thro' the shade.

§ 15. *Psalm 23d.* MERRICK.

LO, my Shepherd's hand divine!
 Want shall never more be mine.
 In a pasture fair and large
 He shall feed his happy Charge,
 And my couch with tend'rest care,
 'Midst the springing grass prepare.
 When I faint with summer's heat,
 He shall lead my weary feet

To the streams that still and slow
 Through the verdant meadow flow.
 Here my soul anew shall frame,
 And, his mercy to proclaim,
 When through devious paths I stray,
 Teach my steps the better way.
 Though the dreary vale I tread,
 By the shades of death o'erspread;
 There I walk from terror free,
 While my ev'ry wish I see
 By thy rod and staff supply'd;
 This my guard, and that my guide,
 While my foes are gazing on,
 Thou thy fav'ring care hast shown;
 Thou my plenteous board hast spread;
 Thou with Oil refresh'd my head;
 Fill'd by Thee, my cup o'erflows;
 For thy Love no limit knows:
 Constant, to my latest end,
 This my footsteps shall attend,
 And shall bid thy hallow'd Dome
 Yield me an eternal home.

§ 16. *Death.* Dr. PORTEUS, Bp. of London.

FRRIEND to the wretch whom every friend
 forsakes,
 I woo thee, Death! In fancy's fairy paths
 Let the gay songster rove, and gently trill
 The strain of empty joy. Life and its joys
 I leave to those that prize them. At this hour,
 This solemn hour, when silence rules the world,
 And wearied nature makes a gen'ral pause;
 Wrapt in night's sable robe, through cloysters
 And charnels pale, tenanted by a throng [drear
 Of meagre phantoms shooting cross my path
 With silent glance, I seek the shadowy vale
 Of Death. Deep in a murky cave's recess,
 Lav'd by Oblivion's listless stream, and fanc'd
 By shelving rocks, and intermingled horrors
 Of yew and cypress shade, from all intrusion
 Of busy noontide beam, the Monarch sits

In unsubstantial majesty enthron'd.
 At his right hand, nearest himself in place
 And frightfulness of form, his parent Sin
 With fatal industry and cruel care
 Busies he's self in pointing all his stings,
 And tipping every shaft with venom drawn
 From her infernal store: around him, rang'd
 In terrible array, and mixture strange
 Of uncouth shapes, stand his dread Ministers,
 Foremost Old Age, his natural ally
 And firmest friend: next him diseases thick,
 A motly train; Fever, with cheek of fire;
 Consumption wan; Palsy, half warm with life,
 And half a clay-clod lump; joint-tort'ring Gout,
 And ever-gnawing Rheum; Convulsion wild!
 Swoln Dropsy; panting Asthma; Apoplex
 Full-gorg'd. There too the Pestilence that walks
 In darkness, and the Sickness that destroys
 At broad noon-day. These, and a thousand more,
 Horrid to tell, attentive wait; and, when
 By Heaven's command Death waves his ebony wand,
 Sudden rush forth to execute his purpose,
 And scatter desolation o'er the earth.

Ill-fated man, for whom such various forms
 Of misery wait, and mark their future prey!
 Ah! why, all-righteous Father, didst thou make
 This creature, Man? why wake th'inconscious
 To life and wretchedness? O better far [dust
 Still had he slept in uncreated night,
 If this the lot of Being! Was it for this
 Thy Breath divine kindled within his breast
 The vital flame? For this was thy fair image
 Stamp'd on his soul in godlike lineaments?
 For this dominion giv'n him absolute
 O'er all thy works, only that he might reign
 Supreme in woe? From the blest source of Good
 Could Pain and Death proceed? Could such foul ills
 Fall from fair Mercy's hands? Far be the thought,
 The impious thought! God never made a creature
 But what was good. He made a *living Soul*;
 The *wretched Mortal* was the work of Man.
 Forth from his Maker's hands he sprung to life,

Fresh with immortal bloom; no pain he knew,
 No fear of change, no check to his desires, [stood
 Save one command: that one command, which
 'Twixt him and Death, the test of his obedience,
 Urg'd on by wanton curiosity,
 He broke. There in one moment was undone
 The fairest of God's works. The same rash hand,
 That pluck'd in evil hour the fatal fruit,
 Unbar'd the gates of Hell, and let loose Sin
 And Death, and all the family of Pain,
 To prey on Mankind. Young Nature saw
 The monstrous crew, and shook thro' all her frame.
 Then fled her new-born lustre, then began
 Heaven's cheerful face to lowr, then vapours
 choak'd

The troubled air, and form'd a veil of clouds
 To hide the willing Sun. The earth, convuls'd
 With painful throes, threw forth a bristly crop
 Of thorns and briars! and Insect, Bird, and Beast,
 That wont before with admiration fond
 To gaze at Man, and fearless crowd around him,
 Now fled before his face, shunning in haste
 Th'infection of his misery. He alone,
 Who justly might, th'offended Lord of Man,
 Turn'd not away his face; he, full of pity,
 Forsook not in this uttermost distress
 His best lov'd work. That comfort still remain'd
 (That best, that greatest comfort in affliction)
 The countenance of God; and thro' the gloom
 Shot forth some kindly gleams, to cheer and warm
 Th'offender's sinking soul. Hope sent from Heav'n,
 Uprais'd his drooping head, and shew'd afar
 A happier scene of things; the Promis'd Seed
 Trampling upon the Serpent's humbled crest;
 Death of his sting disarm'd; and the dark grave,
 Made pervious to the realms of endless day,
 No more the limit but the gate of life. [ground,
 Cheer'd with the view, Man went to till the
 From whence he rose; sentenc'd indeed to toil
 As to a punishment, yet (even in wrath,
 So merciful is Heav'n) this toil became
 The solace of his woes, the sweet employ

Of many a live-long hour, and surest guard
 Against Disease and Death. Death, tho' denounc'd,
 Was yet a distant ill, by feeble arm
 Of Age, his sole support, led slowly on.
 Not then, as since, the short-liv'd sons of men
 Flock'd to his realms in countless multitudes;
 Scarce in the course of twice five hundred years
 One solitary ghost went thiv'ring down
 To his unpeopled shore. In sober state,
 Through the sequester'd vale of rural life,
 The venerable Patriarch guileless held
 The tenor of his way; Labour prepar'd
 His simple fare, and Temp'rance rul'd his board.
 Tir'd with his daily toil, at early eve
 He sunk to sudden rest; gentle and pure
 As breath of evening Zephyr, and as sweet,
 Were all his slumbers; with the Sun he rose,
 Alert and vigorous as He, to run [strength,
 His destin'd course. — Thus nerv'd with giant
 He stemm'd the tide of time, and stood the shock
 Of ages rolling harmless o'er his head.
 At life's meridian point arriv'd, he stood,
 And looking round, saw all the vallies fill'd
 With nations from his lions; full-well content
 To leave his race thus scatter'd o'er the earth,
 Along the gentle slope of life's decline
 He bent his gradual way, till full of years
 He dropp'd like mellow fruit into his grave.

Such in the infancy of time was Man;
 So calm was life, so impotent was Death!
 O had he but preserv'd these few remains,
 The shatter'd fragments of lost happiness,
 Snatch'd by the hand of Heav'n from the sad wreck
 Of innocence primæval, still had he liv'd
 In ruin great; tho' fall'n, yet not forlorn;
 Though mortal, yet not everywhere beset
 With Death in every shape! But he, impatient
 To be completely wretched, hastes to fill up
 The measure of his woes.—'Twas man him'self
 Brought Death into the world; and Man himself
 Gave keenness to his darts, quicken'd his pace,
 And multiply'd destruction on mankind,

First Envy, eldest-born of Hell, embued
 Her hands in blood, and taught the Sons of Men
 To make a Death which Nature never made,
 And God abhorr'd; with violence rude to break
 The thread of life ere half its length was run,
 And rob a wretched brother of his being.
 With joy Ambition saw, and soon improv'd
 The execrable deed. 'Twas not enough
 By subtle fraud to snatch a single life:
 Puny impiety! whole kingdoms fell
 To sate the lust of power: more horrid still,
 The foulest stain and scandal of our nature
 Became its boast. *One Murder made a Villain,*
Millions a Hero. Princes were privileg'd
 To kill; and numbers sanctify'd the crime.
 Ah! why will Kings forget that they are Men?
 And Men that they are brethren? Why delight
 In human sacrifice? Why burst the ties
 Of Nature, that should knit their souls together
 In one soft bond of amity and love?
 Yet still they breathe destruction, still go on
 Inhumanly ingenious to find out
 New pains for life, new terrors for the grave,
 Artificers of Death! Still Monarchs dream
 Of universal empire growing up
 From universal ruin. Blast the design,
 Great God of Hosts, nor let thy creatures fall
 Unpitied victims at Ambition's shrine!

Yet say, should Tyrants learn at last to feel,
 And the loud din of battle cease to bray;
 Should dove-ey'd Peace o'er all the earth extend
 Her olive branch, and give the world repose,
 Would Death be foil'd? Would health, and
 strength, and youth
 Defy his pow'r? Has he no arts in store,
 No other shafts, save those of war? Alas!
 Ev'n in the smile of Peace, that smile which sheds
 A heav'nly sunshine o'er the soul, there basks
 That serpent Luxury. War its thousands slays,
 Peace its ten thousands. In th'embattled plain
 Tho' Death exults, and claps his raven wings,
 Yet reigns he not ev'n there so absolute,

So merciless, as in yon frantic scenes
Of midnight revel and tumultuous mirth.
Where in th'intoxicating draught conceal'd,
Or couch'd beneath the glance of lawless Love,
Hefnares the simple youth, whonought suspecting,
Means to be blest—but finds himself undone.

Down the smooth stream of life the stripling darts,
Gay as the morn; bright glows the vernal sky,
Hope swells his sails, and passion steers his course.
Safe glides his little bark along the shore
Where virtue takes her stand; but if too far
He launches forth beyond discretion's mark,
Sudden the tempest scowls, the surges roar,
Blot his fair day, and plunge him in the deep.
O sad but sure mischance! O happier far
To lie like gallant Howe 'midst Indian wilds
A breathless corse, cut off by savage hands
In earliest prime, a generous sacrifice
To freedom's holy cause, than so to fall,
Torn immature from life's meridian joys,
A prey to Vice, Intemp'rance, and Disease.

Yet die ev'n thus, thus rather perish still,
Ye Sons of Pleasure, by th'Almighty strick'n,
Than ever dare (though oft, alas! ye dare)
To lift against yourselves the murd'rous steel,
To wrest from God's own hand the sword of
Justice,

And be your own avengers! Hold, rash Man,
Though with anticipating speed thou'st rang'd
Through every region of delight, nor left
One joy to gild the evening of thy days;
Though life seem one uncomfortable void,
Guilt at thy heels, before thy face despair;
Yet gay this scene, and light this load of woe,
Compar'd with thy hereafter. Think, O think,
And, ere thou plunge into the vast abyss,
Pause on the verge a while, look down and see
Thy future mansion. Why that start of horror?
From thy slack hand why drops th'uplifted steel?
Didst thou not think such vengeance must await
The wretch that, with his crimes all fresh about
Rashes irreverent, unprepar'd, uncall'd, [him

Into his Maker's presence, throwing back
With insolent disdain his choicest gift?

Live then, while Heav'n in pity lends thee life,
And think it all too short to wash away,
By penitential tears and deep contrition,
The scarlet of thy crimes. So shalt thou find
Rest to thy soul, so unappall'd shalt meet
Death when he comes, not wantonly invite
His ling'ring stroke. Be it thy sole concern
With innocence to live, with patience wait
Th'appointed hour; too soon that hour will come,
Tho' Nature run her course. But Nature's God,
If need require, by thousand various ways,
Without thy aid, can shorten that short span,
And quench the lamp of life. O when he comes
Rous'd by the cry of wickedness extreme
To Heav'n ascending from some guilty land,
Now ripe for vengeance, when he comes array'd
In all the terrors of Almighty wrath,
Forth from his bosom plucks his ling'ring arm,
And on the miscreants pours destruction down,
Who can abide his coming? Who can bear
His whole displeasure? In no common form
Death then appears, but starting into size
Enormous, measures with gigantic stride
Th'astonish'd earth, and from his looks throws
Unutterable horror and dismay. [round
All nature lends her aid. Each element
Arms in his cause. Ope fly the doors of heav'n;
The fountains of the deep their barriers break;
Above, below, the rival torrents pour,
And drown Creation; or in floods of fire
Descends a livid cataract, and consumes
An impious race. Sometimes, when all seems peace,
Wakes the grim whirlwind, and with rude embrace
Sweeps nations to their grave, or in the deep
Whelms the proud wooden world; full many a
Floats on his wat'ry bier, or lies unwept [youth
On some sad desert shore! At dead of night,
In sullen silence stalks forth Pestilence:
Contagion, close behind, taints all her steps
With pois'nous dew; no smiling hand is seen,

No

No sound is heard, but soon her secret path
Is mark'd with desolation; heaps on heaps
Promiscuous drop. No friend, no refuge, near;
All, all is false and treacherous around;
All that they touch, or taste, or breathe, is Death.

But ah! what means that ruinous roar? why fail
These tott'ring feet? Earth to its center feels
The Godhead's power, and trembling at his touch
Through all its pillars, and in ev'ry pore,
Hurls to the ground with one convulsive heave
Precipitating domes, and towns, and tow'rs,
The work of ages. Crush'd beneath the weight
Of gen'ral devastation, millions find
One common grave; not ev'n a widow left
To wail her sons: the house, that should protect,
Eatombs its master; and the faithless plain,
If there he flies for help, with sudden yawn
Starts from beneath him. Shield me, gracious

Heav'n,

O snatch me from destruction! If this Globe,
This solid Globe, which thine own hand hath made
So firm and sure, if this my steps betray;
If my own mother Earth, from whence I sprung,
Rise up with rage unnatural to devour
Her wretched offspring, whither shall I fly?
Where look for succour? Where but up to thee,
Almighty Father? Save, O save, thy suppliant
From horrors such as these! At thy good time
Let Death approach; I reckon not — Let him but
come

In genuine form, not with thy vengeance arm'd,
Too much for man to bear. O rather lend
Thy kindly aid to mitigate his stroke;
And at that hour when all aghast I stand
(A trembling candidate for thy compassion)
On this World's brink, and look into the next;
When my soul starting from the dark unknown
Casts back a wishful look, and fondly clings
To her frail prop, unwilling to be wrench'd
From this fair scene, from all her custom'd joys,
And all the lovely relatives of life;
Then shed thy comforts o'er me, then put on

The gentlest of thy looks. Let no dark crimes,
In all their hideous forms then starting up,
Plant themselves round my couch in grim array,
And stab my bleeding heart with two-edg'd
torture,

Sense of past guilt, and dread of future woe.
Far be the ghastly crew! And in their stead
Let cheerful Memory, from her purest cells,
Lead forth a goodly train of Virtues fair,
Cherish'd in earliest youth, now paying back
With tenfold usury the pious care,
And pouring o'er my wounds the heav'nly balm
Of conscious innocence. But chiefly Thou,
Whom soft-eyed Pity once led down from Heav'n
To bleed for man, to teach him how to live,
And, oh! still harder lesson! how to die;
Disdain not Thou to smooth the restless bed
Of sickness and of pain. Forgive the tear
That feeble Nature drops, calm all her fears,
Wake all her hopes, and animate her faith,
Till my rapt Soul, anticipating Heav'n,
Bursts from the thralldom of incumb'ring clay,
And on the wing of Extasy upborne,
Springs into Liberty, and Light, and Life.

§ 17. *Ode to Wisdom.* Miss CARTER.

THE solitary bird of night
Thro' the pale shades now wings his flight,
And quits the time-shook tow'r,
Where, shelter'd from the blaze of day,
In philosophic gloom he lay,
Beneath his ivy bow'r.

With joy I hear the solemn sound,
Which midnight echoes waft around,
And sighing gales repeat:
Fav'rite of Pallas! I attend,
And, faithful to thy summons, bend
At Wisdom's awful seat.

She loves the cool, the silent eve,
Where no false shows of life deceive,

Beneath

Beneath the lunar ray :
Here Folly drops each vain disguise,
Nor sports her gaily-colour'd dyes,
As in the glare of day.

O Pallas ! queen of ev'ry art,
" That glads the sense, or mends the heart,"

Blest source of purer joys ;
In ev'ry form of beauty bright,
That captivates the mental sight
With pleasure and surprise ;

To thy unspotted shrine I bow,
Assist thy modest suppliant's vow,
That breathes no wild desires :
But, taught by thy unerring rules,
To shun the fruitless wish of fools,
To nobler views aspires.

Not Fortune's gem, Ambition's plume,
Nor Cytherea's fading bloom,
Be objects of my pray'r :
Let av'rice, vanity, and pride,
These glitt'ring envy'd toys, divide
The dull rewards of care.

To me thy better gifts impart,
Each moral beauty of the heart,
By studious thought refin'd :
For wealth, the smiles of glad content ;
For pow'r, its amplest, best extent,
An empire o'er my mind.

When Fortune drops her gay parade,
When Pleasure's transient roses fade,
And wither in the tomb,
Unchang'd is thy immortal prize,
Thy ever-verdant laurels rise
In undecaying bloom.

By thee protected, I defy
The coxcomb's sneer, the stupid lie
Of ignorance and spite ;
Alike condemn the leaden fool,
And all the pointed ridicule
Of undiscerning wit.

From envy, hurry, noise, and strife,
The dull impertinence of life,
In thy retreat I rest ;
Pursue thee to thy peaceful groves,
Where Plato's sacred spirit roves,
In all thy graces drest.

He bids Ilyssus' tuneful stream
Convey the philosophic theme
Of perfect, fair, and good :
Attentive Athens caught the sound,
And all her list'ning sons around
In awful silence stood.

Reclaim'd, her wild licentious youth
Confest the potent voice of truth,
And felt its just controul :
The passions ceas'd their loud alarms,
And virtue's soft persuasive charms
O'er all their senses stole.

Thy breath inspires the poet's song,
The patriot's free unbiass'd tongue,
The hero's gen'rous strife :
Thine are retirement's silent joys,
And all the sweet endearing ties
Of still domestic life.

No more to fabled names confin'd,
To Thee, SUPREME, ALL-PERFECT
MIND,

My thoughts direct their flight :
Wisdom's thy gift, and all her force
From thee deriv'd, unchanging source
Of intellectual light !

O send her sure, her steady ray
To regulate my doubtful way,
Thro' life's perplexing road ;
The mists of error to controul !
And thro' its gloom direct my soul
To happiness and good !

Beneath her clear discerning eye
The visionary shadows fly

Of folly's painted show;
She sees, thro' ev'ry fair disguise,
That all, but Virtue's solid joys,
Is vanity and woe.

§ 18. *On the Death of Lady Coventry.* MASON.

THE midnight clock has toll'd; and hark!
the bell [found?

Of death bears slow! Heard ye the note pro-
It pauses now; and now, with rising knell,
Flings to the hollow gale its sullen sound.

Yes; Coventry is dead. Attend the strain,
Daughters of Albion! ye that, light as air,
So oft have tripp'd in her fantastic train,
With hearts as gay, and faces half as fair:

For she was fair beyond yon brightest bloom
(This envy owns, since now her bloom is fled)
Fair as the forms that, wove in fancy's loom,
Float in light vision round the poet's head.

When'er with soft serenity she smil'd,
Or caught the orient blush of quick surprize,
How sweetly mutable, how brightly wild,
The liquid lustre darted from her eyes!

Each look, each motion, wak'd a new-born grace,
That o'er her form its transient glory cast:
Some lovelier wonder soon usurp'd the place,
Chac'd by a charm still lovelier than the last.

That bell again! It tells us what she is;
On what she was, no more the strain prolong;
Luxuriant fancy, pause! an hour like this
Demands the tribute of a serious song.

Maria claims it from that sable bier, [head:
Where cold and wan the slumb'rer rests her
In still small whispers to reflection's ear
She breathes the solemn dictates of the dead.

O catch the awful notes, and lift them loud!
Proclaim the theme by sage, by fool rever'd;
Hear it ye young, ye vain, ye great, ye proud!
'Tis Nature speaks, and Nature will be heard.

Yes; ye shall hear, and tremble as you hear.
While, high with health, your hearts exulting
E'en in the midst of pleasure's mad career, [leap;
The mental monitor shall wake and weep!

For say, than Coventry's propitious star,
What brighter planet on your births arose?
Or gave of fortune's gifts an ampler share,
In life to lavish, or by death to lose?

Early to lose! While borne on busy wing,
Ye sip the nectar of each varying bloom;
Nor fear while basking in the beams of spring,
The wintry storm that sweeps you to the tomb.

Think of her fate! revere the heav'nly hand
That led her hence, tho' soon, by steps so slow:
Long at her couch Death took his patient stand,
And menac'd oft, and oft withheld the blow:

To give reflection time, with lenient heart,
Each fond delusion from her soul to steal;
Teach her from folly peacably to part,
And wean her from a world she lov'd so well.

Say, are ye sure his mercy shall extend
To you so long a span? Alas, ye sigh [friend,
Make then, while yet ye may, your God your
And learn with equal ease to sleep or die!

Nor think the Muse, whose sober voice ye hear,
Contracts with bigot frown her sullen brow;
Casts round religion's orb the mists of fear, [glow.
Or shades with horrors what with smiles should

No; she would warm you with seraphic fire,
Heirs as ye are of Heav'n's eternal day;
Would bid you boldly to that heav'n aspire,
Not sink in slumber in your cells of clay.

Know, ye were form'd to range yon azure field,
In yon ethereal founts of bliss to lave:
For then, secure in faith's protecting shield
The sting from death, the vict'ry from the grave!

Is this the bigot's rant? Away, ye vain, [sleep:
Your hopes, your fears, in doubt, in dulness
Go

Go soothe your souls, in sickness, grief, or pain,
With the sad solace of eternal sleep?

Yet will I praise you, triflers as ye are, [creed
More than those preachers of your fav'rite
Who proudly swell the brazen throat of war,
Who form the phalanx, bid the battle bleed,
Not wish for more; who conquer but who die.
Hear, Folly, hear, and triumph in the tale.
Like you they reason, not like you enjoy
The breeze of bliss that fills your sicken sail:

On pleasure's glitt'ring stream ye gaily steer
Your little course to old oblivion's shore;
They dare the storm, and thro'th'inclement year,
Stemtheroughsurge, and brave the torrent's roar.

Is it for glory? That just Fate denies:
Long must the warrior moulder in his shroud,
Ere from her trump the heav'n-breath'd accent,
Thatlift the hero from the fighting crowd! [rise,

Is it his grasp of empire to extend?
To curb the fury of insulting foes?
Ambition, cease! the idle contest end:
'Tis but a kingdom thou canst win or lose.

And why must murder'd myriads lose their all
(If life be all); why desolation lowr
With famish'd frown on this affrighted hall,
That thou may'st flame the meteor of an hour?

Go, wiser ye, that flutter life away, [high!
Crown with the mantling juice the goblet
Weave the light dance, with festive freedom gay,
And live your moment, since the next ye die!

Yet know, vain sceptics! know th'Almighty
Mind,

Who breath'd on man a portion of his Sire,
Bade his free soul, by earth nor time confin'd,
To heav'n, to immortality aspire.

Nor shall the pile of hope his mercy rear'd,
By vain philosophy be e'er destroy'd:
Eternity, by all or wish'd or fear'd,
Shall be by all or suffer'd or enjoy'd!

§ 19. *The Choice of Hercules. From the Greek of Prodicus.* *Sp. Lowth.*

NOW had the son of Jove, mature attain'd
The joyful prime; when youth, elate and gay,
Steps into life, and follows unrestrain'd
Where passion leads, or prudence points the way.

In the pure mind, at those ambiguous years,
Or vice, rank weed, first strikes her pois'nous
Or haply virtue's opening bud appears [root;
By just degrees: fair bloom of fairest fruit!
For if on youth's untainted thought impress,
The gen'rous purpose still shall warm the manly breast.

As on a day, reflecting on his age
For highest deeds now ripe, Alcides sought
Retirement, nurse of contemplation sage,
Step following step, and thought succeeding thought;

Musing with steady pace the youth pursu'd
His walk, and, lost in meditation, stray'd
Far in a lonely vale, with solitude
Conversing; while intent his mind survey'd
The dubious path of life: before him lay [way.
Here virtue's rough ascent, there pleasure's flow'ry

Much did the view divide his wav'ring mind:
Now glow'd his breast with gen'rous thirst of
Now love of ease to softer thoughts inclin'd [fame;
His yielding soul, and quench'd the rising flame:
When, lo! far off two female forms he 'spies;
Direct to him their steps they seem to bear;
Both large and tall, exceeding human size;
Both, far exceeding human beauty, fair.
Graceful, yet each with different grace they move;
This striking sacred awe; that, softer winning love.

The first in native dignity surpass'd;
Artless and unadorn'd she pleas'd the more;
Health o'er her looks a genuine lustre cast;
A vest more white than new fall'n snow she
August she trod, yet modest was her air, [wore:
Serene

Sett'ne her eye, yet darting heav'nly fire.
Still she drew near; and nearer still more fair,
More mild, appear'd: yet such as might inspire
Pleasure, corrected with an awful fear;
Majestically sweet, and amiably severe.

The other dame seem'd ev'n of fairer hue;
But bold her mien, unguarded rov'd her eye,
And her flush'd cheeks confess'd at nearer view
The borrow'd blushes of an artful dye.

All soft and delicate, with airy swim,
Lightly she danced along; her robe betray'd,
Thro' the clear texture, every tender limb
Height'ning the charms; it only seem'd to shade:
And as it flow'd adown so loose and thin, [skin.
Her stature shew'd more tall, more snowy white her

Oft with a smile she view'd herself a stance;
Ev'n on her shade a conscious look she threw:
Then all around her cast a careless glance,
To mark what gazing eyes her beauty drew:
As they came near, before that other maid
Approaching decent, eagerly she press'd
With hasty step; nor of repulse afraid, [dress'd;
With freedom bland the wond'ring youth ad-
With winning fondness on his neck she hung;
Sweet as the honey-dew flow'd her enchanting
tongue.

"Dear Hercules, whence this unkind delay?
Dear youth, what doubts can thus distract thy
Securley follow where I lead the way, [mind?
And range thro' wilds of pleasure unconfin'd.
With me retire from noise, and pain, and care,
Embath'd in bliss, and wrapt in endless ease:
Rough is the road to fame, thro' blood and war?
Smooth is my way, and all my paths are peace.
With me retire, from toils and perils free;
Leave honour to the wretch! pleasures were
made for thee.

Then will I grant thee all thy soul's desire;
All that may charm thine ear, and please thy
sight;

All that the thought can frame, or wish require,
To steep thy ravish'd senses in delight:
The sumptuous feast, enhanc'd with music's
Fittest to tune the melting soul to love, [sound,
Rich odours, breathing choicest sweets around;
The fragrant bow'r, cool fountain, shady grove;
Fresh flow'rs to strew thy couch, and crown thy
head: [thy bed.
Joy shall attend thy steps, and ease shall smooth

These will I freely, constantly supply,
Pleasures, not earn'd with toil, nor mix'd with
Far from thy rest repining want shall fly, [woe;
Nor labour bathe in sweat thy careful brow.
Mature the copious harvest shall be thine,
Let the laborious hind subdue the toil;
Leave the rash soldier spoils of war to win,
Won by the soldier thou shalt share the spoil:
These softer cares my best allies employ,
New Pleasures to invent, to wish and to enjoy."

Her winning voice the youth attentive caught:
He gaz'd impatient on the smiling maid;
Still gaz'd and listen'd; then her name besought:
"My name fair youth, is Happiness" she said:
"Well can my friends this envied truth maintain;
They share my bliss, they best can speak my
praise:

Tho' Slander call me Sloth (detraction vain)
Heed not what Slander, vain detractor says;
Slander, still prompt true merit to defame,
To blot the brightest worth, and blast the fairest
name."

By this arriv'd the fair majestic maid:
(She all the while with the same modest pace
Compos'd advanc'd) "Know, Hercules," she said,
With manly tone, thy birth of heav'nly race,
Thy tender age that lov'd Instruction's voice,
Promis'd thee gen'rous, patient, brave, and wise:
When manhood should confirm thy glorious
Now expectation waits to see thee rise. [choice;
Rise, youth! exalt thyself, and me; approve
Thy

Thy high descent from heaven, — and dare be
worthy Jove.

But what truth prompts, my tongue shall not
disguise:

The steep ascent must be with toil subdu'd;
Watching and cares must win the lofty prize
Propos'd by Heav'n; true bliss and real good.
Honour rewards the brave and bold alone;
She spurns the timorous, indolent, and base:
Danger and toil stand stern before her throne,
And guard (so Jove commands) the sacred place:
Who seeks her must the mighty cost sustain,
And pay the price of fame — labour, and care,
and pain.

Would'st thou engage the gods peculiar care?

O Hercules, th'immortal pow'rs adore!

With a pure heart, with sacrifice, and pray'r
Attend their altars, and their aid implore.
Or, would'st thou gain thy country's loud applause,
Lov'd as her father, as her god ador'd?
Be thou the bold asserter of her cause;
Her voice in council, in the fight her sword:
In peace, in war, pursue thy country's good:
For her bare thy bold breast, and pour thy gene-
rous blood.

Would'st thou to quell the proud and lift th'oppress

In arts of war and matchless strength excel?

First conquer thou thyself: to ease, to rest,

To each soft thought of pleasure bid farewell.

The night alternate, due to sweet repose,

In watches waste; in painful march, the day:

Congel'd amidst the rigorous winter's snows,

Scorch'd by the summer's thirst-inflaming ray;

Thy harden'd limbs shall boast superior might:

Vigour shall brace thine arm resistless in the fight."

"Hear'st thou what monsters then thou must en-
gage?" [prove,"

What dangers, gentle youth, she bids thee
(Abrupt, says Sloth) "ill fit thy tender age—

Tumult and wars; fit age for joy and love.

Turn, gentle youth, to me, to love and joy!

To these I lead: no monsters here shall stay
Thine easy course; no cares thy peace annoy:
I lead to bliss a nearer, smoother way:
Short is my way, fair, easy, smooth, and plain:
Turn, gentle youth — with me eternal pleasures
reign!"

"What pleasures, vain mistaken wretch art thine
(Virtue with scorn replied) "who sleep'st in ease
Insensate; whose soft limbs the toil decline
That seasons bliss, and makes enjoyment please:
Draining the copious bowl ere thirst require:
Feasting ere hunger to the feast invite;
Whose tasteless joys anticipate desire,
Whom luxury supplies with appetite:
Yet nature loaths, and you employ in vain
Variety and art to conquer her disdain.

The sparkling nectar, cool'd with summer snows,
The dainty board with choicest viands spread,
To thee are tasteless all! sincere repose
Flies from thy flow'ry couch and downy bed.
For thou art only tir'd with indolence;
Nor is thy sleep with toil and labour bought,
Th'imperfect sleep, that lulls thy languid sense
In dull oblivious interval of thought;
That kindly stealst inactive hours away [the day.
From the long ling'ring space that lengthens out
From bounteous nature's unexhausted stores

Flows the pure fountain of sincere delights:
Averse to hear, you waste the joyless hours;
Sleep drowns thy days, and riot rulesthy nights.
Immortal tho' thou art, indignant Jove [place,
Hurl'd thee from heav'n, th'immortal's blissful
For ever banish'd from the realms above,

To dwell on earth with man's degenerate race:
Fitter abode! on earth alike disgrac'd;
Rejected by the wise, and by the fool embrac'd.

Fond wretch, that vainly weene'st all delight
To gratify the sense reserv'd for thee!
Yet the most pleasing object of the fight,

Thine own fair action, never didst thou see.
Tho' lull'd with softest sounds thou liest along,
Soft

Soft music, warbling voices, melting lays; [song
 Ne'er didst thou hear, more sweet than sweetest
 Charming the soul, thou ne'er didst hear thy praise!
 Lo! to thy revels let the fool repair;
 To such go smooth thy speech; and spread thy
 tempting snare.

Fast happiness, enjoy thy gay allies!

A youth of follies, an old age of cares;
 Young yet enervate, old yet never wise,
 Vice wastes their vigour, and their minds impairs.
 Fain, idle, delicate, in thoughtless ease,

Reserving woes for age, their prime they spend;
 All wretched, hopeless, in the evil days,

With sorrow to the verge of life they tend.
 Grieved with the present, of the past ashamed,
 They live and are despis'd; they die, nor more
 are nam'd.

But with the gods, and godlike men, I dwell;

Me his supreme delight, th' Almighty Sire
 Regards well pleas'd: whatever works excel,
 All, or divine or human, I inspire.

Counsel with strength, and industry with art,
 In union meet conjoin'd, with me reside:

My dictates arm, instruct, and mend the heart;
 The surest policy, the wisest guide. [bind
 With me true friendship dwells: she deigns to
 Those generous souls alone, whom I before have
 join'd.

Nor need my friends the various costly feast;

Hunger to them th' effects of art supplies:
 Labour prepares their weary limbs to rest; [rise.

Sweet is their sleep; light, cheerful, strong, they
 Thro' health, thro' joy, thro' pleasure, and renown,

They tread my paths; and by a soft descent,
 At length to age all gently sinking down,

Look back with transport on a life well spent;
 In which no hour flew unimprov'd away; [day.

In which some generous deed distinguish'd ev'ry
 And when, the destin'd term at length complete,

Their ashes rest in peace, eternal fame
 Sounds wide their praise: triumphant over fate,

In sacred song for ever lives their name.

This, Hercules, is happiness! obey.

My voice, and live: Let thy celestial birth
 Lift and enlarge thy thoughts: behold the way

That leads to fame, and raises thee from earth
 Immortal! Lo, I guide thy steps. Arise, [skies.

Pursue the glorious path, and claim thy native

Her words breathe fire celestial, and impart

New vigour to his soul, that sudden caught
 The generous flame: with great intent his heart

Swells full, and labours with exalted thought.

The mist of error from his eyes dispell'd;

Thro' all her fraudulent arts, in clearest light;

Sloth in her native form he now beheld;

Unveil'd she stood confess'd before his sight:

False Siren!—All her vaunted charms, that shone

So fresh erewhile and fair, now wither'd, pale,
 and gone.

No more the rosy bloom in sweet disguise

Mask her dissembl'd looks; each borrow'd grace

Leaves her wan cheek; pale sickness clouds her
 eyes,

Livid and sunk, and passions dim her face.

As when fair Iris has a while display'd

Her wat'ry arch, with gaudy painture gay,

While yet we gaze the glorious colours fade,

And from our wonder gently steal away:

Where shone the beauteous phantom erst so bright

Now lowers the low hung cloud, all gloomy to
 the sight.

But Virtue, more engaging, all the while

Disclos'd now charms, more lovely, more serene,

Beaming sweet influence: a milder smile

Softens the terrors of her lofty mien.

"Lead, Goddess, I am thine!" transported cried

Alcides; "O propitious pow'r, thy way

Teach me! possess my soul; be thou my guide:

From thee, O never, never let me stray!"

While ardent thus the youth his vows address,

With all the goddess fill'd, already glow'd his
 breast.

The heav'nly maid with strength divine endu'd
His daring soul; there all her pow'rs combin'd:
Firm constancy, undaunted fortitude,
Enduring patience, arm'd his mighty mind,
Umov'd in toils, in dangers undismay'd.

By many a hardy deed and bold emprise,
From fiercest monsters, thro' her pow'ful aid,
He freed the earth! thro' her he gain'd the skies.
'Twas virtue plac'd him in the blest abode;
Crown'd with eternal youth, among the gods a god.

§ 20. *Address to the Deity.* YOUNG.

THOU, who didst put to flight
Primæval Silence, when the morning stars,
Exulting, shouted o'er the rising ball;
O THOU, whose word from solid darkness struck
That spark, the sun, strike wisdom from my soul;
My soul which flies to Thee, her trust, her treasure,
As misers to their gold, while others rest.

Thro' this opaque of Nature and of Soul,
This double night, transmit one pitying ray,
To lighten and to cheer. O lead my mind
(A mind that fain would wander from its woe)
Lead it thro' various scenes of Life and Death,
And from each scene the noblest truths inspire.
Nor less inspire my Conduct than my Song;
Teach my best reason, reason; by best will
Teach rectitude; and fix my firm resolve
Wisdom to wed, and pay her long arrear;
Nor let the phial of thy vengeance, pour'd
On this devoted head, be pour'd in vain!

§ 21. *Time.* YOUNG.

THE bell strikes One. We take no note of Time
But from its loss. To give it then a tongue
Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,
I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,
It is the knell of my departed hours: [flood.
Where are they? With the years beyond the
It is the signal that demands dispatch:
How much is to be done? My hopes and fears

Start up alarm'd, and o'er life's narrow verge
Look down—on what? a fathomless abyss;
A dread eternity! how surely mine!
And can eternity belong to me,
Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour!

§ 22. *Reflection on Man.* YOUNG.

HOW poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How complicate, how wonderful is man!
How passing wonder He who made him such!
Who center'd in our make such strange extremes!
From diff'rent natures marvelously mixt,
Connection exquisite of distant worlds:
Distinguish'd link in being's endless chain!
Midway from nothing to the Deity!
A beam ethereal, fully'd and absorb'd!
Tho' sully'd and dishonour'd, still divine!
Dim miniature of greatness absolute!
An heir of glory! a frail child of dust!
Helpless immortal! insect infinite!
A worm! a god!—I tremble at myself,
And in myself am lost! at home a stranger,
Thought wanders up and down, surpriz'd,
aghast,

And wond'ring at her own; how reason reels?
O what a miracle to man is man,
Triumphantly distress'd! what joy, what dread!
Alternately transported and alarm'd;
What can preserve my life! or what destroy!
An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave;
Legions of angels can't confine me there.

§ 23. *Life and Eternity.* YOUNG.

THIS is the bud of being, the dim dawn,
The twilight of our day, the vestibule;
Life's theatre as yet is shut, and death,
Strong death, alone can heave the massy bar;
This gross impediment of clay remove,
And make us, embryos of existence, free.
From real life but little more remote
Is he, not yet a candidate for light,

The

The future embryo, slumb'ring in his fire.
Embryos we must be till we burst the shell,
Yon ambient azure shell, and spring to life,
The life of gods, O transport! and of man.

Yet man, fool man! here buries all his thoughts;
Inters celestial hopes without one sigh.
Prisoner of earth, and pent beneath the moon,
Here pinions all his wishes; wing'd by Heav'n
To fly at infinite; and reach it there,
Where seraphs gather immortality
On life's fair tree, fast by the throne of God.
What golden joys ambrosial clustering glow,
In his full bosom, and ripen for the just,
Where momentary ages are no more! [expire!
Where time, and pain, and chance, and death
And is it in the flight of threescore years
To pull eternity from human thought,
And smother souls immortal in the dust?
A soul immortal, spending all her fires,
Waiting her strength in strenuous idleness,
Thrown into tumult, raptur'd, or alarm'd,
At aught this scene can threaten or indulge,
Resembles ocean into tempest wrought,
To waft a feather, or to drown a fly.

§ 24. *Time and Death.* YOUNG.

EACH moment has its sickle, emulous
Of Time's enormous scythe, whose ample
sweep

Strikes empires from the root; each moment plays
His little weapon in the narrower sphere
Of sweet domestic comfort, and cuts down
The fairest bloom of sublunary bliss.

Bliss! sublunary bliss! -- proud words and vain;
Implicit treason to divine decree!

A bold invasion of the rights of Heav'n!
I clasp'd the phantoms, and I found them air.
O had I weigh'd it ere my fond embrace,
What darts of agony had mis'd my heart!

Death! great proprietor of all! 'tis thine
To tread out empire, and to quench the stars.

The sun himself by thy permission shines;
And one day thou shalt pluck him from his sphere
Amid such mighty plunder, why exhaust
Thy partial quiver on a mark so mean?
Why thy peculiar rancour wreck'd on me?
Insatiate archer! could not once suffice? [slain;
Thy shaft flew thrice, and thrice my peace was
And thrice, ere thrice yon moon had fill'd her
horn.

O Cynthia! why so pale? Dost thou lament
Thy wretched neighbour? Grieve to see thy wheel
Of ceaseless change, outwhirl'd in human life?
How wanes my borrow'd bliss! from fortune's
Precarious courtesy! not virtue's sure, [sinile,
Self-given, solar ray of sound delight.

In ev'ry vary'd posture, place, and hour,
How widow'd ev'ry thought of ev'ry joy!
Thought, busy thought! too busy for my peace!
Thro' the dark postern of time long laps'd,
Led softly, by the stillness of the night,
Led, like a murderer (and such it proves!)
Strays (wretched rover) o'er the pleasing past,
In quest of wretchedness perversely strays;
And finds all desert now; and meets the ghosts
Of my departed joys; a num'rous train!
I rue the riches of my former fate;
Sweet Comfort's blasted clusters I lament:
I tremble at the blessings once so dear,
And ev'ry pleasure pains me to the heart.

Yet, why complain? or why complain for one?
Hangs out the sun his lustre but for me,
The single man? Are angels all beside?
I mourn for millions: 'Tis the common lot;
In this shape, or in that has Fate entail'd
The mother's throes on all of woman born,
Not more the children, than sure heirs of pain.

§ 25. *Death.* YOUNG.

BEWARE, Lorenzo! a slow sudden death.
How dreadful that deliberate surprise!
Be wise to-day; 'tis madness to defer;

Next day the fatal precedent will plead;
 Thus on, till wisdom is push'd out of life.
 Procrastination is the thief of time;
 Year after year it steals till all are fled,
 And to the mercies of a moment leaves
 The vast concerns of an eternal scene.
 If not so frequent, would not this be strange?
 That 'tis so frequent, this is stranger still.
 Of man's miraculous mistakes, this bears
 The palm, ' That all men are about to live.'
 For ever on the brink of being born.
 All pay themselves the compliment to think
 They one day shall not drivel; and their pride
 On this reversion take up ready praise;
 At least, their own; their future selves applaud;
 How excellent that life they ne'er will lead;
 Time lodg'd in their own hands is Folly's vails;
 That lodg'd in Fate's, to wisdom they consign;
 The thing they can't but purpose they postpone:
 'Tis not in folly not to scorn a fool;
 And scarce in human wisdom to do more.
 All promise is poor dilatory man;
 And that thro' ev'ry stage: when young, indeed,
 In full content we, sometimes, nobly rest,
 Unanxious for ourselves, and only wish,
 As duteous sons, our fathers were more wise.
 At thirty, man suspects himself a fool;
 Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan;
 At fifty, chides his infamous delay,
 Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve;
 In all the magnanimity of thought
 Resolves, and re-resolves; then dies the same.

And why? Because he thinks himself immortal.
 All men think all men mortal but themselves;
 Themselves, when some alarming shock of fate
 Strikes through their wounded hearts the sudden
 dread;

But their hearts wounded, like the wounded air,
 Soon close; where past the shaft no trace is found,
 As from the wing no scar the sky retains;
 The parted wave no furrow from the keel;

So dies in human hearts the thought of death.
 Ev'n with the tender tear which nature sheds
 O'er those we love, we drop it in their grave.

§ 26. *Life.* YOUNG.

LIFE speeds away
 From point to point, tho' seeming to stand still.
 The cunning fugitive is swift by stealth,
 Too subtle is the movement to be seen;
 Yet soon man's hour is up, and we are gone.
 Warnings point out our danger; Gnomons, time;
 As these are useless when the sun is set,
 So those, but when more glorious Reason shines.
 Reason should judge in all; in reason's eye
 That sedentary shadow travels hard,
 But such our gravitation to the wrong,
 So prone our hearts to whisper that we wish,
 'Tis later with the wise than he's aware:
 A * Wilmington goes slower than the sun:
 And all mankind mistake their time of day;
 Ev'n age itself. Fresh hopes are hourly sown
 In furrow'd brows. To gentle life's descent
 We shut our eyes, and think it is a plain.
 We take fair days in winter for the spring,
 And turn our blessings into bane. Since oft
 Man must compute that age he cannot feel,
 He scarce believes he's older for his years.
 Thus, at life's latest eve, we keep in store,
 One disappointment sure, to crown the rest—
 The disappointment of a promis'd hour.

§ 27. *Man.* YOUNG.

MAN! know thyself. All wisdom centers
 there!

To none man seems ignoble but to man;
 Angels that grandeur, men o'erlook, admire:
 How long shall human nature be their book,
 Degen'rate mortal! and unread by thee?
 The beam dim reason sheds she shows wonders there;
 What high contents! Illustrious faculties!

But

But the grand comment, which displays at full
Our human height, scarce sever'd from divine,
By Heav'n compos'd, was publish'd on the
cross.

Who looks on that, and sees not in himself
An awful strange, a terrestrial god?
A glorious partner with the Deity
In that high attribute immortal life?
If a God bleeds, he bleeds not for a worm;
I gaze, and, as I gaze, my mounting soul
Catches strange fire, Eternity! at Thee;
And drops the world—or rather, more enjoys:
How chang'd the face of nature! how improv'd!
What seem'd a chaos shines a glorious world,
Or, what a world, an Eden; heighten'd all!
It is another scene! another self!
And still another as time rolls along;
And that a self far more illustrious still.
Beyond long ages, yet roll'd up in shades,
Unpierc'd by bold conjecture's keenest ray,
What evolutions of surprising fate!
How nature opens, and receives my soul
In boundless walks of raptur'd thought! where
gods

Encounter and embrace me! What new births
Of strange adventure, foreign to the sun,
Where what now charms, perhaps, whate'er exists,
Old time, and fair creation, are forgot!

Is this extravagant? Of man we form
Extravagant conception to be just: [him!
Conception unconfin'd wants wings to reach
Beyond its reach, the Godhead only more.
He, the great Father! kindled at one flame
The world of rationals; one spirit pour'd
From spirit's awful fountain; pour'd Himself
Thro' all their souls; but not in equal stream,
Profuse or frugal of th'inspiring God,
As his wise plan demanded; and when past
Their various trials in their various spheres,
If they continue rational as made,
Reforms them all into himself again;
His throne their centre, and his smile their crown.

§ 28. Religion. YOUNG.

RELIGION's all. Descending from the skies
To wretched man, the goddess in her left
Holds out this world, and, in her right, the next;
Religion! the soul voucher man is man:
Supporter sole of man above himself!
Ev'n in this night of frailty, change, and death,
She gives the soul a soul that acts a god.
Religion! Providence! an after-state!
Here is firm footing; here is solid rock!
This can support us; all is sea besides;
Sinks under us; bestorms, and then devours.
His hand the good man fastens on the skies,
And bids earth roll, nor feels her idle whirl.

As when a wretch, from thick, polluted air,
Darkness and stench, and suffocating damps,
And dungeon-horrors, by kind fate discharg'd,
Climbs some fair eminence, where æther pure
Surrounds him, and Elysian prospects rise,
His heart exults, his spirits cast their load!
As if new-born, he triumphs in the change;
So joys the soul when, from inglorious aims
And sordid sweets, from seculence and froth
Of ties terrestrial, set at large, she mounts
To Reason's region, her own element,
Breathes hopes immortal, and affects the skies.

Religion! thou the soul of happiness;
And, groaning Calvary, of thee! There shine
The noblest truths; there strongest motives sting:
There sacred violence assaults the soul!
There nothing but compulsion is forborn.
Can love allure us, or can terror awe?
He weeps?—the falling drop puts out the sun;
He sighs!—the sigh earth's deep foundation
If in his love so terrible, what when [shakes.
His wrath inflam'd? his tenderness on fire?
Like soft smooth oil, out-blazing other fires?
Can pray'r, can praise avert it?—Thou, my All!
My theme! my inspiration, and my crown!
My strength in age! my rise in low estate!
My soul's ambition! pleasure! wealth!—my
world!

My light in darkness! and my life in death!
 My boast thro' time! bliss thro' eternity!
 Eternity! too short to speak thy praise!
 Or fathom thy profound of love to man;
 To man of men the meanest, ev'n to me:
 My sacrifice! my God!—what things are these!

§ 29. *Reflections in a Church-yard.* YOUNG.

THE man how blest, who, sick of gaudy
 scenes

(Scenes apt to thrust between us and ourselves!)
 Is led by choice to take his fav'rite walk
 Beneath death's gloomy, silent, cypress shades,
 Unpiere'd by vanity's fantastic ray;
 To read his monuments, to weigh his dust,
 Visit his vaults, and dwell among the tombs!
 Lorenzo, read with me Narcissa's stone
 (Narcissa was thy fav'rite); let us read
 Her moral stone; few doctors preach so well;
 Few orators so tenderly can touch
 The feeling heart. What pathos in the date!
 Apt words can strike: and yet in them we see
 Faint images of what we here enjoy.

What cause have we to build on length of life?
 Temptations seize when fear is laid asleep;
 And ill foreboded is our strongest guard.

See from her tomb, as from an humble shrine,
 Truth, radiant goddess! sallies on my soul,
 And puts Delusion's dusky train to flight:
 Disperses the mists our sultry passions raise,
 From objects low, terrestrial, and obscene,
 And shews the real estimate of things;
 Which no man, unafflicted, ever saw;
 Pulls off the veil from virtue's rising charms;
 Detects temptation in a thousand lyes.
 Truth bids me look on men as autumn leaves,
 And all they bleed for, as the summer's dust,
 Driven by the whirlwind; Lighted by her beams,
 I widen my horizon, gain new pow'rs,
 See things invisible, feel things remote;
 Am present with futurities; think nought

To man so foreign as the joys possess;
 Nought so much his as those beyond the grave.

No folly keeps its colour in her sight;
 Pale worldly wisdom loses all her charms;
 In pompous promise, from her schemes profound.
 If future fate she plans, 'tis all in leaves,
 Like Sibyl, unsubstantial, fleeting bliss!
 At the first blast it vanishes in air. [and yet

What grave prescribes the best?—A friend's!
 From a friend's grave how soon we disengage!
 Ev'n to the dearest, as his marble, cold.
 Why are friends ravish'd from us? 'Tis to bind,
 By soft affection's ties, on human hearts
 The thought of death, which reason, too supine,
 Or misemploy'd, so rarely fastens there.
 Nor reason, nor affection, no, nor both
 Combin'd, can break the witchcrafts of the world.
 Behold, th' inexorable hour at hand!
 Behold, the inexorable hour forgot!
 And to forget it, the chief end of life,
 Tho' well to ponder it is life's chief end.

§ 30. *Picture of a Good Man.* YOUNG.

SOME angel guide my pencil, while I draw
 What nothing less than angel can exceed;
 A man on earth devoted to the skies,
 Like ships at sea, while in, above the world.
 With aspect mild, and elevated eye,
 Behold him seated on a mount serene,
 Above the fogs of sense, and passion's storm:
 All the black cares and tumults of this life,
 Like harmless thunders, breaking at his feet,
 Excite his pity, not impair his peace.

Earth's genuine sons, the scepter'd and the slave,
 A mingled mob! a wand'ring herd! he sees,
 Bewilder'd in the vale; in all unlike!
 His full reverse in all! What higher praise!
 What stronger demonstration of the right?

The present all their care; the future his.
 When public welfare calls, or private want,
 They give to fame; his bounty he conceals.

The

Their virtues varnish nature; his exalt.
Mankind's esteem they court; and he, his own.
Theirs, the wild chace of false felicities;
His, the compos'd possession of the true.
Alike throughout is his consistent piece,
All of one colour, and an even thread;
While party-colour'd shreds of happiness,
With hideous gaps between, patch up for them
A madman's robe; each puff of fortune blows
The tatters by, and shews their nakedness.

He sees with other eyes than theirs:—Where
Behold a sun, he spies a Deity; [they
What makes them only smile, makes him adore;
Where they see mountains, he but atoms sees;
An empire in his balance weighs a grain.
They things terrestrial worship, as divine:
His hopes immortal blow them by, as dust
That dims his sight, and shortens his survey,
Which longs, in Infinite, to lose all bound.
Titles and honours (if they prove his fate)
He lays aside to find his dignity;
No dignity they find in aught besides.
They triumph in externals (which conceal
Man's real glory) proud of an eclipse.
Himself too much he prizes to be proud,
And nothing thinks so great in man, as man.
Too dear he holds his int'rest, to neglect
Another's welfare, or his right invade;
Their int'rest, like a lion, lives on prey.
They kindle at the shadow of a wrong;
Wrong he sustains with temper, looks on heav'n,
Nor stoops to think his injurer his foe; [peace.
Nought but what wounds his virtue wounds his
A cover'd heart their character defends;
A cover'd heart denies him half his praise.
With nakedness his innocence agrees!
While their broad foliage testifies their fall!
Their no-joys end where his full feast begins:
His joys create, theirs murder, future bliss.
To triumph in existence, his alone:
And his alone, triumphantly to think
His true existence is not yet begun.

His glorious course was yesterday complete;
Death, then, was welcome; yet life still is sweet.

§ 31. *Sleep.* YOUNG.

TIR'D Nature's sweet restorer, balmy Sleep;
He, like the world, his ready visit pays
Where Fortune smiles! the wretched he forsakes!
Swift on his downy pinion flies from woe,
And lights on lids unfully'd with a tear.

§ 32. *Oppression, Want, and Disease.* YOUNG.

WAR, Famine, Pest, Volcano, Storm, and Fire,
Intestine broils, Oppression, with her heart
Wrapt up in triple brass, besiege mankind;
God's image disinherited of day,
Here, plung'd in mines, forgets a sun was made:
There, beings, deathless as their haughty lord,
Are hammer'd to the galling oar for life,
And plow the winter's wave, and reap despair.
Some, for hard masters, broken under arms,
In battle lost away, with half their limbs,
Beg bitter bread thro' realms their valour sav'd:
If to the tyrant, or his minion, doom,
Want, and incurable disease (fell pair!)
On hopeless multitudes remorseless seize
At once, and make a refuge of the grave.
How groaning hospitals eject their dead!
What numbers groan for sad admission there!
What numbers, once in fortune's lap high fed,
Solicit the cold hand of charity!
To shock us more, solicit it in vain!
Ye silken sons of pleasure! since in pains
You rue more modish visits, visit here, [dure
And breathe from your debauch: give, and re-
Surfeit's dominion o'er you: but so great
Your impudence, you blush at what is right.
Happy! did sorrow seize on such alone.
Not prudence can defend, or virtue save;
Disease invades the chastest temperance;
And punishment the guiltless; and alarm,
Thro' thickest shades, pursues the fond of peace.

Man's caution often into danger turns,
 And his guard falling, crushes him to death.
 Not happiness itself makes good her name;
 Our very wishes give us not our wish.
 How distant oft the things we doat on most
 From that for which we doat, felicity!
 The smoothest course of nature has its pains!
 And truest friends, thro' error, wound our rest.
 Without misfortune, what calamities!
 And what hostilities without a foe!
 Nor are foes wanting to the best on earth.
 But endless is the list of human ills,
 And sighs might sooner fail than cause to sigh.

§ 33. *Inconsistency of Man.* YOUNG.

AH! how unjust to nature and himself
 Is thoughtless, thankless, inconsistent man!
 Like children babbling nonsense in their sports,
 We censure nature for a span too short;
 That span too short, we tax as tedious too;
 Torture invention, all expedients tire,
 To lash the ling'ring moments into speed,
 And whirl us (happy riddance!) from ourselves.
 Art, brainless art! our furious charioteer
 (For Nature's voice unstilled would recal)
 Drives headlong tow'rd's the precipice of death;
 Death, most our dread; death, thus more dreadful
 O what a riddle of absurdity! [made:
 Leisure is pain; takes off our chariot wheels;
 How heavily we drag the load of life!
 Blest leisure is our curse; like that of Cain,
 It makes us wander; wander earth around
 To fly that tyrant, Thought. As Atlas groan'd
 The world beneath, we groan beneath an hour.
 We cry for mercy to the next amusement;
 The next amusement mortgages our fields;
 Slight inconvenience! prisons hardly frown,
 From hateful Time if prisons set us free.
 Yet, when Death kindly tenders us relief,
 We call him cruel; years to moments shrink,
 Ages to years. The telescope is turn'd

To man's false optics (from his folly false):
 Time, in advance, behind him hides his wings,
 And seems to creep, decrepid with his age.
 Behold him when past by! what then is seen
 But his broad pinions, swifter than the winds?
 And all mankind, in contradiction strong,
 Rueful, aghast! cry out on his career.
 We rave, we wrestle with Great Nature's plan;
 We thwart the Deity; and 'tis decreed,
 Who thwart his will shall contradict their own.
 Hence our unnatural quarrels with ourselves;
 Our thoughts at enmity; our bosom broils;
 We push time from us, and we with him back;
 Lavish of lustrums, and yet fond of life;
 Life we think long, and short: Death seek, and
 shun;
 Body and soul, like peevish man and wife,
 United jar, and yet are loth to part.

§ 34. *Vanity.* YOUNG.

OH the dark days of vanity! while here,
 How tasteless! and how terrible when gone!
 Gone! they ne'er go; when past, they haunt
 us still:
 The spirit walks of every day deceas'd;
 And smiles an angel, or a fury frowns.
 Nor death, nor life delight us. If time past
 And time possess both pain us, what can please!
 That which the Deity to please ordain'd,
 Time us'd. The man who consecrates his hours
 By vig'rous effort and an honest aim,
 At once he draws the sting of life and death;
 He walks with Nature; and her paths are
 peace.

§ 35. *Paternal Love.* YOUNG.

FATHERS alone a Father's heart can know;
 What secret tides of still enjoyment flow
 When brothers love! but if their hate succeeds
 They wage the war; but ~~is~~ the Father bleeds.
 Conscience

§ 36. *Conscience.* YOUNG.

O TREACH'ROUS Conscience! while she seems to sleep

On rose and myrtle, lull'd with syren song;
While she seems, nodding o'er her change, to drop
On headlong Appetite the slacken'd rein,
And give us up to licence, unrecall'd,
Unmark'd;—see, from behind her secret stand,
The sly informer minutes ev'ry fault,
And her dread diary with horror fills.
Not the gross act alone employs her pen;
She reconnoitres Fancy's airy band,
A watchful foe! the formidable spy,
Lift'ning, o'erhears the whispers of our camp:
Our dawning purposes of heart explores,
And steals our embryos of iniquity.
As all-rapacious usurers conceal
Their doom-day-book from all-consuming heirs,
Thus, with indulgence most severe, she treats
Us spendthrifts of ineffimable Time;
Unnoted, notes each moment misapply'd;
In leaves more durable than leaves of brass,
Writes our whole history; which Death shall
In ev'ry pale delinquent's private ear; [read
And judgment publish; publish to more worlds
Than this; and endless age in groans resound.

§ 37. *Old Age.* YOUNG.

WHEN men once reach their Autumn, sickly joys
Fall off apace as yellow leaves from trees,
At ev'ry little breath misfortune blows;
Till, left quite naked of their happiness,
In the chill blasts of winter they expire.—
This is the common lot.

§ 38. *Self-Love.* YOUNG.

WHO venerate themselves, the world despise.
For what, gay friend! is this escutcheon'd world,
Which hangs out death in one eternal night?

A night that glooms us in the noon-tide ray,
And wraps our thought, at banquets, in the
Life's little stage is a small eminence, [throwd.
Inch-high the grave above; that home of man,
Where dwells the multitude: We gaze around;
We read their monuments; we sigh; and while
We sigh, we sink, and are what we deplor'd;
Lamenting, or lamented, all our lot!

Is death at distance? No, he has been on thee;
And giv'n sure earnest of his final blow. [now?
Those hours that lately smil'd, where are they
Pallid to thought, and ghastly! drown'd, all
drown'd

In that great deep, which nothing disembogues!
And, dying, they bequeath'd thee small renown.
The rest are on the wing: How fleet their flight!
Already has the fatal train took fire;
A moment, and the world's blown up to thee;
The sun is darkness, and the stars are dust.

§ 39. *Communion with Past Hours.* YOUNG.

TIS greatly wise to talk with our past hours;
And ask them what report they bore to
heav'n; [news.
And how they might have borne more welcome
Their answers form what men Experience call;
If Wisdom's friend, her best; if not, worst foe.
O reconcile them!—Kind Experience cries,
“There's nothing here but what as nothing
weighs;
“The more our joy, the more we know it vain:
“And by success are tutor'd to despair.”
Nor only is it thus, but must be so.
Who knows not this, tho' grey, is still a child.
Loose then, from earth the grasp of fond desire,
Weigh anchor, and some happier clime explore.

§ 40. *Conscience.* YOUNG.

CONSCIENCE, what art thou! Thou tremendous pow'r!
Who dost inhabit us without our leave;

And art within ourselves another self;
 A master self, that loves to domineer,
 And treat the monarch frankly as the slave.
 How dost thou light a torch to distant deeds?
 Make the past, present; and the future, frown?
 How, ever and anon, awake the soul,
 As with a peal of thunder, to strange horrors,
 In this long restless dream; which idiots hug;
 Nay, wise men flatter with the name of life?

§ 41. *Bliss.* YOUNG.

—MUCH is talk'd of bliss; it is the art
 Of such as have the world in their possession,
 To give it a good name, that fools may envy:
 For envy to small minds is flattery.
 How many lift the head, look gay, and smile,
 Against their consciences! And this we know;
 Yet, knowing, disbelieve; and try again [tion;
 What we have try'd, and struggle with conviction;
 Each new experience gives the former credit,
 And reverend grey threescore is but a voucher,
 That thirty old is true.

§ 42. *Friendship.* YOUNG.

KNOW'ST thou, Lorenzo, what a friend contains?

As bees mixt nectar draw from fragrant flow'rs,
 So men from Friendship, Wisdom, and Delight;
 Twins ty'd by nature, if they part, they die.
 Hast thou no friend to set thy mind abroad? [air,
 Goodsense will stagnate. Thoughts shut up, want
 And spoil, like bales unopen'd to the sun.
 Had thought been all, sweet speech had been
 deny'd, [terion too!
 Speech, thought's canal! speech, thought's cri-
 Thought is the mine, may come forth gold, or
 dross;

When coin'd in words, we know its real worth.
 If sterling, store it for thy future use;
 'Twill buy thee benefit; perhaps renown.
 Thought, too, deliver'd, is the more possess;

Teaching we learn; and giving, we retain
 The births of intellect; when dumb, forgot.
 Speech ventilates our intellectual fire;
 Speech burnishes our mental magazine;
 Brightens for ornament, and whets for use.
 What numbers, sheath'd in erudition, lie
 Plung'd to the hilts in venerable toms,
 And rusted in, who might have borne an edge,
 And play'd a sprightly beam, if born to speech;
 If born blest heirs of half their mother's tongue!
 'Tis thought's exchange, which, like th'altern-
 nate push

Of waves conflicting, breaks the learned scum,
 And defecates the student's standing pool.

§ 43. *Wisdom, Friendship, Joy, and Happiness.*
 YOUNG.

WISDOM, tho' richer than Peruvian mines,
 And sweeter than the sweet ambrosial hive,
 What is she, but the means of happiness?
 That unobtain'd, than folly more a fool;
 A melancholy fool without her bells.
 Friendship, the means of wisdom, richly gives
 The precious end which makes our wisdom wise.
 Nature, in zeal for human amity,
 Denies, or damps, an undivided joy.
 Joy is an import; joy is an exchange;
 Joy flies monopolists: it calls for two;
 Rich fruit! Heav'n planted! never pluckt by One.
 Needful auxiliars are our friends, to give
 To social man true relish of himself.
 Full on ourselves, descending in a line,
 Pleasure's bright beam is feeble in delight;
 Delight intenc, is taken by rebound;
 Reverberated pleasures fire the breast.

Celestial Happiness, whene'er she stoops
 To visit earth, one shrine the goddess finds,
 And one alone, to make her sweet amends
 For absent heav'n—the bosom of a friend;
 Where heart meets heart, reciprocally soft,
 Each other's pillow to repose divine,

Beware

Beware the counterfeit: In passion's flame
Hearts melt, but melt like ice, soon harder froze.
True love strikes root in Reason, passion's foe:
Virtue alone entenders us for life:

I wrong her much—entenders us for ever.
Of Friendship's fairest fruits, the fruit most fair
Is Virtue kindling at a rival fire,
And, emulously, rapid in her race.

O the soft enmity! endearing strife!
This carries friendship to her noontide point,
And gives the rivet of eternity. [themes,

From Friendship, which outlives my former
Glorious survivor of old Time and death! [seeds,
From Friendship, thus, that flow'r of heav'nly
The wise extract earth's most Hyblean bliss,
Superior wisdom crown'd with smiling joy.

But for whom blossoms this Elysian flow'r?
Abroad they find, who cherish it at home.

Lorenzo, pardon what my love extorts,
An honest love, and not afraid to frown.
Tho' choice of follies fasten on the Great,
None clings more obstinate, than fancy fond
That sacred friendship is their easy prey;
Caught by the wafure of a golden lure,
Or fascination of a high-born smile. [out

Their smiles, the Great and the Coquet throw
For others hearts, tenacious of their own;
And we no less of ours, when such the bait.
Ye fortune's cofferers! Ye pow'rs of wealth!
Can gold gain friendship? Impudence of hope!
As well mere man an angel might beget.
Love, and Love only, is the loan for love.
Lorenzo, pride repress; not hope to find
A friend, but what has found a friend in thee.
All like the purchase; few the price will pay;
And this makes friends such miracles below.

§ 44. Friendship. YOUNG.

DELIBERATE on all things with thy friend;
But since friends grow not thick on ev'ry
Nor ev'ry friend unrotten at the core, [bough,
First, on thy friend, delib'rate with thyself;

Pause, ponder, sift; not eager in the choice,
Nor jealous of the chosen; fixing, fix;
Judge before friendship; then confide till death.
Well for thy friend; but nobler far for thee;
How gallant danger for earth's highest prize!
A friend is worth all hazards we can run.
"Poor is the friendless master of a world:
"A world in purchase for a friend is gain."
O! for the bright complexion, cordial warmth,
And elevating spirit, of a friend,
For twenty summers ripening by my side;
All feculence of falsehood long thrown down;
All social virtues rising in his soul,
As crystal clear, and smiling as they rise!
Here nectar flows; it sparkles in our sight;
Rich to the taste, and genuine from the heart.
High-flavour'd bliss for gods! on earth how rare!

§ 45. Happiness. YOUNG.

THREE happy they who sleep in humble life,
Beneath the storm ambition flows. 'Tis meet
The Great should have the fame of happiness,
The consolation of a little envy;
'Tis all their pay for those superior cares,
Those pangs of heart, their vassals ne'er can feel.

§ 46. Dissolution of a Virtuous Man. YOUNG.

THE chamber where the good man meets his
fate,
Is privileg'd beyond the common walk
Of virtuous life, quite in the verge of heav'n.
Fly, ye profane! If not, draw near with awe,
Receive the blessing, and adore the chance
That threw in this Bethesda your disease;
If unrestor'd by this, despair your cure.
For here, resistless demonstration dwells;
A death-bed's a detester of the heart.
Here tir'd dissimulation drops her masque,
Thro' life's grimace, that mistress of the scene!
Here real and apparent are the same.
You see the man; you see his hold on heav'n,

If found his virtue; as Philander's found. [friends
Heav'n waits not the last moment; owns her
On this side death, and points them out to men
A lecture silent, but of sov'reign pow'r!
To vice, confusion; and to virtue, peace.

Whatever farce the boastful hero plays,
Virtue alone has majesty in death;
And greater still, the more the tyrant frowns.

§ 47. *Love.* YOUNG.

LOVE calls for love. Not all the pride of
beauty;

Those eyes that tell us what the sun is made of;
Those lips, whose touch is to be bought with
life!

Those hills of driven snow, which seen are felt:
All these possess are nought, but as they are
The proof, the substance of an inward passion,
And the rich plunder of a taken heart.

§ 48. *Pleasures of Meditation.* YOUNG.

FROM Dreams, where thought in fancy's maze
runs mad,

To Reason, that heav'n-lighted lamp in man,
Once more I wake; and at the destin'd hour,
Punctual as lovers to the moment sworn,
I keep my assignation with my woe.

O! lost to virtue, lost to manly thought,
Lost to the noble fallies of the soul!
Who think it solitude to be alone.

Communion sweet! — communion large and
high! —

Our Reason, Guardian Angel, and our God!
Then nearest these, when others most remote;
And all ere long shall be remote but these,
How dreadful, then, to meet them all alone,
A stranger! unacknowledg'd! un approv'd!
Now woo them; wed them; bind them to thy
To win thy wish creation has no more: [breast;
Or if we wish a fourth, it is a friend —
But friends, how mortal! dang'rous the desire.

§ 49. *Beauty.* YOUNG.

BEAUTY alone is but of little worth;
But when the soul and body of a piece,
Both shine alike; then they obtain a price,
And are a fit reward for gallant actions.

§ 50. *Passions.* YOUNG.

WHEN Reason, like the skilful charioteer,
Can break the fiery passions to the bit,
And, spite of their licentious fallies, keep
The radiant track of glory; passions, then,
Are aids and ornaments. Triumphant Reason,
Firm in her seat and swift in her career,
Enjoys their violence; and, smiling, thanks
Their formidable flame for high renown.

§ 51. *Picture of Narcissa, Description of her Funeral, and a Reflection upon Man.* YOUNG.

SWEET harmonist! and beautiful as sweet!
And young as beautiful! and soft as young!
And gay as soft, and innocent as gay!
And happy (if aught happy here) as good!
For fortune fond had built her nest on high.
Like birds quite exquisite of note and plume,
Transfixt by fate (who loves a lofty mark)
How from the summit of the grove she fell,
And left it unharmonious! All its charms
Extinguish'd in the wonders of her song!
Her song still vibrates in my ravish'd ear,
Still melting there, and with voluptuous pain
(O to forget her!) thrilling thro' my heart!

Song, Beauty, Youth, Love, Virtue, Joy! —
Of bright ideas, flow'rs of paradise, [this group
As yet unforfeit! in one blaze we bind,
Kneel, and present it to the skies; as all
We guests of heav'n, and these were all her own,
And she was mine; and I was — *was!* — most
Gay title of the deepest misery! [blest —
As bodies grow more pond'rous robb'd of life,
Good lost weighs more in grief than gain'd in joy.
Like blossom'd trees o'erturn'd by vernal storm,
Lovely

Lovely in death the beauteous ruin lay;
 And if in death still lovely, lovelier there;
 Far lovelier! pity swells the tide of love.
 And will not the severe excuse a sigh?
 Scorn the proud man that is ashamed to weep;
 Our tears indulg'd indeed deserve our shame.
 Ye that e'er lost an angel! pity me.

Soon as the lustre languish'd in her eye,
 Dawning a dimmer day on human sight;
 And on her cheek, the residence of spring,
 Pale Omen sat, and scatter'd fears around
 On all that saw (and who would cease to gaze
 That once had seen?) with haste, parental haste,
 I flew, I snatch'd her from the rigid north,
 Her native bed, on which bleak Boreas blew,
 And bore her nearer to the sun; the sun
 (As if the sun could envy) check'd his beam,
 Deny'd his wonted succour; nor with more
 Regret beheld her drooping than the bells
 Of lilies; fairest lilies not so fair!

Queen lilies! and ye painted populace!
 Who dwell in fields, and lead ambrosial lives,
 In morn and ev'ning dew your beauties bathe,
 And drink the sun, which gives your cheeks to
 And out-blush (mine excepted) ev'ry fair; [glow,
 You gladlier grew, ambitious of her hand,
 Which often cropt your odours, incense meet
 To thought so pure! Ye lovely fugitives!
 Coëval race with man! for man you smile;
 Why not smile at him too? You share indeed
 His sudden pangs, but not his constant pain.

So man is made nought ministers delight
 But what his glowing passions can engage;
 And glowing passions bent on aught below,
 Must, soon or late, with anguish turn the scale;
 And anguish, after rapture, how severe!
 Rapture! bold man! who tempts the wrath divine,
 By plucking fruit deny'd to mortal taste,
 While here presuming on the rights of Heav'n.
 For transport dost thou call on ev'ry hour,
 Lorenzo? At thy friend's expence be wise;
 Lean not on earth; 'twill pierce thee to the heart;

A broken reed at best, but oft a spear:
 On its sharp point peace bleeds, and hope expires.

Turn, hopeless thoughts! turn from her:—

Thought repell'd,
 Resenting rallies, and wakes ev'ry woe.
 Snatch'd ere thy prime! and in thy bridal hour!
 And when kind fortune, with thy lover, smil'd!
 And when high flavour'd thy fresh opening joys!
 And when blind man pronounc'd thy bliss complete!

And on a foreign shore, where strangers wept!
 Strangers to thee; and more surprizing still,
 Strangers to kindness wept: Their eyes let fall
 Inhuman tears; strange tears! that trickled down
 From marble hearts! Obdurate tendernefs!
 A tenderness that call'd them more severe!
 In spite of nature's soft persuasion, steel'd;
 While nature melted, superstition rav'd!
 That mourn'd the dead, and *this* deny'd a grave.
 Their sighs incens'd; sighs foreign to the will!
 Their will the tyger suck'd, outrag'd the storm.
 For oh! the curst ungodliness of zeal!
 While sinful flesh relented, spirit nurs'd
 In blind infallibility's embrace,
 The faintest spirit petrify'd the breast:
 Deny'd the charity of dust to spread
 O'er dust! a charity their dogs enjoy.
 What could I do? What succour? What resource?
 With pious sacrilege, a grave I stole;
 With impious piety, that grave I wrong'd;
 Short in my duty; coward in my grief;
 More like her murderer, than friend, I crept,
 With soft suspended step, and muffled deep
 In midnight darkness, whisper'd my last sigh.
 I whisper'd what should echo thro' their realms;
 Nor writ her name whose tomb should pierce
 the skies.

Presumptuous fear! How durst I dread her foes,
 While nature's loudest dictates I obey'd?
 Pardon necessity, blest shade! Of grief
 And indignation rival bursts I pour'd;
 Half execration mingled with my pray'r;

Kindled at man, while I his God ador'd;
Sore grudge'd the savage land her sacred dust;
Stamp'd the curst soil; and with humanity
(Deny'd Narcissa) wish'd them all a grave.

Glows my resentment into guilt? What guilt
Can equal violations of the dead?

The dead how sacred! Sacred is the dust
Of this heav'n-labour'd form, erect, divine;
This heav'n-assum'd majestic robe of earth
He deign'd to wear, who hung the vast expanse
With azure bright, and cloath'd the sun in
gold.

When ev'ry passion sleeps that can offend;
When strikes us ev'ry motive that can melt;
When man can wreak his rancour uncontroll'd,
That strongest curb on insult and ill-will;
Then, spleen to dust? the dust of innocence;
An angel's dust?—This Lucifer transcends;
When he contended for the patriarch's bones,
'Twas not the strife of malice, but of pride;
The strife of pontiff pride, not pontiff gall.

Far less than this is shocking in a race
Most wretched, but from streams of mutual love;
And uncreated, but for love divine;
And, but for love divine, this moment, lost,
By fate reforc'd, and sunk in endless night.
Man hard of heart to man! of horrid things
Most horrid! 'Mid stupendous, highly strange!
Yet oft his courtesies are smoother wrongs;
Pride brandishes the favours He confers,
And contumelious his humanity:
What then his vengeance? Hear it not, ye stars!
And thou pale moon! turn paler at the sound;
Man is to man the forest, surest ill.

A previous blast foretells the rising storm;
O'erwhelming turrets threaten ere they fall;
Volcanos bellow ere they disembogue;
Earth trembles ere her yawning jaws devour;
And smoke betrays the wide-consuming fire:
Ruin from man is most conceal'd when near,
And sends the dreadful tidings in the blow.
Is this the sight of fancy? Would it were!

Heav'n's Sovereign saves all beings, but himself,
That hideous sight, a naked human heart.

§ 52. Jealousy. YOUNG.

—IT is Jealousy's peculiar nature
To swell small things to great; nay, out of nought
To conjure much; and then to lose its reason
Amid the hideous phantoms it has form'd.

FROM GAY'S FABLES.

§ 53. The Shepherd and the Philosopher.

REMOTE from cities liv'd a swain,
Unvex'd with all the cares of gain;
His head was silver'd o'er with age,
And long experience made him sage;
In summer's heat and winter's cold
He fed his flock, and penn'd the fold;
His hours in cheerful labour flew;
Nor envy nor ambition knew:
His wisdom and his honest fame
Thro' all the country rais'd his name.

A deep Philosopher (whose rules
Of moral life were drawn from schools)
The shepherd's homely cottage sought,
And thus explor'd his reach of thought:

Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil
O'er books consum'd the midnight oil?
Hast thou old Greece and Rome survey'd,
And the vast sense of Plato weigh'd?
Hath Socrates thy soul refin'd?
And hast thou fathom'd Tully's mind?
Or, like the wise Ulysses, thrown
By various fates on realms unknown,
Hast thou thro' many cities stray'd,
Their customs, laws, and manners weigh'd?

The shepherd modestly reply'd,
I ne'er the paths of learning try'd;
Nor have I roam'd in foreign parts
To read mankind, their laws, and arts;

For man is practis'd in disguise;
 He cheats the most discerning eyes;
 Who by that search shall wiser grow,
 When we ourselves can never know?
 The little knowledge I have gain'd
 Was all from simple nature drain'd;
 Hence my life's maxims took their rise;
 Hence grew my settled hate to vice.
 The daily labours of the bee
 Awake my soul to industry.
 Who can observe the careful ant,
 And not provide for future want?
 My dog (the trustiest of his kind)
 With gratitude inflames my mind,
 I mark his true, his faithful way,
 And in my service copy Tray.
 In constancy and nuptial love,
 I learn my duty from the dove.
 The hen, who from the chilly air,
 With pious wing, protects her care;
 And ev'ry fowl that flies at large
 Instructs me in a parent's charge.
 From nature too I take my rule,
 To shun contempt and ridicule:
 I never, with important air,
 In conversation overbear.
 Can grave and formal pass for wise,
 When men the solemn owl despise?
 My tongue within my lips I rein;
 For who talks much must talk in vain.
 We from the wordy torrent fly;
 Who listens to the chatt'ring Pye?
 Nor would I with felonious flight,
 By stealth invade my neighbour's right.
 Rapacious animals we hate:
 Kites, hawks, and wolves deserve their fate.
 Do not we just abhorrence find
 Against the toad and serpent kind?
 But envy, calumny, and spite,
 Bear stronger venom in their bite.
 Thus ev'ry object of creation
 Can furnish hints to contemplation;

And from the most minute and mean,
 A virtuous mind can morals glean.

Thy fame is just, the sage replies;
 Thy virtue proves thee truly wise.
 Pride often guides the author's pen;
 Books as affected are as men:
 But he who studies nature's laws,
 From certain truth his maxims draws;
 And those, without our schools, suffice
 To make men moral, good, and wise.

To his Highness WILLIAM DUKE OF CUM.
 BERLAND.

§ 54. *The Lion, the Tiger, and the Traveller.*

ACCEPT, young prince, the moral lay,
 And in these tales mankind survey;
 With early virtues plant your breast;
 The specious arts of vice detest.

Princes, like beauties, from their youth
 Are strangers to the voice of truth;
 Learn to condemn all praise betimes:
 For flattery is the nurse of crimes:
 Friendship by sweet reproof is shown
 (A virtue never near a throne);
 In courts such freedom must offend;
 There none presumes to be a friend.
 To those of your exalted station
 Each courtier is a dedication.
 Must I too flatter like the rest,
 And turn my morals to a jest?
 The muse disdains to steal from those
 Who thrive in courts by fulsome prose.
 But shall I hide your real praise,
 Or tell you what a nation says?
 They in your infant bosom trace
 The virtues of your royal race;
 In the fair dawning of your mind
 Discern you gen'rous, mild, and kind:
 They see you grieve to hear distress,
 And pant already to redress.

Go on, the height of good attain,
Nor let a nation hope in vain.

For hence we justly may presage
The virtues of a riper age.

True courage shall your bosom fire,
And future actions own your fire.
Cowards are cruel, but the brave
Love mercy, and delight to save.

A tyger roaming for his prey,
Sprung on a trav'ler in the way;
The prostrate game a lion spies,
And on the greedy tyrant flies;
With mingled roar resounds the wood;
Their teeth, their claws, distil with blood;
Till, vanquish'd by the Lion's strength,
The spotted foe extends his length.
The man besought the shaggy lord,
And on his knees for life implor'd;
His life the gen'rous hero gave.—
Together walking to his cave,
The Lion thus bespoke his guest:

What hardy beast shall dare contest
My matchless strength! you saw the fight,
And must attest my pow'r and right.
For'd to forego their native home,
My starving slaves at distance roam;
Within these woods I reign alone;
The boundless forest is my own.
Bears, wolves, and all the savage brood,
Have dy'd the regal den with blood.
These carcases on either hand,
Those bones that whiten all the land,
My former deeds and triumphs tell,
Beneath these jaws what numbers fell.

True, says the Man, the strength I saw,
Might well the brutal nation awe:
But shall a monarch, brave like you,
Place glory in so false a view?
Robbers invade their neighbour's right.
Be lov'd: let justice bound your might.
Mean are ambitious heroes boasts
Of wasted lands and slaughter'd hosts.

Pirates their pow'r by murders gain;
Wise kings by love and mercy reign.
To me your clemency hath shown
The virtue worthy of a throne.
Heav'n gives you pow'r above the rest,
Like Heav'n, to succour the distressed.

The case is plain, the monarch said;
False glory hath my youth misled;
For beasts of prey, a servile train,
Have been the flatt'ers of my reign.
You reason well: Yet tell me, friend,
Did ever you in courts attend?
For all my fawning rogues agree,
That human heroes rule like me.

§ 55. *The Spaniel and the Camelion.*

A SPANIEL, bred with all the care
That waits upon a fav'rite heir,
Ne'er felt correction's rigid hand;
Indulg'd to disobey command.
In pamper'd ease his hours were spent;
He never knew what learning meant.
Such forward airs, so pert, so smart,
Were sure to win his lady's heart:
Each little mischief gain'd him praise;
How pretty were his fawning ways!

The wind was south, the morning fair,
He ventures forth to take the air:
He ranges all the meadow round,
And rolls upon the softest ground;
When near him a Camelion seen,
Was scarce distinguish'd from the green.

Dear emblem of the flatt'ring host,
What, live with clowns? a genius lost!
To cities and the court repair;
A fortune cannot fail thee there:
Preferment shall thy talents crown,
Believe me, friend; I know the town.

Sir, says the Sycophant, like you,
Of old politer life I knew:

Like

Like you, a courtier born and bred,
Kings lean'd an ear to what I said.
My whisper always met success;
The ladies prais'd me for address.
I knew to hit each courtier's passion,
And flatter'd ev'ry vice in fashion.
But Jove, who hates the liar's ways,
At once cut short my prosp'rous days;
And, sentenc'd to retain my nature,
Transform'd me to this crawling creature,
Doom'd to a life obscure and mean,
I wander in the sylvan scene.
For Jove the heart alone regards;
He punishes what man rewards.
How diff'rent is thy case and mine!
With men at least you sup and dine;
While I, condemn'd to thinnest fare,
Like those I flatter'd, feed on air.

§ 56. *The Mother, the Nurse, and the Fairy.*

GIVE me a son. The blessing sent,
Were ever parents more content?
How partial are their doating eyes!
No child is half so fair and wise.
Wak'd to the morning's pleasing care,
The mother rose, and sought her heir.
She saw the Nurse, like one possess'd,
With wringing hands, and sobbing breast.

Sure, some disaster has befall!
Speak, nurse; I hope the boy is well.

Dear Madam, think not me to blame;
Invisible the Fairy came:
Your precious babe is hence convey'd,
And in the place a changeling laid.
Where are the father's mouth and nose,
The mother's eyes, as black as sloes?
See here, a shocking awkward creature,
That speaks a fool in ev'ry feature.

The woman's blind, the Mother cries;
I see wit sparkle in his eyes.

Lord! Madam, what a squinting leer!
No doubt the Fairy hath been here.

Just as she spoke, a Pigmy Sprite
Pops thro' the key-hole, swift as light:
Perch'd on the cradle's top he stands,
And thus her folly reprimands:

Whence sprung the vain conceited lye,
That we the world with fools supply?
What! give our sprightly race away
For the dull helpless sons of clay!
Besides, by partial fondness shown,
Like you, we doat upon our own.
Where yet was ever found a mother
Who'd give her booby for another!
And should we change with human breed,
Well might we pass for fools indeed.

§ 57. *The Eagle and the Assembly of Animals.*

AS Jupiter's all-seeing eye
Survey'd the worlds beneath the sky,
From this small speck of earth were sent
Murmurs and sounds of discontent;
For ev'ry thing alive complain'd
That he the hardest life sustain'd.
Jove calls his eagle. At the word
Before him stands the royal bird.
The bird, obedient, from heav'n's height
Downward directs his rapid flight;
Then cited ev'ry living thing
To hear the mandates of his king.

Ungrateful creatures, whence arise
These murmurs, which offend the skies?
Why this disorder? say the cause:
For just are Jove's eternal laws.
Let each his discontent reveal.
To you, four Dog, I first appeal.

Hard is my lot, the hound replies:
On what fleet nerves the greyhound flies!
While I, with weary step and slow,
O'er plains, and vales, and mountains go.

The morning sees my chace begun,
Nor ends it till the setting sun.

When (says the Greyhound) I pursue,
My game is lost, or caught in view;
Beyond my sight the prey's secure:
The Hound is slow, but always sure:
And had I his sagacious scent,
Jove ne'er had heard my discontent.

The Lion crav'd the Fox's art;
The Fox the Lion's force and heart:
The Cock implor'd the Pigeon's flight,
Whose wings were rapid, strong, and light:
The Pigeon strength of wing despis'd,
And the Cock's matchless valour priz'd:
The Fishes wish'd to graze the plain:
The Beasts to skim beneath the main.
Thus, envious of another's state,
Each blam'd the partial hand of Fate.

The Bird of Heav'n then cry'd aloud,
Jove bids disperse the murmur'ing crowd;
The God rejects your idle prayers:
Would ye, rebellious mutineers,
Entirely change your name and nature,
And be the very envy'd creature?
What, silent all, and none consent!
Be happy then, and learn content:
Nor imitate the restless mind
And proud ambition of mankind.

§ 58. *The Miser and Plutus.*

THE wind was high, the window shakes;
With sudden start the Miser wakes;
Along the silent room he stalks;
Looks back and trembles as he walks!
Each lock and ev'ry bolt he tries,
In ev'ry creek and corner pries,
Then opes the chest with treasure stor'd,
And stands in rapture o'er his hoard;
But now, with sudden qualms possess'd,
He wrings his hands, he beats his breast.

By conscience stung, he wildly stares;
And thus his guilty soul declares:

Had the deep earth her stores confin'd,
This heart had known sweet peace of mind.
But virtue's sold! Good gods! what price
Can recompense the pangs of vice?
O bane of good! seducing cheat!
Can man, weak man, thy pow'r defeat!
Gold banish'd honour from the mind,
And only left the name behind;
Gold sow'd the world with ev'ry ill;
Gold taught the murd'rer's sword to kill
'Twas gold instructed coward hearts
In treach'ry's more pernicious arts.
Who can recount the mischiefs o'er?
Virtue resides on earth no more!

He spoke and sigh'd. In angry mood,
Plutus, his god, before him stood.
The Miser, trembling, lock'd his chest;
The vision frown'd, and thus address'd:

Whence is this vile ungrateful rant,
Each sordid rascal's daily cant?
Did I, base wretch, corrupt mankind?
The fault's in thy rapacious mind.
Because my blessings are abus'd,
Must I be censur'd, curs'd, accus'd?
Ev'n virtue's self by knaves is made
A cloke to carry on the trade;
And pow'r (when lodg'd in their possession)
Grows tyranny and rank oppression.
Thus, when the villain crams his chest,
Gold is the canker of the breast!
'Tis avarice, insolence, and pride,
And ev'ry shocking vice beside;
But when to virtuous hands 'tis given,
It blesses like the dews of heav'n:
Like Heav'n, it hears the orphan's cries,
And wipes the tears from widows eyes;
Their crimes on gold shall misers lay,
Who pawn'd their sordid souls for pay!
Let braves then (when blood is spilt)
Upbraid the passive sword with guilt.

§ 59. *The Peacock, the Turkey, and the Goose.*

IN beauty faults conspicuous grow;
 The smallest speck is seen on snow.
 As near a barn, by hunger led,
 A Peacock with the poultry fed,
 All view'd him with an envious eye,
 And mock'd his gaudy pageantry.
 He, conscious of superior merit,
 Contemns their base reviling spirit;
 His state and dignity assumes,
 And to the sun displays his plumes;
 Which, like the heav'n's o'er-arching skies,
 Are spangled with a thousand eyes.
 The circling rays, and varied light,
 At once confound their dazzled sight:
 On ev'ry tongue detraction burns,
 And malice prompts their spleen by turns.

Mark with what insolence and pride
 The creature takes his haughty stride,
 The Turkey cries. Can spleen contain?
 Sure never bird was half so vain!
 But were intrinsic merit seen,
 We Turkies have the whiter skin.

* From tongue to tongue they caught abuse;
 And next was heard the hissing Goose:
 What hideous legs! what filthy claws!
 I scorn to censure little flaws.
 Then what a horrid squalling throat!
 Ev'n owls are frightened at the note.

True. These are faults, the Peacock cries;
 My scream, my thanks you may despise;
 But such blind critics rail in vain:
 What! overlook my radiant train!
 Know, did my legs (your scorn and sport)
 The Turkey or the Goose support,
 And did ye scream with harsher sound!
 Those faults in you had ne'er been found!
 To all apparent beauties blind,
 Each blemish strikes an envious mind.

Thus in assemblies have I seen
 A nymph of brightest charms and mien

Wake envy in each ugly face;
 And buzzing scandal fills the place.

§ 60. *The Monkey, who had seen the World.*

A MONKEY, to reform the times,
 Resolv'd to visit foreign climes:
 For men in distant regions roam
 To bring politer manners home.
 So forth he fares; all toil defies:
 Misfortune serves to make us wise.

At length the treach'rous snare was laid;
 Poor Pug was caught, to town convey'd,
 There sold. How envy'd was his doom!
 Made captive in a lady's room!
 Proud, as a lover, of his chains,
 He day by day her favour gains.
 Whene'er the duty of the day
 The toilet calls, with mimic play
 He twirls her knots, he cracks her fan,
 Like any other Gentleman.
 In visits too, his parts and wit,
 When jests grew dull, were sure to hit.
 Proud with applause, he thought his mind
 In ev'ry courtly art refin'd;
 Like Orpheus, burnt with public zeal,
 To civilize the monkey weal:
 So watch'd occasion, broke his chain,
 And fought his native woods again.

The hairy sylvans round him press,
 Astonish'd at his strut and dress.
 Some praise his sleeve, and others glote
 Upon his rich embroider'd coat;
 His dapper perriwig commending,
 With the black tail behind depending;
 His powder'd back, above, below,
 Like hoary frost, or fleecy snow;
 But all with envy and desire
 His flutt'ring shoulder-knot admire.
 Hear and improve, he pertly cries;
 I come to make a nation wise.

Weigh your own worth, support your place,
 The next in rank to human race.
 In cities long I pass'd my days,
 Convers'd with men, and learn'd their ways.
 Their dress, their courtly manners see;
 Reform your state, and copy me.
 Seek ye to thrive? in flatter'd deal;
 Your scorn, your hate, with that conceal.
 Seem only to regard your friends;
 But use them for your private ends.
 Scint not to truth the flow of wit;
 Be prompt to lie whene'er 'tis fit.
 Bend all your force to spatter merit;
 Scandal is conversation's spirit.
 Boldly to ev'ry thing attend,
 And men your talents shall commend.
 I knew the great. Observe me right;
 So shall you grow like man polite.

He spoke, and bow'd. With muttering jaws
 The wond'ring circle grinn'd applause.
 Now, warm with malice, envy, spite,
 Their most obliging friends they bite;
 And, fond to copy human ways,
 Practise new mischiefs all their days.

Thus the dull lad, too tall for school,
 With travel finishes the fool;
 Studious of ev'ry coxcomb's airs,
 He drinks, games, dresses, whores, and swears;
 O'erlooks with scorn all virtuous arts;
 For vice is fitted to his parts.

§ 61. *The Pin and the Needle.*

A PIN, who long had serv'd a beauty,
 Proficient in the toilet's duty,
 Had form'd her sleeve, confin'd her hair,
 Or giv'n her knot a smarter air,
 Now nearest to her heart was plac'd,
 Now in her mantua's tail disgrac'd:
 But could she partial fortune blame,
 Who saw her lover serv'd the same?

At length, from all her honours cast,
 Thro' various turns of life she pass'd;
 Now glitter'd on a taylor's arm;
 Now kept a beggar's infant warm;
 Now, rang'd within a miser's coat,
 Contributes to his yearly groat;
 Now, rais'd again from low approach,
 She visits in the doctor's coach;
 Here, there, by various fortune tost,
 At last, in Gresham-hall was lost.
 Charm'd with the wonders of the show,
 On every side, above, below,
 She now of this or that inquires;
 What least was understood admires.
 'Tis plain, each thing so struck her mind,
 Her head's of virtuoso kind.

And pray what's this, and this, dear Sir?
 A needle, says th'interpreter.
 She knew the name. And thus the fool
 Address'd her as a taylor's tool.

A needle with that filthy stone,
 Quite, idle all with rust o'ergrown!
 You better might employ your parts,
 And aid the sempstress in her arts.
 But tell me how the friendship grew
 Between that paltry flint and you?

Friend, said the Needle, cease to blame;
 I follow real worth and fame.
 Know'st thou the loadstone's pow'r and art,
 That virtue virtues can impart;
 Of all his talents I partake,
 Who then can such a friend forsake?
 'Tis I direct the pilot's hand
 To shun the rocks and treach'rous sand;
 By me the distant world is known,
 And either India is our own.
 Had I with milliners been bred,
 What had I been? The guide of thread,
 And drudg'd as other needles do,
 Of no more consequence than you.

§ 62. *The Goat without a Beard.*

TIS certain that the modish passions
Descend among the crowd, like fashions.
Excuse me then, if pride, conceit
(The manners of the fair and great)
I give to monkies, asses, hogs,
Fleas, owls, goats, butterflies, and dogs.
I say that these are proud: what then?
I never said they equal'd men.

A Goat (as vain as Goat can be)
Affected singularity.
Whene'er a thymy bank he found,
He roll'd upon the fragrant ground;
And then with fond attention stood,
Fix'd o'er his image in the flood.
"I hate my frowzy beard," he cries;
"My youth is lost in this disguise.
"Did not the females know my vigour,
"Well might they loath this rev'rend figure."

Resolv'd to smooch his shaggy face,
He sought the barber of the place.
A suppliant monkey, spruce and smart,
Hard by, profess'd the dapper art;
His pole, with pewter basons hung;
Black rotten teeth in order strung;
Rang'd cups that in the window stood,
Lin'd with red rags, to look like blood,
Did well his threefold trade explain;
Who shav'd, drew teeth, and breath'd a vein.

The goat he welcomes with an air,
And seats him in his wooden chair:
Mouth, nose, and cheek the lather hides:
Light, smooth, and swift the razor glides.
"I hope your custom, Sir," says Pug;
"Sure never face was half so smug."
The Goat, impatient for applause,
Swift to the neighb'ring hill withdraws;
The shaggy people grin'd and star'd:
"Heighday! what's here without a beard!
"Say, brother, whence the dire disgrace?
"What envious hand hath robb'd your face?"

When thus the fop, with smiles of scorn,
"Are beards by civil nations worn?
E'en Muscovites have mow'd their china.
Shall we, like formal Capuchins,
Stubborn in pride, retain the mode,
And bear about the hairy load!
Whene'er we thro' the village stray,
Are we not mock'd along the way;
Insulted with loud shouts of scorn,
By boys our beards disgrac'd and torn?"

"Were you no more with Goats to dwell,
Brother, I grant you reason well,"
Replies a bearded chiel. "Beside,
If boys can mortify thy pride,
How wilt thou stand the ridicule
Of our whole flock? Affected fool!
Coxcombs, distinguish'd from the rest,
To all but coxcombs are a jest."

§ 63. *The Mastiffs.*

THOSE who in quarrels interpose,
Must often wipe a bloody nose.

A Mastiff, of true English blood,
Lov'd fighting better than his food.
When dogs were snarling for a bone,
He long'd to make the war his own;
And often found (when two contend)
To interpose obtain'd his end;
He glory'd in his limping pace;
The scars of honour seam'd his face;
In ev'ry limb a gash appears,
And frequent fights retrench'd his ears.

As on a time he heard from far
Two dogs engag'd in noisy war,
Away he scours, and lays about him,
Resolv'd no fray should be without him.
Forth from his yard a tanner flies,
And to the bold intruder cries,

A cudgel shall correct your manners;
Whence sprung this cursed hate to tanners?

While

While on my dog you vent your spite,
Sirrah! 'tis me you dare not bite.
To see the battle thus perplex'd,
With equal rage a butcher vex'd;
Hoarse screaming thro' the cirel'd crowd,
To the curs'd Mastiff cries aloud,

Both Hocklev-hole and Marybone
The combats of my dog have known.
He ne'er, like bullies, coward-hearted,
Attacks in public, to be parted.
Think not, rath fool, to share his fame;
Be his the honour or the shame.

Thus said, they swore, and rav'd like thunder;
Then dragg'd their fasten'd dogs asunder;
While clubs and kicks from ev'ry side
Rebounded from the Mastiff's hide.

All recking now with sweat and blood,
A while the parted warriors stood,
Then pour'd upon the meddling foe;
Who, worry'd, howl'd and sprawl'd below.
He rose, and, limping from the fray,
By both sides mangl'd, sneak'd away.

§ 64. *The Farmer's Wife and the Raven.*

WHY are those tears? why droops your head?
Is then your other husband dead?
Or does a worse disgrace betide;
Has no one since his death apply'd?

Alas! you know the cause too well:
The salt is spilt; to me it fell.
Then to contribute to my loss,
My knife and fork were laid across;
On Friday too! the day I dread!
Would I were safe at home in bed!
Last night (I vow to Heav'n 'tis true)
Bounce from the fire a coffin flew.
Next post some fatal news shall tell:
God send my Cornish friends be well!

Unhappy widow, cease thy tears,
Nor feel affliction in thy fears:
Let not thy stomach be suspended;
Eat now, and weep when dinner's ended;

And when the butler clears the table,
For thy desert I'll read my fable.
Betwixt her swagging panniers load
A farmer's wife to market rode,
And jogging on, with thoughtful care,
Summ'd up the profits of her ware;
When starting from her silver dream,
Thus far and wide was heard her scream:

That raven on yon left-hand oak
(Curse on his ill-betiding croak)
Bodes me no good. No more she said.
When poor blind Ball, with stumbling tread,
Fell prone; o'erturn'd the pannier lay;
And her mash'd eggs bestrew'd the way.
She, sprawling in the yellow road,
Rail'd, swore, and curs'd: Thou croaking toad,
A murrain take thy whorson throat!
I knew misfortune in the note.

Dame, quoth the Raven, spare your oaths,
Unclench your fist, and wipe your cloaths.
But why on me those curses thrown?
Goody, the fault was all your own:
For had you laid this brittle ware
On Dun, the old sure-footed mare,
Though all the Ravens of the hundred
With croaking had your tongue out-thunder'd,
Sure-footed Dun had kept his legs,
And you, good woman, sav'd your eggs.

§ 65. *The Hound and the Huntsman.*

IMPERTINENCE at first is borne
With heedless slight, or smiles of scorn;
Teaz'd into wrath, what patience bears
The noisy fool who perseveres!

The morning wakes, the Huntsman sounds,
At once rush forth the joyful hounds.
They seek the wood with eager pace;
Through bush, through brier, explore the chace.
Now, scatter'd wide, they try the plain,
And snuff the dewy turf in vain.
What care, what industry, what pains!
What universal silence reigns!

Ringwood,

Ringwood, a Dog of little fame,
Young, pert, and ignorant of game,
At once displays his babbling throat;
The pack, regardless of the note,
Pursue the scent; with louder strain
He still persists to vex the train.

The Huntsman to the clamour flies;
The smacking lash he smartly plies.
His ribs all welk'd, with howling tone
The Puppy thus express'd his moan:

I know the music of my tongue
Long since the pack with envy stung.
What will not spite? These bitter smarts
I owe to my superior parts.

When puppies prate, the Huntsman cry'd,
They shew both ignorance and pride:
Fools may our scorn, not envy raise;
For envy is a kind of praise.
Had not thy forward noisy tongue
Proclaim'd thee always in the wrong,
Thou might'st have mingl'd with the rest,
And ne'er thy foolish noise confess:
But fools, to talking ever prone,
Are sure to make their follies known.

§ 66. *The Poet and the Rose.*

I HATE the man who builds his name
On ruins of another's fame.

Thus prudes, by characters o'erthrown,
Imagine that they raise their own.
Thus scribblers, covetous of praise,
Think slander can transplant the bays.
Beauties and bards have equal pride;
With both all rivals are decry'd.

Who praises Lesbia's eyes and feature,
Must call her sister awkward creature;
For the kind state-ry's sure to charm,
When we some other nymph disarm.

As in the cool of early day
A Poet sought the sweets of May,
The garden's fragrant breath ascends,
And ev'ry stalk with odour bends.

A Rose he pluck'd, he gaz'd, admir'd,
Thus singing, as the muse inspir'd:

Go, Rose, my Chloe's bosom grace!

How happy should I prove,
Might I supply that envy'd place
With never-fading love!

There, Phoenix-like, beneath her eye,
Involv'd in fragrance, burn and die!
Know, hapless flower, that thou shalt find
More fragrant roses there:

I see thy with'ring head reclin'd

With envy and despair!
One common fate we both must prove;
You die with envy, I with love.

Spare your comparisons, reply'd
An angry Rose, who grew beside.
Of all mankind, you should not flout us:
What can a Poet do without us?
In ev'ry love-song roses bloom;
We lend you colour and perfume.
Does it to Chloe's charms conduce,
To found her praise on our abuse?
Must we, to flatter her, be made
To wither, envy, pine, and fade?

§ 67. *The Hare and many Friends.*

FRIENDSHIP, like love, is but a name,

Unless to one you stint the flame.
The child, who many fathers share,
Hath seldom known a father's care.
'Tis thus in friendship; who depend
On many, rarely find a friend.

A Hare, who in a civil way
Comply'd with ev'ry thing, like GAY,
Was known by all the bestial train
Who haunt the wood, or graze the plain.
Her care was never to offend;
And ev'ry creature was her friend.

As forth she went, at early dawn,
To taste the dew-besprinkled lawn,

Behind she hears the hunter's cries,
 And from the deep-mouth'd thunder flies:
 She starts, she stops, she pants for breath;
 She hears the near advance of death;
 She doubles to mislead the hound,
 And measures back her mazy round;
 Till, fainting in the public way,
 Half-dead with fear she gasping lay.
 What transport in her bosom grew
 When first the horse appear'd in view!

Let me, says she, your back ascend,
 And owe my safety to a friend.
 You know my feet betray my flight;
 To friendship ev'ry burthen's light.

The Horse reply'd, Poor honest Puss,
 It grieves my heart to see thee thus:
 Be comforted, relief is near;
 For all your friends are in the rear.

She next the stately Bull implor'd;
 And thus reply'd the mighty lord:
 Since ev'ry beast alive can tell
 That I sincerely wish you well;
 I may, without offence, pretend
 To take the freedom of a friend.
 Love calls me hence; a fav'rite cow
 Expects me near yon barley-mow;
 And when a lady's in the case,
 You know, all other things give place.
 To leave you thus might seem unkind;
 But see, the Goat is just behind.

The Goat remark'd her pulse was high,
 Her languid head, her heavy eye;
 My back, says he, may do you harm;
 The sheep's at hand, and wool is warm.

The Sheep was feeble, and complain'd
 His sides a load of wool sustain'd:
 Said he was slow, confess'd his fears;
 For hounds eat Sheep as well as Hares.

She now the trotting Calf address'd,
 To save from death a friend distress'd.

Shall I, says he, of tender age,
 To this important care engage?

Older and abler pass'd you by;
 How strong are those! how weak am I!
 Should I presume to bear you hence,
 Those friends of mine may take offence.
 Excuse me, then. You know my heart:
 But dearest friends, alas! must part.
 How shall we all lament! Adieu;
 For, see, the hounds are just in view.

§ 68. *The Wild Boar and the Ram.*

A GAINST an elm a sheep was ty'd,
 The butcher's knife in blood was dy'd;
 The patient flock in silent fright,
 From far beheld the horrid sight.

A savage Boar, who near them stood,
 Thus mock'd to scorn the fleecy brood:
 All cowards should be serv'd like you:

See, see, your murd'rer is in view;
 With purple hands, and reeking knife,
 He strips the skin yet warm with life:
 Your quarter'd fires, your bleeding dams,
 The dying bleat of harmless lambs
 Call for revenge. O stupid race!
 The heart that wants revenge is base.

I grant, an ancient ram replies,
 We bear no terror in our eyes;
 Yet think us not of soul so tame,
 Which no repeated wrongs inflame;
 Insensible of ev'ry ill,
 Because we want thy tusks to kill.
 Know, those who violence pursue,
 Give to themselves the vengeance due;
 For in these massacres they find
 The two chief plagues that waste mankind.
 Our skin supplies the wrangling bar;
 It wakes their slumb'ring sons to war;
 And well revenge may rest contented,
 Since drums and parchment were invented.

§ 69. *The Lion, the Fox, and the Geese.*

A LION, tir'd with state affairs,
 Quite sick of pomp, and worn with cares,
 Resolv'd

Resolv'd (remote from noise and strife)
In peace to pass his latter life.

It was proclaim'd; the day was set:
Behold the gen'ral council met.
The Fox was Viceroy nam'd. The crowd
To the new Regent humbly bow'd.
Wolves, bears, and mighty tygers bend,
And strive who most shall condescend.
He strait assumes a solemn grace,
Collects his wisdom in his face.
The crowd admire his wit, his sense;
Each word hath weight and consequence.
The flatt'rer all his art displays:
He who hath pow'r is sure of praise.
A Fox stept forth before the rest,
And thus the servile throng address:

How vast his talents, born to rule,
And train'd in virtue's honest school!
What clemency his temper sways;
How uncorrupt are all his ways!
Beneath his conduct and command
Rapine shall cease to waste the land,
His brain hath stratagem and art;
Prudence and mercy rule his heart;
What blessings must attend the nation
Under this good administration!

He said. A goose, who distant stood,
Harangu'd apart the cackling brood.

Whene'er I hear a knave commend,
He bids me shun his worthy friend.
What praise! what mighty commendation!
But 'twas a Fox who spoke th'oration.
Foxes this government may prize
As gentle, plentiful, and wise;
If they enjoy the sweets, 'tis plain,
We geese must feel a tyrant reign.
What havock now shall thin our race,
When ev'ry perry clerk in place,
To prove his taste, and seem polite,
Will feed on Geese both noon and night!

§ 70. *The Lady and the Wasp.*

WHAT whispers must the beauty bear!
What hourly nonsense haunts her ear!
Where'er her eyes dispense their charms,
Impertinence around her swarms.
Did not the tender nonsense strike,
Contempt and scorn might soon dislike;
Forbidding airs might thin the place,
The slightest flap a fly can chace.
But who can drive the num'rous breed!
Chace one, another will succeed.
Who knows a fool must know his brother;
One fop will recommend another:
And with this plague she's rightly curst,
Because she listen'd to the first.

As Doris, at her toilet's duty,
Sat meditating on her beauty,
She now was pensive, now was gay,
And loll'd the sultry hours away.

As thus in indolence she lies,
A giddy Wasp around her flies.
He now advances, now retires,
Now to her neck and cheek aspires.
Her fan in vain defends her charms;
Swift he returns, again alarms;
For by repulse he bolder grew,
Perch'd on her lip, and sipt the dew.

She frowns, she frets. Good gods! she cries,
Protect me from these teasing flies!
Of all the plagues that Heav'n hath sent,
A Wasp is most impertinent.

The hovering insect thus complain'd:
Am I then slighted, scorn'd, disdain'd!
Can such offence your anger wake!
'Twas beauty caus'd the bold mistake.
Those cherry lips that breathe perfume,
That cheek so ripe with youthful bloom,
Made me with strong desire pursue
The fairest peach that ever grew.

Strike him not, Jenny, Doris cries,
Nor murder Wasps like vulgar flies:

For tho' he's free (to do him right)
The creature's civil and polite.

In ecstasies away he posits;
Where'er he came the favour boasts;
Braggs how her sweetest tea he sips,
And shews the sugar on his lips.

The hint alarm'd the forward crew;
Sure of success, away they flew.
They share the dainties of the day;
Round her with airy music play;
And now they flutter, now they rest,
Now soar again, and skim her breast.
Nor were they banish'd till she found
That Wasps have stings, and felt the wound.

§ 71. *The Bull and the Mastiff.*

SEELK you to train your fav'rite boy?

Each caution, ev'ry care employ:
And ere you venture to confide,
Let his preceptor's heart be try'd:
Weigh well his manners, life, and scope;
On these depends thy future hope.

As on a time, in peaceful reign,
A Bull enjoy'd the flow'ry plain,
A Mastiff pass'd; inflam'd with ire,
His eye-balls shot indignant fire;
He foam'd, he rag'd with thirst of blood,
Spurning the ground the monarch stood,
And roar'd aloud, Suspend the fight;
In a whole skin go sleep to-night:
Or tell me, ere the battle rage,
What wrongs provoke thee to engage?
Is it ambition fires thy breast,
Or avarice that ne'er can rest?
From these alone unjustly springs
The world-destroying wrath of kings.

The surly Mastiff thus returns:
Within my bosom glory burns.
Like heroes of eternal name,
Whom poets sing, I fight for fame.
The butcher's spirit stirring mind
To daily war my youth inclin'd;

He train'd me to heroic deed;
Taught me to conquer, or to bleed.

Curs'd Dog! the Bull reply'd, no more
I wonder at thy thirst of gore;
For thou (beneath a butcher train'd,
Whose hands with cruelty are stain'd,
His daily murders in thy view)
Must, like thy tutor, blood pursue.
Take then thy fate. With goring wound,
At once he lifts him from the ground;
Aloft the sprawling hero flies;
Mangl'd he falls, he howls, and dies.

§ 72. *The Elephant and the Bookseller.*

THE man who with undaunted toils,
Sails unknown seas to unknown soils,
With various wonders feasts his sight:
What stranger wonders does he write!
We read, and in description view
Creatures which Adam never knew:
For, when we risk no contradiction,
It prompts the tongue to deal in fiction.
Those things that startle me or you,
I grant are strange; yet may be true.
Who doubts that Elephants are found
For science and for sense renown'd?
Horri records their strength of parts,
Extent of thought, and skill in arts;
How they perform the law's decrees,
And save the state the hangman's fees;
And how by travel understand
The language of another land.
Let those who question this report,
To Pliny's ancient page resort:
How learn'd was that sagacious breed!
Who now like them the Greek can read!

As one of those, in days of yore,
Rummag'd a shop of learning o'er;
Not, like our modern dealers, minding
Only the margin's breadth and binding,
A book his curious eye detains,
Where, with exactest care and pains,

Were

Were ev'ry beast and bird pourtray'd,
That e'er the search of man survey'd;
Their natures and their pow'rs were writ
With all the pride of human wit.
The page he with attention spread,
And thus remark'd on what he read :

Man with strong reason is endow'd ;
A beast scarce instinct is allow'd.
But let this author's worth be try'd,
'Tis plain that neither was his guide.
Can he discern the different natures,
And weigh the pow'r of other creatures,
Who, by the partial work, hath shown
He knows so little of his own ?
How falsely is the spaniel drawn !
Did man from him first learn to fawn ?
A dog proficient in the trade !
He the chief flatt'rer nature made !
Go, Man, the ways of courts discern,
You'll find a spaniel still might learn.
How can the Fox's theft and plunder
Provoke his censure or his wonder ?
From courtier's tricks, and lawyer's arts,
The fox might well improve his parts.
The lion, wolf, and tyger's brood,
He curses for their thirst of blood :
But is not man to man a prey ?
Beasts kill for hunger, men for pay.

The Bookseller, who heard him speak,
And saw him turn a page of Greek,
Thought, what a genius have I found !
Then thus address'd with bow profound :

Learn'd Sir, if you'd employ your pen
Against the senseless sons of men,
Or write the history of Siam,
No man is better pay than I am :
Or, since you're learn'd in Greek, let's see
Something against the Trinity.

When, wrinkling with a sneer his trunk,
Friend, quoth the Elephant, you're drunk ;
E'en keep your money, and be wise :
Leave man on man to criticize ;

For that you ne'er can want a pew
Among the senseless sons of men.
They, unprovok'd, will court the fray ;
Envy's a sharper spur than pay.
No author ever spar'd a brother ;
Wits are game-cocks to one another.

§ 73. *Cupid, Hymen, and Plutus.*

AS Cupid in Cythera's grove
Employ'd the lesser powers of love ;
Some shape the bow, or fit the string ;
Some give the taper shaft its wing,
Or turn the polish'd quiver's mould,
Or head the darts with temper'd gold.

Amidst their toil and various care,
Thus Hymen, with assuming air,
Address'd the God : Thou parblind cit,
Of awkward and ill-judging wit,
If matches are not better made,
At once I must forswear my trade.
You send me such ill-coupl'd folks,
That 'tis a shame to sell them yokes ;
They squabble for a pin, a feather,
And wonder how they came together.
The husband's fullen, dogged, shy ;
The wife grows slipshod in reply ;
He loves command and due restriction ;
And she as well likes contradiction :
She never slavishly submits ;
She'll have her will, or have her fits :
He this way tugs, she t'other draws ;
The man grows jealous, and with cause :
Nothing can save him but divorce ;
And here the wife complies of course.

When, says the boy, had I to do
With either your affairs or you ?
I never idly spent my darts ;
You trade in mercenary hearts.
For settlements the lawyer's fee'd ;
Is my hand witness to the deed ?
If they like cat and dog agree,
Go rail at Plutus, not at me.

Plutus appear'd, and said, 'Tis true,
 In marriage, gold is all their view;
 They seek no beauty, wit, or sense;
 And love is seldom the pretence.
 All offer incense at my shrine,
 And I alone the bargain sign.
 How can Belinda blame her fate?
 She only ask'd a great estate.
 Doris was rich enough, 'tis true;
 Her lord must give her title too:
 And ev'ry man, or rich or poor,
 A fortune asks, and asks no more.
 Avarice, whatever shape it bears,
 Must still be coupl'd with its cares.

§ 74. *The Tame Stag.*

AS a young Stag the thicket past,
 The branches held his antlers fast;
 A clown, who saw the captive hung,
 Across the horns his halter flung.
 Now safely hamper'd in the chord,
 He bore the present to his lord.
 His lord was pleas'd; as was the clown,
 When he was tipp'd with half a crown.
 The Stag was brought before his wife;
 The tender lady begg'd his life.
 How sleek's the skin! how speck'd like ermine!
 Sure never creature was so charming!
 At first, within the yard confin'd,
 He flies and hides from all mankind;
 Now bolder grown, with fix'd amaze
 And distant awe, presumes to gaze:
 Munches the linen on the lines,
 And on a hood or apron dines,
 He steals my little master's bread,
 Follows the servants to be fed.
 Nearer and nearer now he stands,
 To feel the praise of patting hands;
 Examines every fist for meat,
 And tho' repuls'd, disdains retreat;
 Attacks again with levell'd horns;
 And man, that was his terror, scorns.

Such is the country maiden's fright,
 When first a red-coat is in sight:
 Behind the door she hides her face;
 Next time at distance eyes the lace;
 She now can all his terrors stand,
 Nor from his squeeze withdraws her hand.
 She plays familiar in his arms;
 And ev'ry soldier hath his charms.
 From tent to tent she spreads her flame;
 For custom conquers fear and shame.

§ 75. *The Philosopher and the Pheasant.*

THE Sage awak'd at early day,
 Thro' the deep forest took his way;
 Drawn by the music of the groves,
 Along the winding gloom he roves:
 From tree to tree the warbling throats
 Prolong the sweet alternate notes.
 But where he past he terror threw;
 The song broke short, the warblers flew;
 The thrushes chatter'd with affright,
 And nightingales abhor'd his sight;
 All animals before him ran,
 To shun the hateful sight of man.

Whence is the dread of ev'ry creature?
 Fly they our figure or our nature?

As thus he walk'd in musing thought,
 His ear imperfect accents caught;
 With cautious step he nearer drew:
 By the thick shade conceal'd from view,
 High on the branch a Pheasant stood;
 Around her all her list'ning brood;
 Proud of the blessings of her nest,
 She thus a mother's care express'd:

No dangers here shall circumvent;
 Within the woods enjoy content.
 Sooner the hawk or vulture trust
 Than man, of animals the worst;
 In him ingratitude you find;
 A vice peculiar to their kind.
 The sheep, whose annual fleece is dy'd
 To guard his health and serve his pride,

Forc'd

Forc'd from his fold and native plain,
Is in the cruel shambles slain.
The swarms who, with industrious skill,
His hives with wax and honey fill,
In vain whole summer days employ'd,
Their stores are sold, their race destroy'd.
What tribute from the goose is paid!
Does not her wing all science aid?
Does it not lovers hearts explain,
And drudge to raise the merchant's gain?
What now rewards this gen'ral use?
He takes the quills, and eats the goose.
Man then avoid, detest his ways;
So safety shall prolong your days.
When services are thus acquitted,
Be sure we Pheasants must be spitted.

§ 76. *The Shepherd's Dog and the Wolf.*

A WOLF, with hunger fierce and bold,
Ravag'd the plains, and thinn'd the fold;
Deep in the wood secure he lay;
The thefts of night regal'd the day.
In vain the shepherd's wakeful care
Had spread the toils, and watch'd the snare:
In vain the Dog pursu'd his pace,
The fleetest robber mock'd the chase.

As Lightfoot rang'd the forest round,
By chance his foe's retreat he found.

A truce, replies the Wolf. 'Tis done.
The Dog the parley thus begun:

How can that strong intrepid mind
Attack a weak defenceless kind?
Those jaws should prey on nobler food,
And drink the boar's and lion's blood;
Great souls with gen'rous pity melt,
Which coward tyrants never felt.
How harmless is our fleecy care!
Be brave, and let thy mercy spare.

Friend, says the Wolf, the matter weigh;
Nature design'd us beasts of prey;

As such, when hunger finds a treat,
'Tis necessary Wolves should eat.
If, mindful of the bleating weal,
Thy bosom burn with real zeal,
Hence, and thy tyrant lord beseech;
To him repeat the moving speech:
A Wolf eats sheep but now and then;
Ten thousands are devour'd by men.
An open foe may prove a curse;
But a pretended friend is worse.

§ 77. *The Painter who pleased nobody and every body.*

LEST men suspect your tale untrue,
Keep probability in view.
The trav'ler leaping o'er those bounds,
The credit of his book confounds.
Who with his tongue hath armies routed,
Makes ev'n his real courage doubted:
But flatt'ry never seems absurd;
The flatter'd always take your word:
Impossibilities seem just;
They take the strongest praise on trust.
Hyperboles, tho' e'er so great,
Will still come short of self-conceit.

So very like a painter drew,
That ev'ry eye the picture knew;
He hit complexion, feature, air,
So just, the life itself was there.
No flatt'ry with his colours laid,
To bloom restor'd the faded maid;
He gave each muscle all its strength;
The mouth, the chin, the nose's length.
His honest pencil touch'd with truth,
And mark'd the date of age and youth.
He lost his friends, his practice fail'd;
Truth should not always be reveal'd;
In dusty piles his pictures lay,
For no one sent the second pay.
Two bustos fraught with ev'ry grace,
A Venus and Apollo's face,

D

He

He plac'd in view; resolv'd to please
Whoever sat, he drew from these;
From these corrected ev'ry feature,
And spirited each awkward creature.

All things were set; the hour was come,
His pallet ready o'er his thumb,
My Lord appear'd; and seated right
In proper attitude and light,
The painter look'd, he sketch'd the piece,
Then dipt his pencil, talk'd of Greece,
Of Titian's tints, of Guido's air;
Those eyes, my Lord, the spirit there
Might well a Raphael's hand require
To give them all the native fire,
The features fraught with sense and wit,
You'll grant are very hard to hit;
But yet with patience you shall view
As much as paint and art can do.

Observe the work. My Lord reply'd,
Till now I thought my mouth was wide;
Besides, my nose is somewhat long;
Dear Sir, for me 'tis far too young!

Oh! pardon me, the artist cry'd,
In this the painters must decide.
The piece ev'n common eyes must strike;
I warrant it extremely like.

My Lord examin'd it anew;
No looking-glass seem'd half so true.

A Lady came: with borrow'd grace
He from his Venus form'd her face.
Her lover prais'd the Painter's art;
So like the picture in his heart!
To ev'ry age some charm he lent;
Ev'n beauties were almost content.
Thro' all the town his art was prais'd;
His custom grew, his price was rais'd.
Had he the real likeness shewn,
Would any man the picture own?
But when thus happily he wrought,
Each found the likeness in his thought.

§ 78. *The Lion and the Cub.*

HOW fond are men of rule and place,
Who count it from the mean and base!
These cannot bear an equal nigh,
But from superior merit fly.
They love the cellar's vulgar joke,
And lose their hours in ale and smoke.
There o'er some petty club preside;
So poor, so paltry is their pride!
Nay, ev'n with fools whole nights will sit,
In hopes to be supreme in wit.
If these can read, to these I write,
To set their worth in truest light.

A Lion-cub, of sordid mind,
Avoided all the lion-kind;
Fond of applause, he sought the feasts
Of vulgar and ignoble beasts;
With asses all his time he spent;
Their club's perpetual president.
He caught their manners, looks, and airs:
An ass in ev'ry thing but ears!
If e'er his Highness meant a joke,
They grinn'd applause before he spoke;
But at each word what shouts of praise!
Good Gods! how natural he brays!
Elate with flatt'ry and conceit,
He seeks his roval sire's retreat;
Forward, and fond to shew his parts,
His Highness brays; the Lion starts:

Puppy, that curs'd vociferation
Betrays thy life and conversation:
Coxcombs, an ever-noisy race,
Are trumpets of their own disgrace.

Why so severe? the Cub replies;
Our senate always held me wise.

How weak is pride! returns the sire;
All fools are vain when fools admire!
But know, what stupid asses prize,
Lions and noble beasts despise.

§ 79. *The Old Hen and the Cock.*

RESTRAIN your child; you'll soon believe
The text which says, 'We sprung from Eve.'

As an Old Hen led forth her train,
And seem'd to peck to shew the grain;
She rak'd the chaff, she scratch'd the ground,
And glean'd the spacious yard around;
A giddy chick, to try her wings,
On the well's narrow margin springs,
And prone she drops. The mother's breast
All day with sorrow was possess'd.

A Cock she met; her son she knew,
And in her heart affection grew.

My son, says she, I grant your years
Have reach'd beyond a mother's cares.
I see you vig'rous, strong, and bold;
I hear with joy your triumphs told.

'Tis not from Cocks thy fate I dread;
But let thy ever-wary tread
Avoid yon well; the fatal place
Is sure perdition to our race.

Print this my counsel on thy breast;
To the just Gods I leave the rest.

He thank'd her care; yet day by day
His bosom burn'd to disobey;
And ev'ry time the well he saw,
Scorn'd in his heart the foolish law:
Near and more near each day he drew,
And long'd to try the dang'rous view.

Why was this idle charge? he cries;
Let courage female fears despise;
Or did the doubt my heart was brave,
And therefore this injunction gave?
Or does her harvest store the place,
A treasure for her younger race?
And would she thus my search prevent?
I stand resolv'd, and dare th'event.

Thus said, he mounts the margin's round,
And pries into the depth profound.
He stretch'd his neck; and from below,
With stretching neck, advanc'd a foe;

With wrath his ruffled plumes he rears,
The foe with ruffled plumes appears:
Threat answer'd threat, his fury grew;
Headlong to meet the war he flew;
But when the wat'ry death he found,
He thus lamented as he drown'd:

I ne'er had been in this condition,
But for my mother's prohibition.

§ 80. *The Rat-Catcher and Cats.*

THE Rats by night such mischief did,
Betty was ev'ry morning chid:
They undermin'd whole sides of bacon;
Her cheese was sapp'd, her tarts were taken;
Her pasties, fenc'd with thickest paste,
Were all demolish'd and laid waste.
She curs'd the cat for want of duty,
Who left her foes a constant booty.
An Engineer of noted skill
Engag'd to stop the growing ill.

From room to room he now surveys
Their haunts, their works, their secret ways;
Finds where they 'scape an ambushade,
And whence their nightly fallies made.
An envious Cat, from place to place,
Unseen, attends his silent pace.
She saw that, if his trade went on,
The purring race must be undone;
So secretly removes his baits,
And ev'ry stratagem defeats.

Again he sets the poison'd toils,
And puss again the labour foils.
"What foe (to frustrate my designs)
"My schemes thus nightly countermines?"
Incens'd, he cries: "this very hour
"This wretch shall bleed beneath my pow'r."
So said, a pond'rous trap he brought;
And in the fact poor Puss was caught.
"Smuggler," says he, "thou shalt be made
"A victim to our loss of trade."

The captive Cat, with piteous mews,
For pardon, life, and freedom sues.

‘ A sister of the science spare;

‘ One int’rest is our common care.’

“ What insolence!” the man reply’d;

“ Shall Cats with us the game divide?”

“ Were all your interloping band

“ Extinguish’d, or expell’d the land,

“ We Rat-catchers might raise our fees,

“ Sole guardians of a nation’s cheese!”

A Cat, who saw the lifted knife,
Thus spoke, and sav’d her sister’s life:

‘ In ev’ry age and clime, we see

‘ Two of a trade can ne’er agree.

‘ Each hates his neighbour for encroaching;

‘ ‘Squire stigmatises ‘squire for poaching;

‘ Beauties with beauties are in arms,

‘ And scandal pelts each other’s charms;

‘ Kings too their neighbour kings dethrone,

‘ In hope to make the world their own.

‘ But let us limit our desires;

‘ Not war like beauties, kings, and ‘squires;

‘ For, tho’ we both one prey pursue,

‘ There’s game enough for us and you.’

§ 81. *The Old Woman and her Cats.*

WHO friendship with a knave hath made,
Is judg’d a partner in the trade.

The matron who conducts abroad

A willing nymph, is thought a bawd;

And if a modest girl is seen

With one who cures a lover’s spleen,

We guess her not extremely nice,

And only wish to know her price.

’Tis thus that on the choice of friends

Our good or evil name depends.

A wrinkled Hag, of wicked fame,

Beside a little smoky flame

Sat how’ring, pinch’d with age and frost:

Her thrivell’d hands, with veins emboss’d,

Upon her knees her weight sustains,

While palsy shook her crazy brains:

She mumbles forth her backward pray’rs,

An untam’d scold of fourscore years.

About her swarm’d a num’rous brood

Of Cats, who lank with hunger mew’d.

Teaz’d with their cries, her choler grew;

And thus she sputter’d: ‘ Hence ye crew.

Fool that I was, to entertain

Such imps, such fiends, a hellish train;

Had ye been never hous’d and nurs’d,

I for a witch had ne’er been curs’d.

To you I owe that crowds of boys

Worry me with eternal noise;

Straws laid across, my pace retard;

The horse-shoe’s nail’d (each threshold’s guard)

The stunted broom the wenches hide,

For fear that I should up and ride;

They stick with pins my bleeding scar,

And bid me shew my secret tear.’

“ To hear you prate would vex a saint,

Who hath most reason of complaint?”

Replies a Cat. “ Let’s come to proof:

Had we ne’er starv’d beneath your roof,

We had, like others of our race,

In credit liv’d, as beasts of chace.

’Tis infamy to serve a hag;

Cats are thought imps, her broom a nag;

And boys against our lives combine,

Because ’tis said, your cats have nine.”

§ 82. *The Butterfly and Snail.*

ALL upstarts, insolent in place,
Remind us of their vulgar race,

As, in the sunshine of the morn,

A Butterfly (but newly born)

Sat proudly perking on a rose.

With pert conceit his bosom glows;

His wings (all-glorious to behold)

Bedropt with azure, jet, and gold,

Wide he displays; the spangled dew
Reflects his eyes and various hue.

His now-forgotten friend, a Snail,
Beneath his house, with slimy trail,
Crawls o'er the grass; whom, when he spies,
In wrath he to the gard'ner cries,

"What means you peasant's daily toil,
From choking weeds to rid the soil?
Why wake you to the morning's care?
Why with new arts correct the year?
Why glows the peach with crimson hue?
And why the plumb's inviting blue?
Were they to feast his taste design'd,
That vermin of voracious kind?
Crush then the slow, the pils'ring race;
So purge thy garden from disgrace."

"What arrogance!" she Snail reply'd!
"How insolent is upstart pride!
Hadst thou not thus, with insult vain,
Provok'd my patience to complain,
I had conceal'd thy meaner birth,
Nor trac'd thee to the scum of earth.
For scarce nine suns have wak'd the hours,
To swell the fruit and paint the flow'rs,
Since I thy humbler life survey'd,
In base and sordid guise array'd;
A hideous insect, vile, unclean,
You dragg'd a slow and noisome train;
And from your spider-bowels drew
Foul film, and spun the dirty clue.
I own my humble life, good friend;
Snail was I born, and Snail shall end.
And what's a Butterfly? At best
He's but a caterpillar dress'd;
And all thy race (a num'rous seed)
Shall prove of caterpillar breed."

§ 83. *The Scold and the Parrot.*

THE husband thus reprov'd his wife:
"Who deals in slander lives in strife.

Art thou the herald of disgrace,
Denouncing war to all thy race?
Can nothing quell thy thunder's rage,
Which spares no friend, nor sex, nor age?
That vixen tongue of your's, my dear,
Alarms our neighbours far and near.
Good Gods! 'tis like a rolling river,
That murm'ring flows, and flows for ever!
Ne'er tir'd, perpetual discord sowing!
Like fame, it gathers strength by going."

"Heighday!" the flippant tongue replies,
"How solemn is the fool, how wise!
Is nature's choicest gift debarr'd?
Nay, frown not, for I will be heard.
Women of late are finely ridden;
A Parrot's privilege forbidden!
You praise his talk, his squalling song;
But wives are always in the wrong!"
Now reputation flew in pieces,
Of mothers, daughters, aunts, and nieces:
She ran the Parrot's language o'er,
Bawd, hussy, drunkard, flattern, whore;
On all the sex she vents her fury;
Tries and condemns without a jury.

At once the torrent of her words
Alarm'd cat, monkey, dogs, and birds;
All join their forces to confound her;
Pufs spits, the monkey chatters round her;
The yelping cur her heels assaults;
The magpie blabs out all her faults;
Poll, in the uproar, from his cage,
With this rebuke outscram'd her rage:
A Parrot is for talking priz'd,
But prattling women are despis'd.
She who attacks another's honour
Draws ev'ry living thing upon her.
Think, Madam, when you stretch your lungs,
That all your neighbours too have tongues;
One slander must ten thousand get;
The world with int'rest pays the debt.

§ 84. *The Cur and the Mastiff.*

A SNEAKING Cur, the master's spy,
 Rewarded for his daily lie,
 With secret jealousies and fears
 Set all together by the ears.
 Poor Puss to-day was in disgrace;
 Another cat supply'd her place;
 The Hound was beat, the Mastiff chid,
 The Monkey was the room forbid;
 Each to his dearest friend grew shy,
 And none could tell the reason why.

A plan to rob the house was laid;
 The thief with love seduc'd the maid;
 Cajol'd the Cur, and strok'd his head,
 And bought his secrecy with bread.
 He next the Mastiff's honour try'd;
 Whose honest jaws the bribe defy'd.
 He stretch'd his hand to proffer more;
 The surly dog his fingers tore.
 Swift ran the Cur; with indignation
 The master took his information.
 Hang him, the villain's curs'd, he cries,
 And round his neck the halter ties.

The Dog his humble suit prefer'd,
 And begg'd in justice to be heard.
 The master sat. On either hand
 The cited Dogs confronting stand;
 The Cur the bloody tale relates,
 And, like a lawyer, aggravates.

Judge not unheard, the Mastiff, cry'd,
 But weigh the cause of either side.
 Think not that treach'ry can be just;
 Take not informers words on trust;
 They ope their hand to ev'ry pay,
 And you and me by turns betray.

He spoke. And all the truth appear'd:
 The Cur was hang'd, the Mastiff clear'd.

§ 85. *The Sick Man and the Angel.*

IS there no hope? the Sick Man said.
 The silent doctor shook his head,

And took his leave with signs of sorrow,
 Despairing of his fee to-morrow.

When thus the Man, with gasping breath.
 I feel the chilling wound of death:
 Since I must bid the world adieu,
 Let me my former life review.
 I grant my bargains well were made,
 But all men over-reach in trade;
 'Tis self-defence in each profession:
 Sure, self-defence is no transgression.
 The little portion in my hands,
 By good security on lands,
 Is well increas'd. If, unawares,
 My justice to myself and heirs
 Hath let my debtor rot in jail,
 For want of good sufficient bail;
 If I by writ, or bond, or deed,
 Reduc'd a family to need,
 My will hath made the world amends;
 My hope on charity depends.
 When I am number'd with the dead,
 And all my pious gifts are read,
 By heav'n and earth 'twill then be known,
 My charities were amply shown.

An Angel came. Ah friend! he cry'd,
 No more in flatt'ring hope confide.
 Can thy good deeds in former times
 Outweigh the balance of thy crimes?
 What widow or what orphan prays
 To crown thy life with length of days?
 A pious action's in thy pow'r,
 Embrace with joy the happy hour.
 Now, while you draw the vital air,
 Prove your intention is sincere.
 This instant give an hundred pound;
 Your neighbours want, and you abound.

But why such haste, the Sick Man whines;
 Who knows as yet what Heav'n designs?
 Perhaps I may recover still;
 That sum and more are in my will.

Fool, says the Vision, now 'tis plain,
 Your life, your soul, your heav'n was gain.

From

From ev'ry side, with all your might,
 You scrap'd, and scrap'd beyond your right;
 And after death would fain atone,
 By giving what is not your own.
 While there is life there's hopes, he cry'd;
 Then why such haste? So groan'd, and dy'd.

§ 86. *The Persian, the Sun, and the Cloud.*

IS there a bard whom genius fires,
 Whose ev'ry thought the God inspires;
 When Envy reads the nervous lines,
 She frets, she rails, she raves, the pines;
 Her hissing snakes with venom swell;
 She calls her venal train from hell:
 The servile fiends her nod obey,
 And all Curl's authors are in pay.
 Fame calls up calumny and spite;
 Thus shadow owes its birth to light.

As prostrate to the God of Day,
 With heart devout a Persian lay,
 His invocation thus begun:

Parent of light, all-seeing Sun,
 Prolific beam, whose rays dispense
 The various gifts of Providence,
 Accept our praise, our daily pray'r,
 Smile on our fields, and bless the year!

A Cloud, who mock'd his grateful tongue,
 The day with sudden darkness hung;
 With pride and envy swell'd aloud,
 A voice thus thunder'd from the Cloud:

Weak is this gaudy God of thine,
 Whom I at will forbid to shine.
 Shall I nor vows nor incense know?
 Where praise is due, the praise bestow.

With fervent zeal the Persian mov'd,
 Thus the proud calumny reprov'd:
 It was that God, who claims my pray'r,
 Who gave thee birth, and rais'd thee there;
 When o'er his beams the veil is thrown,
 Thy substance is but plainer shown.

A passing gale, a puff of wind,
 Disperses thy thickest troops combin'd.

The gale arose; the vapour, tost
 (The sport of winds) in air, was lost.
 The glorious orb the day refines;
 Thus Envy breaks, thus Merit shines.

§ 87. *The Fox at the Point of Death.*

A FOX in life's extreme decay,
 Weak, sick, and faint, expiring lay;
 All appetite had left his maw,
 And age disarm'd his mumbling jaw.
 His num'rous race around him stand,
 To learn their dying fire's command:
 He rais'd his head with whining moan,
 And thus was heard the feeble tone:

Ah, sons! from evil ways depart;
 My crimes lie heavy on my heart.
 See, see! the murder'd geese appear!
 Why are those bleeding turkeys there?
 Why all around this cackling train,
 Who haunt my ears for chickens slain?

The hungry Foxes round them star'd,
 And for the promis'd feast prepar'd.

Where, Sir, is all this dainty cheer?
 Nor turkey, goose, nor hen is here.
 These are the phantoms of your brain,
 And your sons lick their lips in vain.

O gluttons! says the drooping fire,
 Restrain inordinate desire.
 Your liqu'rish taste you shall deplore,
 When peace of conscience is no more.
 Does not the hound betray our pace,
 And gins and guns destroy our race?
 Thieves dread the searching eye of pow'r,
 And never feel the quiet hour.
 Old age (which few of us shall know)
 Now puts a period to my woe.
 Would you true happiness attain,
 Let honesty your passions rein;

So live in credit and esteem,
And the good name you lost redeem.

The counsel's good, a Fox replies,
Could we perform what you advise.
Think what our ancestors have done;
A line of thieves from son to son:
To us descends the long disgrace;
And infamy hath mark'd our race.
Tho' we, like harmless sheep should feed,
Honest in thought, in word, and deed;
Whatever hen-roost is decreast,
We shall be thought to share the feast.
The change shall never be believ'd;
A lost good name is ne'er retriev'd.

Nay, then, replies the feeble Fox
(But hark! I hear a hen that clocks)
Go, but be mod'rate in your food;
A chicken too might do me good.

§ 88. *The Setting-Dog and the Partridge.*

THE ranging Dog the stubble tries,
And searches ev'ry breeze that flies;
The scent grows warm; with cautious fear
He creeps, and points the covey near;
The men, in silence, far behind,
Conscious of game, the net unbind.

A Partridge, with experience wise,
The fraudulent preparation spies:
She mocks their toils, alarms her brood;
The covey springs, and seeks the wood;
But ere her certain wing she tries,
Thus to the creeping spaniel cries:
Thou fawning slave to man's deceit,
Thou pimp of lux'ry, sneaking cheat,
Of thy whole species thou disgrace;
Dogs shall disown thee of their race!
For if I judge their native parts,
They're born with honest open hearts;
And ere they serv'd man's wicked ends,
Were gen'rous foes, or real friends.

When thus the Dog, with scornful smile:
Secure of wing, thou dar'st revile.
Clowns are to polish'd manners blind;
How ign'rant is the rustic mind!
My worth sagacious courtiers see,
And to preferment rise, like me.
The thriving pimp, who beauty sets,
Hath oft enhanc'd a nation's debts:
Friend sets his friend, without regard;
And ministers his skill reward:
Thus train'd by man, I learnt his ways,
And growing favour feasts my days.

I might have guess'd, the Partridge said,
The place where you were train'd and fed;
Servants are apt, and in a trice
Ape to a hair their master's vice.
You came from court, you say, adieu:
She said, and to the covey flew.

§ 89. *The Universal Apparition.*

A RAKE, by ev'ry passion rul'd,
With ev'ry vice his youth had cool'd;
Disease his tainted blood assails;
His spirits droop, his vigour fails:
With secret ills at home he pines,
And, like infirm old age, declines.

As twing'd with pain he pensive sits,
And raves, and prays, and swears by fits;
A ghastly phantom, lean and wan,
Before him rose, and thus began:

My name, perhaps, hath reach'd your ear;
Attend, and be advis'd by Care.
Nor love, nor honour, wealth, nor pow'r,
Can give the heart a cheerful hour
When health is lost. Be timely wise:
With health all taste of pleasure flies.

Thus said, the phantom disappears,
The weary counsel wak'd his fears;
He now from all excess abstains;
With physic purifies his veins;

And

And, to procure a sober life,
Resolves to venture on a wife.

But now again the Sprite ascends;
Where'er he walks his ear attends;
Insinuates that beauty's frail;
That perseverance must prevail;
With jealousies his brain inflames,
And whispers all her lovers names.
In other hours she represents
His household charge, his annual rents,
Increasing debts, perplexing duns,
And nothing for his younger sons.
Straight all his thoughts to gain he turns,
And with the thirst of lucre burns.
But when possess'd of fortune's store,
The Spectre haunts him more and more:
Sets want and misery in view,
Bold thieves, and all the murd'ring crew;
Alarms him with eternal frights,
Infests his dreams, or wakes his nights.
How shall he chace this hideous guest?
Pow'r may perhaps protect his rest.
To pow'r he rose: again the Sprite
Besets him morning, noon, and night;
Talks of Ambition's tott'ring seat;
How Envy persecutes the great;
Of rival hate, of treach'rous friends,
And what disgrace his fall attends.

The court he quits, to fly from Care,
And seeks the peace of rural air:
His groves, his fields, amus'd his hours:
He prun'd his trees, he rais'd his flow'rs.
But Care again his steps pursues;
Warns him of blasts, of blighting dews,
Of plund'ring insects, snails, and rains,
And droughts that starv'd the labour'd plains.
Abroad, at home, the Spectre's there:
In vain we seek to fly from Care.
At length he thus the Ghost address:
Since thou must be my constant guest,
Be kind, and follow me no more;
For Care by right should go before.

§ 90. *The Two Owls and the Sparrow.*

TWO formal Owls together sat,
Conferring thus in civil chat:
How is the modern taste decay'd!
Where's the respect to wisdom paid?
Our worth the Grecian sages knew;
They gave our fires the honour due;
They weigh'd the dignity of fowls,
And pry'd into the depth of Owls.
Athens, the seat of learned fame,
With gen'ral voice rever'd our name;
On merit title was conferr'd,
And all ador'd th' Athenian bird.



Brother, you reason well, replies
The solemn mate, with half-shut eyes;
Right. Athens was the seat of learning;
And truly wisdom is discerning.
Besides, on Pallas' helm we sit,
The type and ornament of wit;
But now, alas! we're quite neglected;
And a pert sparrow's more respected!

A Sparrow, who was lodg'd beside,
O'erhears them sooth each other's pride,
And thus he nimbly vents his heat:

Who meets a fool must find conceit.
I grant you were at Athens grac'd,
And on Minerva's helm were plac'd;
But ev'ry bird that wings the sky,
Except an Owl, can tell you why.
From hence they taught their schools to know
How false we judge by outward show;
That we should never look esteem,
Since fools as wise as you might seem.
Would ye contempt and scorn avoid,
Let your vainglory be destroy'd:
Humble your arrogance of thought;
Pursue the ways by nature taught:
So shall you find delicious fare,
And grateful farmers praise your care;
So shall sleek mice your chace reward,
And no keen cat find more regard.

§ 91. *The Courtier and Proteus.*

WHENE'ER a Courtier's out of place,
The country shelters his disgrace;
Where, doom'd to exercise and health,
His house and gardens own his wealth,
He builds new schemes, in hope to gain
The plunder of another reign:
Like Philip's son, would fain be doing,
And fights for other realms to ruin.

As one of these (without his wand)
Pensive, along the winding strand
Employ'd the solitary hour,
In projects to regain his pow'r;
The waves in spreading circles ran,
Proteus arose, and thus began:

Came you from court? for in your mien
A self-important air is seen.

He frankly own'd his friends had trick'd him,
And how he fell his party's victim.

Know, says the God, by matchless skill,
I change to ev'ry shape at will;
But yet I'm told, at court you see
Those who presume to rival me.

Thus said—a snake, with hideous trail,
Proteus extends his scaly mail.

Know, says the man, tho' proud in place,
All courtiers are of reptile race.
Like you, they take that dreadful form,
Bask in the sun, and fly the storm;
With malice hiss, with envy glote,
And for convenience change their coat;
With new-got lustre rear their head,
Tho' on a dunghill born and bred.

Sudden the God a lion stands;
He shakes his mane, he spurns the sands:
Now a fierce lynx with fiery glare,
A wolf, an afs, a fox, a bear.

Had I ne'er liv'd at court, he cries,
Such transformation might surprize;
But there, in quest of daily game,
Each abler courtier acts the same.

Wolves, lions, lynxes, while in place,
Their friends and fellows are their chace.
They play the bear's and fox's part;
Now rob by force, now steal with art.
They sometimes in the senate bray;
Or chang'd again to beasts of prey,
Down from the lion to the ape
Practise the frauds of ev'ry shape.

So said, upon the God he flies;
In cords the struggling captive ties.

Now, Proteus, now (to truth compell'd)
Speak, and confess thy art excell'd.
Use strength, surprize, or what you will,
The courtier finds evasions still:
Not to be bound by any ties,
And never forc'd to leave his lies.

§ 92. *The Barley-Mow and the Dunghill.*

HOW many faucy airs we meet
From Temple-bar to Aldgate-street?
Proud rogues, who shar'd the South-sea prey,
And spring like mushrooms in a day!
They think it mean to condescend
To know a brother or a friend;
They blush to hear their mother's name;
And by their pride expose their shame.

As cross his yard, at early day,
A careful farmer took his way,
He stopp'd, and leaning on his fork,
Observ'd the flail's incessant work.
In thought he measur'd all his store;
His geese, his hogs, he number'd o'er:
In fancy weigh'd the fleeces shorn,
And multiply'd the next year's corn.

A Barley-mow, which stood beside,
Thus to its musing master cry'd:
Say, good Sir, is it fit or right
To treat me with neglect and slight?
Me, who contribute to your cheer,
And raise your mirth with ale and beer,

Why

Why thus insulted, thus disgrac'd,
And that vile Dunghill near me plac'd?
Are those poor sweepings of a groom,
That filthy sight, that nauseous fume,
Meet objects here? Command it hence:
A thing so mean must give offence.

The humble Dunghill thus reply'd,
Thy master hears and mocks thy pride:
Insult not thus the meek and low;
In me thy benefactor know;
My warm assistance gave thee birth,
Or thou hadst perish'd low in earth;
But upstarts, to support their station,
Cancel at once all obligation.

FROM MOORE'S FABLES,
For the Female Sex.

§ 93. *The Nightingale and Glow-worm.*

THE prudent nymph, whose cheeks disclose
The lily and the blushing rose,
From public view her charms will screen,
And rarely in the crowd be seen;
This simple truth shall keep her wise,
"The fairest fruits attract the flies."

One night a Glow-worm, proud and vain,
Contemplating her glitt'ring train,
Cry'd, Sure there never was in nature
So elegant, so fine a creature.
All other insects that I see,
The frugal ant, industrious bee,
Or silk-worm, with contempt I view;
With all that low, mechanic crew,
Who servilely their lives employ
In bus'ness, enemy to joy.
Mean, vulgar herd! ye are my scorn;
For grandeur only I was born;
Or sure am sprung from race divine,
And plac'd on earth to live and shine.
Those lights that sparkle so on high,
Are but the glow-worms of the sky;
And kings on earth their gems admire,
Because they imitate my fire.

She spoke. Attentive on a spray,
A Nightringale forbore his lay;
He saw the shining morsel near,
And flew, directed by the glare;
A while he gaz'd with sober look,
And thus the trembling prey bespoke:
Deluded fool, with pride elate,
Know, 'tis thy beauty brings thy fate:
Less dazzling, long thou might'st have lain
Unheeded on the velvet plain:
Pride, soon or late, degraded mourns,
And Beauty wrecks whom she adorns.

§ 94. *The Goose and the Swans.*

I HATE the face, however fair,
That carries an affected air;
The lisping tone, the shape constrain'd,
The study'd look, the passion feign'd,
Are sopperies, which only tend
To injure what they strive to mend.

With what superior grace enchants
The face which nature's pencil paints!
Where eyes, unexercis'd in art,
Glow with the meaning of the heart!
Where freedom and good-humour sit,
And easy gaiety and wit!
Though perfect beauty be not there,
The master lines, the finish'd air,
We catch from ev'ry look delight,
And grow enamour'd at the sight:
For beauty, though we all approve,
Excites our wonder more than love,
While the agreeable strikes sure,
And gives the wounds we cannot cure.

Why then, my Amoret, this care,
That forms you, in effect, less fair?
If nature on your cheek bestows
A bloom that emulates the rose,
Or from some heav'nly image drew
A form Apelles never knew,
Your ill-judg'd aid will you impart,
And spoil by meretricious art!

Or had you, nature's error, come
 Abortive from the mother's womb,
 Your forming care she still rejects,
 Which only heightens her defects.
 When such, of glitt'ring jewels proud,
 Still press the foremost in the crowd,
 At ev'ry public shew are seen,
 With look awry, and awkward mien,
 The gaudy dress attracts the eye,
 And magnifies deformity.

Nature may underdo her part,
 But seldom wants the help of art;
 Trust her, she is your surest friend,
 Nor made your form for you to mend.

A Goose, affected, empty, vain,
 The shrillest of the cackling train,
 With proud and elevated crest,
 Precedence claim'd above the rest,

Says she, I laugh at human race,
 Who say geese hobble in their pace;
 Look here!—the stand'rous lye detect;
 Not haughty man is so erect.

That peacock yonder!—lord, how vain
 The creature's of his gaudy train!

If both were stript, I'd pawn my word
 A goose would be the finer bird.

Nature, to hide her own defects,
 Her bungled work with finery decks;
 Were geese set off with half that show,
 Would men admire the peacock? No.

Thus vaunting, cross the mead she stalks,
 The cackling breed attend her walks;
 The sun shot down his noon-tide beams,
 The Swans were sporting in the streams;
 Their snowy plumes and stately pride
 Provok'd her spleen. Why there, she cry'd,
 Again what arrogance we see!—
 Those creatures! how they mimic me!
 Shall ev'ry fowl the water skim,
 Because we geese are known to swim!
 Humility they soon shall learn,
 And their own emptiness discern.

So saying, with extended wings,
 Lightly upon the wave she springs;
 Her bosom swells, she spreads her plumes,
 And the swan's stately crest assumes.
 Contempt and mockery ensu'd,
 And bursts of laughter shook the flood.
 A Swan, superior to the rest,
 Sprung forth, and thus the fool address:
 Conceited thing, elate with pride!

Thy affectation all deride:
 These airs thy awkwardness impart,
 And shew thee plainly as thou art.
 Among thy equals of the flock
 Thou hadst escap'd the public mock,
 And as thy parts to good conduce,
 Been deem'd an honest hobbling goose.

Learn hence to study wisdom's rules;
 Know, foppery's the pride of fools;
 And, striving nature to conceal,
 You only her defects reveal.

§ 95. *The Female Seducers,*

'TIS said of widow, maid, and wife,
 That honor is a woman's life;

Unhappy sex! who only claim
 A being in the breath of fame;
 Which tainted, not the quick'ning gales
 That sweep Sabæa's spicy vales,
 Nor all the healing sweets restore,
 That breathe along Arabia's shore.

The trav'ler, if he chance to stray,
 May turn uncensur'd to his way;
 Polluted streams again are pure,
 And deepest wounds admit a cure;
 But woman! no redemption knows;
 The wounds of honor never close.

Tho' distant ev'ry hand to guide,
 Nor skill'd on life's tempestuous tide,
 If once her feeble bark recede,
 Or deviate from the course decreed,
 In vain she seeks the friendless shore,
 Her swifter folly flies before;

The circling ports against her close,
And shut the wand'rer from repose;
Till, by conflicting waves oppress'd,
Her found'ring pinnace sinks to rest.

Are there no offerings to atone
For but a single error?—None.
Tho' woman is avow'd, of old,
No daughter of celestial mould,
Her temp'ring not without alloy,
And form'd but of the finer clay,
We challenge from the mortal dame
The strength angelic natures claim;
Nay more, for sacred stories tell
That e'en immortal angels fell!
Whatever fills the teeming sphere
Of humid earth and ambient air,
With varying elements endu'd,
Was form'd to fall, and rise renew'd.

The stars no fix'd duration know;
Wide oceans ebb again to flow;
The moon repletes her waning face,
All beauteous, from her late disgrace;
And suns, that mourn approaching night,
Refulgent rise with new-born light.

In vain may death and time subdue,
While nature mints her race anew,
And holds some vital spark apart,
Like virtue, hid in ev'ry heart;
'Tis hence reviving warmth is seen,
To clothe a naked world in green.
No longer barr'd by winter's cold,
Again the gates of life unfold;
Again each insect tries his wing,
And lifts fresh pinions on the spring;
Again from ev'ry latent root
The bladed stem and tendril shoot,
Exhaling incense to the skies,
Again to perish, and to rise.

And must weak women then disown
The change to which a world is prone?
In one meridian brightness shine,
And ne'er like ev'ning suns decline?

Resolv'd and firm alone?—Is this
What we demand of woman?—Yes.

But should the spark of vestal fire
In some unguarded hour expire,
Or should the nightly thief invade
Hesperia's chaste and sacred shade,
Of all the blooming spoil posses't,
The dragon honor charm'd to rest,
Shall virtue's flame no more return?
No more with virgin splendor burn?
No more the ravag'd garden blow
With spring's succeeding blossom?—No.
Pity may mourn, but not restore;
And woman falls—to rise no more!
Within this sublunary sphere
A country lies—no matter where;
The clime may readily be found
By all who tread poetic ground;
A stream, call'd Life, across it glides,
And equally the land divides;
And here, of vice the province lies;
And there, the hills of virtue rise.

Upon a mountain's airy stand,
Whose summit look'd to either land,
An ancient pair their dwelling chose,
As well for prospect as repose;
For mutual faith they long were fam'd,
And Temp'rance and Religion nam'd.

A num'rous progeny divine
Confess'd the honors of their line;
But in a little daughter fair,
Was center'd more than half their care;
For Heav'n, to gratulate her birth,
Gave signs of future joy to earth;
White was the robe this infant wore,
And Chastity the name she bore.

As now the maid in stature grew
(A flow'r just op'ning to the view)
Oft thro' her native lawns she stray'd,
And, wrestling with the lambkins, play'd;
Her looks diffusive sweets bequeath'd;
The breeze grew purer as she breath'd;

The morn her radiant blush assum'd;
The spring with earlier fragrance bloom'd,
And nature early took delight,
Like her, to dress the world in white.

But when her rising form was seen
To reach the crisis of fifteen,
Her parents up the mountain's head,
With anxious step their darling led;
By turns they snatch'd her to their breast,
And thus the fears of age express:

O! joyful cause of many a care!
O! daughter too divinely fair?
You world, on this important day,
Demands thee to a dang'rous way;
A painful journey all must go,
Whose doubted period none can know;
Whose due direction who can find,
Where reason's mute and sense is blind?

Ah, what unequal leaders these,
Thro' such a wide perplexing maze!
Then mark the warnings of the wise,
And learn what love and years advise.

Far to the right thy prospect bend,
Where yonder tow'ring hills ascend;
Lo, there the arduous path's in view
Which Virtue and her sons pursue;
With toil o'er less'ning earth they rise,
And gain, and gain upon the skies.
Narrow's the way her children tread,
No walk for pleasure smoothly spread,
But rough, and difficult, and steep;
Painful to climb, and hard to keep.

Fruits immature those lands dispense,
A food indelicate to sense,
Of taste unpleasant; yet from those
Pure health, with cheerful vigour flows,
And strength, unfeeling of decay,
Throughout the long laborious way.

Hence, as they scale that heav'nly road,
Each limb is lighten'd of its load;
From earth refining still they go,
And leave the mortal weight below;

Then spreads the strait, the doubtful clears,
And smooth the rugged path appears;
For custom turns fatigue to ease,
And, taught by virtue, pain can please.

At length, the toilsome journey o'er,
And near the bright celestial shore,
A gulph, black, fearful, and profound,
Appears, of either world the bound,
Thro' darkness leading up to light;
Sense backward shrinks, and shuns the sight;
For there the transitory train
Of time, and form, and care, and pain,
And matter's gross incumb'ring mass,
Man's late associates, cannot pass,
But sinking, quit th'immortal charge,
And leave the wond'ring soul at large;
Lightly the wings her obvious way,
And mingles with eternal day.

Thither, O thither wing thy speed,
Tho' pleasure charm, or pain impede;
To such th'all-bounteous Pow'r has giv'n,
For present earth, a future heav'n;
For trivial loss, unmeasur'd gain;
And endless bliss for transient pain.

Then fear, ah! fear to turn thy sight
Where yonder flow'ry fields invite:
Wide on the left the path-way bends,
And with pernicious ease descends;
There, sweet to sense and fair to show,
New-planted Edens seem to blow,
Trees, that delicious poison bear;
For death is vegetable there.

Hence is the frame of health unbrac'd,
Each sinew slack'ning at the taste,
The soul to passion yields her throne,
And fees with organs not her own;
While, like the slumb'rer in the night,
Pleas'd with the shadowy dream of light,
Before her alienated eyes
The scenes of fairy-land arise;
The puppet world's amusing show,
Dipt in the gaily-colour'd bow,

Sceptres,

Sceptres, and wreaths, and glitt'ring things,
The toys of infants and of kings,
That tempt, along the baneful plain,
The idly wife and lightly vain,
Till, verging on the gulphy shore,
Sudden they sink—and rise no more.

But list to what thy fates declare:
Tho' thou art woman, frail as fair,
If once thy sliding foot should stray,
Once quit yon heav'n-appointed way,
For thee, lost maid, for thee alone,
Nor pray'rs shall plead, nor tears atone;
Reproach, scorn, infamy, and hate,
On thy returning steps shall wait;
Thy form be loath'd by ev'ry eye,
And ev'ry foot thy presence fly.

Thus arm'd with words of potent sound,
Like guardian-angels plac'd around,
A charm, by truth divinely cast,
Forward our young advent'rer pass'd,
Forth from her sacred eye-lids sent,
Like morn, fore-running radiance went,
While Honour, handmaid late assign'd,
Upheld her lucid train behind.

Awe struck, the much admiring crowd
Before the virgin vision bow'd;
Gaz'd with an ever-new delight,
And caught fresh virtue at the sight;
For not of earth's unequal frame
They deem the heav'n-compounded Dame;
If matter, sure the most refin'd,
High-wrought and temper'd into mind,
Some darling daughter of the day,
And body'd by her native ray.

Where'er she passes, thousands bend,
And thousands where she moves attend;
Her ways observant eyes confess,
Her steps pursuing praises bless;
While to the elevated Maid
Oblations, as to Heav'n, are paid.

'Twas on an ever-blithesome day,
The jovial birth of rosy May,

When genial warmth, no more suppress,
New-melts the frost in ev'ry breast,
The cheek with secret flushing dyes;
And looks kind things from chastest eyes;
The sun with healthier visage glows,
Aside his clouded kerchief throws,
And dances up th'ethereal plain,
Where late he us'd to climb with pain,
While nature, as from bonds set free,
Springs out, and gives a loose to glee.

And now, for momentary rest,
The nymph her travell'd step repress,
Just turn'd to view the stage attain'd,
And glory'd in the height she gain'd.

Out-stretch'd before her wide survey
The realms of sweet perdition lay,
And pity touch'd her soul with woe,
To see a world so lost below;
When straight the breeze began to breathe
Airs gently wafted from beneath,
That bore commission'd witchcraft thence,
And reach'd her sympathy of sense;
No sounds of discord, that disclose
A people sunk and lost in woes,
But as of present good possess'd,
The very triumph of the bless'd.
The maid in rapt attention hung,
While thus approaching Sirens sung:

Hither, fairest, hither haste,
Brightest beauty, come and taste
What the pow'rs of bliss unfold,
Joys too mighty to be told;
Taste what ecstasies they give;
Dying raptures, taste and live.

In thy lap, disdainful measure,
Nature empties all her treasure,
Soft desires, that sweetly languish;
Fierce delights, that rise to anguish;
Fairest, dost thou yet delay?
Brightest beauty, come away.

Lift not when the froward chide,
Sons of pedantry and pride,
Snarlers, to whose feeble sense
April's sunshine is offence;
Age and envy will advise
Ev'n against the joy they prize.

Come, in pleasure's balmy bowl
Slake the thirstings of thy soul,
Till thy raptur'd pow'rs are fainting
With enjoyment, past the painting;
Fairest, dost thou yet delay?
Brightest beauty, come away.

So sung the Sirens, as of yore,
Upon the false Ausonian shore;
And O! for that preventing chain
That bound Ulysses on the main,
That so our fair one might withstand
The covert ruin, now at hand.

The song her charm'd attention drew,
When now the tempters stood in view;
Curiosity, with prying eyes,
And hand of busy, bold emprise;
Like Hermes, feather'd were her feet,
And, like fore-running fancy, fleet;
By search untaught, by toil untir'd,
To novelty she still aspir'd,
Tasteless of ev'ry good possess'd,
And but in expectation blest.

With her, associate, Pleasure came,
Gay Pleasure, frolic-loving dame,
Her mein, all swimming in delight,
Her beauties half reveal'd to fight;
Loose flow'd her garments from the ground,
And caught the kissing winds around.
As erst Medusa's looks were known
To turn beholders into stone,
A dire reversion here they felt,
And in the eye of Pleasure melt.
Her glance with sweet persuasion charm'd,
Unnerv'd, the strong, the steel'd disarm'd;

No safety e'en the flying find,
Who, vent'rous, look but once behind.

Thus was the much admiring Maid,
While distant, more than half betray'd.
With smiles, and adulation bland,
They join'd her side, and seiz'd her hand;
Their touch'd envenom'd sweets distill'd,
Her frame with new pulsations thrill'd;
While half consenting, half denying,
Reluctant now, and now complying,
Amidst a war of hopes and fears,
Of trembling wishes, smiling tears,
Still down and down, the winning pair
Compell'd the struggling, yielding Fair.
As when some stately vessel, bound
To blest Arabia's distant ground,
Borne from her courses, haply lights
Where Barca's flow'ry clime invites,
Conceal'd around whose treach'rous land
Lurk the dire rock and dang'rous sand;
The pilot warns, with sail and oar,
To shun the much-suspected shore
In vain: the tide, too subtly strong,
Still bears the wrestling bark along,
Till found'ring, she resigns to fate,
And sinks, o'erwhelm'd, with all her freight.

So, baffling ev'ry bar to sin,
And Heav'n's own pilot, plac'd within,
Along the devious, smooth descent,
With pow'rs increasing as they went,
The dames, accusom'd to subdue,
As with a rapid current drew,
And o'er the fatal bounds convey'd
The lost, the long reluctant Maid.

Here stop, ye fair ones, and beware,
Nor send your fond affections there;
Yet, yet your darling, now deplor'd,
May turn, to you and heav'n restor'd!
Till then, with weeping Honor, wait
The servant of her better fate;
With Honor, left upon the shore,
Her friend and handmaid now no more;

Nor,

Nor, with the guilty world, upbraid
The fortunes of a wretch betray'd
But o'er her failing cast a veil,
Rememb'ring, you yourselves are frail.

And now, from all inquiring light,
Fast fled the conscious shades of night;
The Damsel, from a short repose,
Confounded at her plight, arofe.

As when, with slumb'rous weight oppress'd,
Some wealthy miser sinks to rest,
Where felons eye the glitt'ring prey,
And steal his hoard of joys away;
He, borne where golden Indus streams,
Of pearl, and quarry'd di'mond dreams,
Like Midas, turns the glebe to ore,
And stands all wrapt amidst his store;
But wakens, naked, and despoil'd
Of that for which his years had toil'd.

So far'd the nymph, her treasure flown,
And turn'd, like Niobe, to stone;
Within, without, obscure and void,
She felt all ravag'd, all destroy'd.
And, O thou curst, insidious coast!
Are these the blessings thou canst boast?
These, Virtue! these the joys they find,
Who leave thy heav'n-top'd hills behind?
Shade me, ye pines, ye caverns, hide,
Ye mountains, cover me, she cry'd!

Her trumpet Slander rais'd on high,
And told the tidings to the sky;
Contempt discharg'd a living dart,
A side-long viper to her heart;
Reproach breath'd poisons o'er her face,
And soil'd and blasted ev'ry grace;
Officious shame, her handmaid new,
Still turn'd the mirror to her view,
While those in crimes the deepest dy'd,
Approach'd to whiten at her side.
And ev'ry lewd insulting dame
Upon her folly rose to fame.

What should she do? Attempt once more
To gain the late-deserted shore?

So trusting, back the mourner flew,
As fast the train of fiends pursue.

Again the farther shore's attain'd,
Again the land of Virtue gain'd;
But echo gathers in the wind,
And shews her instant foes behind
Amaz'd, with headlong speed she tends,
Where late she left an host of friends;
Alas! those shrinking friends decline,
Nor longer own that form divine:
With fear they mark the following cry,
And from the lonely trembler fly,
Or backward drive her on the coast,
Where peace was wreck'd, and honour lost.
From earth, thus hoping aid in vain,
To Heav'n, not daring to complain;
No truce by hostile clamour giv'n,
And from the face of friendship driv'n,
The Nymph sunk prostrate on the ground,
With all her weight of woes around.

Enthron'd within a circling sky,
Upon a mount o'er mountains high,
All radiant sat, as in a shrine,
Virtue, first effluence divine;
Far, far above the scenes of woe,
That shut this cloud-wrapt world below;
Superior goddess, essence bright,
Beauty of uncreated light,
Whom should mortality survey,
As doom'd upon a certain day,
The breath of frailty must expire,
The world dissolve in living fire,
The gems of Heav'n, and solar flame,
Be quench'd by her eternal beam,
And nature, quick'ning in her eye,
To rise a new-born phoenix, die.

Hence, unreveal'd to mortal view,
A veil around her form she threw,
Which three sad sisters of the shade,
Pain, Care, and Melancholy made.

Thro' this her all-enquiring eye,
Attentive from her station high,

Behold,

Beheld, abandon'd to despair,
The ruins of her fav'rite fair;
And with a voice, whose awful sound
Appal'd the guilty world around,
Bid the tumultuous winds be still,
To numbers bow'd each list'ning hill,
Uncurl'd the surging of the main,
And smoooth'd the thorny bed of pain;
The golden harp of heav'n she strung,
And thus the tuneful goddess sung:

Lovely Penitent, arise,
Come, and claim thy kindred skies;
Come, thy sister-angels say
Thou hast wept thy stains away.

Let experience now decide
Twixt the good and evil try'd.
In the smooth, enchanted ground,
Say, unfold the treasures found.

Structures rais'd by morning dreams;
Sands that trip the flitting streams;
Down that anchors on the air;
Clouds that paint their changes there.

Seas that smoothly dimpling lie,
While the storm impends on high,
Shewing, in an obvious glass,
Joys that in possession pass;

Transient, fickle, light, and gay,
Flatt'ring only to betray;
What, alas, can life contain?
Life, like all its circles—vain.

Will the stork, intending rest,
On the billow build her nest?
Will the bee demand his store
From the bleak and bladeless shore?

Man alone, intent to stray,
Ever turns from wisdom's way;
Lays up wealth in foreign land,
Sows the sea, and plows the sand.

Soon this elemental mass,
Soon th'incumb'ring world shall pass;
Form be wrapt in wasting fire,
Time be spent, and life expire.

Then, ye boasted works of men,
Where is your asylum then?
Sons of pleasure, sons of care,
Tell me, mortals, tell me where?

Gone, like traces on the deep,
Like a sceptre grasp'd in sleep,
Dews, exhal'd from morning glades,
Melting snows, and gliding shades.

Pass the world, and what's behind?
Virtue's gold, by fire refin'd;
From an universe deprav'd,
From the wreck of nature sav'd.

Like the life-supporting grain,
Fruit of patience and of pain,
On the swain's autumnal day,
Winnow'd from the chaff away.

Little trembler, fear no more,
Thou hast plenteous crops in store;
Seed, by genial sorrows sown,
More than all thy scorners own.

What tho' hostile earth despise,
Heav'n beholds with gentler eyes;
Heav'n thy friendless steps shall guide,
Cheer thy hours, and guard thy side.

When the fatal trump shall sound,
When th'immortals pour around,
Heav'n shall thy return attest,
Hail'd by myriads of the blest.

Little native of the skies,
Lovely penitent arise;
Calm thy bosom, clear thy brow,
Virtue is thy sister now.

More delightful are my woes
Than the rapture pleasure knows:

Richer

Richer far the weeds I bring
Than the robes that grace a king.

On my wars, of shortest date,
Crowns of endless triumph wait;
On my cares a period blest;
On my toils eternal rest.

Come, with virtue at thy side;
Come, be ev'ry bar defy'd,
Till we gain our native shore:
Sister, come, and turn no more.

§ 96. *Love and Vanity.*

THE breezy morning breath'd perfume,
The wak'ning flow'rs unveil'd their bloom,
Up with the sun, from short repose,
Gay health and lusty labour rose;
The milkmaid carol'd at her pail,
And shepherds whistled o'er the dale:
When Love, who led a rural life,
Remote from bustle, state, and strife,
Forth from his thatch'd roof'd cottage stray'd,
And stroll'd along the dewy glade.

A nymph, who lightly tripp'd it by,
To quick attention turn'd his eye,
He mark'd the gesture of the Fair,
Her self-sufficient grace and air,
Her steps, that mincing meant to please,
Her study'd negligence and ease;
And curious to enquire what meant
This thing of prettiness and paint,
Approaching spoke, and bow'd observant;
The Lady, slightly—Sir, your servant.

Such beauty in so rude a place!
Fair one, you do the country grace;
At court no doubt the public care;
But Love has small acquaintance there.

Yes, Sir, reply'd the flutt'ring dame,
This form confesses whence it came;
But dear variety, you know,
Can make us pride and pomp forego.

My name is Vanity: I sway
The utmost islands of the sea;
Within my court all honor centres;
I raise the meanest soul that enters;
Endow with latent gifts and graces,
And model fools for posts and places.

As Vanity appoints at pleasure,
The world receives it weight and measure;
Hence all the grand concerns of life;
Joys, cares, plagues, passions, peace, and strife.

Reflect how far my pow'r prevails,
When I step in where nature fails,
And, ev'ry breach of sense repairing,
Am bounteous still where Heav'n is sparing.

But chief in all their arts and airs,
Their playing, painting, pouts, and pray'rs,
Their various habits and complexions,
Fits, frolics, foibles, and perfections,
Their robing, curling, and adorning,
From noon to night, from night to morning;
From six to sixty, sick or sound,
I rule the female world around.

Hold there a moment, Cupid cry'd,
Nor boast dominion quite so wide.
Was there no province to invade,
But that by Love and meekness sway'd?
All other empire I resign;
But be the sphere of beauty mine.
For in the downy lawn of rest,
That opens on a woman's breast,
Attended by my peaceful train,
I chuse to live, and chuse to reign.

Far-sighted Faith I bring along,
And Truth, above an army strong;
And Chastity, of icy mould,
Within the burning tropics cold;
And Lowliness, to whose mild brow
The pow'r and pride of nations bow;
And Modesty, with downcast eye,
That lends the morn her virgin dye;
And Innocence, array'd in light;
And Honor, as a tow'r upright;

With

With sweetly winning graces, more
Than poets ever dreamt of yore,
In unaffected conduct free,
All smiling sisters, three times three;
And rosy Peace, the cherub blest,
That nightly sings us all to rest.

Hence, from the bud of nature's prime,
From the first step of infant time,
Woman, the world's appointed light,
Has skirted ev'ry shade with white;
Has stood for imitation high,
To ev'ry heart and ev'ry eye;
From ancient deeds of fair renown,
Has brought her bright memorials down,
To time affix'd perpetual youth,
And form'd each tale of love and truth.

Upon a new Promethean plan,
She moulds the essence of a man;
Tempers his mass, his genius fires,
And, as a better soul, inspires.

The rude she softens, warms the cold,
Exalts the meek, and checks the bold;
Calls Sloth from his supine repose;
Within the coward's bosom glows;
Of pride, unplumes the lofty crest,
Bids bashful merit stand confest,
And, like coarse metal from the mines,
Collects, irradiates, and refines.

The gentle science she imparts,
All manners smooths, informs all hearts;
From her sweet influence are felt
Passions that please, and thoughts that melt;
To stormy rage she bids controul,
And sinks serenely on the soul;
Softens Deucalion's flinty race,
And tunes the warring world to peace.

Thus arm'd to all that's light and vain,
And freed from thy fantastic chain,
She fills the sphere by Heav'n assign'd,
And, rul'd by me, o'er-rules mankind.

He spoke. The nymph impatient stood,
And, laughing, thus her speech renew'd:

And pray, Sir, may I be so bold
To hope your pretty tale is told:
And next demand, without a cavil,
What new Utopia do you travel?
Upon my word, these high-flown fancies
Shew depth of learning—in romances.

Why, what unfashion'd stuff you tell us
Of buckram dames, and tiptoe fellows!
Go, child; and when you're grown maturer,
You'll shoot your next opinion furer.

O such a pretty knack at painting!
And all for soft'ning, and for fainting!
Guess now, who can, a single feature
Thro' the whole piece of female nature,
Then mark! my looser hand may fit
The lines, too coarse for Love to hit.

'Tis said that woman, prone to changing,
Thro' all the rounds of folly ranging,
On life's uncertain ocean riding,
No reason rule, nor rudder guiding,
Is like the comet's wand'ring light,
Eccentric, ominous, and bright;
Trackless, and shifting as the wind;
A sea, whose fathom none can find;
A moon, still changing and revolving;
A riddle, past all human solving;
A bliss, a plague, a heav'n, a hell;
A—something that no man can tell.

Now learn a secret from a friend,
But keep your council and attend.

Tho' in their tempers thought so distant,
Nor with their sex nor selves consistent,
'Tis but the difference of a name,
And ev'ry woman is the same;
For as the world, however vary'd,
And through unnumber'd changes carry'd,
Of elemental modes and forms,
Clouds, meteors, colours, calms, and storms,
Tho' in a thousand suits array'd,
Is of one subject matter made;
So, Sir, a woman's constitution,
The world's enigma, finds solution;

And

And let her form be what you will,
I am the subject essence still.

With the first spark of female sense,
The speck of being, I commence;
Within the womb make fresh advances,
And dictate future qualms and fancies;
Thence in the growing form expand,
With childhood travel hand in hand,
And give a taste for all their joys
In gewgaws, rattles, pomp, and noise.

And now, familiar and unaw'd,
I send the flutt'ring soul abroad.
Prais'd for her shape, her air, her mien,
The little goddess, and the queen,
Takes at her infant shrine oblation,
And drinks sweet draughts of adulation.

Now blooming, tall, erect, and fair,
To dress becomes her darling care;
The realms of beauty then I bound;
I swell the hoop's enchanted round,
Shrink in the waist's descending size,
Heav'd in the snowy bosom, rise,
High on the flowing lappet sail,
Or curl'd in tresses, kiss the gale,
Then to her glass I lead the fair,
And shew the lovely idol there;
Where, struck as by divine emotion,
She bows with most sincere devotion,
And numb'ring ev'ry beauty o'er,
In secret bids the world adore.
Then all for parking and parading,
Coquetting, dancing, masquerading;
For balls, plays, courts, and crowds what passion!
And churches, sometimes—if the fashion;
For woman's sense of right and wrong
Is rul'd by the almighty throng;
Still turns, to each meander tame,
And swims the straw of ev'ry stream.
Her soul intrinsic worth rejects,
Accomplish'd only in defects;
Such excellence is her ambition,
Folly her wisest acquisition;

And e'en from pity and disdain
She'll cull some reason to be vain.

Thus, Sir, from ev'ry form and feature,
The wealth and wants of female nature,
And e'en from vice, which you'd admire,
I gather fuel to my fire;
And on the very base of shame
Erect my monument of fame.

Let me another truth attempt,
Of which your godship has not dreamt.

Those shining virtues which you muster,
Whence think you they derive their lustre?
From native honour and devotion?

O yes, a mighty likely notion!
Trust me, from titled dames to spinners,
'Tis I make saints, whoe'er make sinners;
'Tis I instruct them to withdraw,
And hold presumptuous man in awe;
For female worth, as I inspire,
In just degrees still mounts the higher;
And virtue, so extremely nice,
Demands long toil and mighty price.
Like Sampson's pillars, fix'd elate,
I bear the sex's tott'ring state;
Sap these, and in a moment's space
Down sinks the fabric to its base.

Alike from titles and from toys
I spring the fount of female joys;
In ev'ry widow, wife, and miss,
The sole artificer of bliss;
From them each topic I explore,
I cleave the sand of ev'ry shore;
To them uniting Indies sail,
Sabæa breathes her farthest gale:
For them the bullion I refine,
Dig sense and virtue from the mine,
And from the bowels of invention
Spin out the various arts you mention.

Nor bliss alone my pow'rs bestow,
They hold the sov'reign balm of woe;
Beyond the stoic's boasted art
I sooth the heavings of the heart;

To pain give splendour and relief,
And gild the pallid face of grief.

Alike the palace and the plain
Admit the glories of my reign!
Thro' ev'ry age, in ev'ry nation,
Taste, talents, tempers, state, and station,

Whate'er a woman says, I say;
Whate'er a woman spends, I pay;

Alike I fill and empty bags,
Flutter in finery and rags;
With light coquettes thro' folly range;
And with the prude disdain to change.

And now you'd think, 'twixt you and I,
That things were ripe for a reply—
But soft, and, while I'm in the mood,
Kindly permit me to conclude,
Their utmost mazes to unravel,
And touch the farthest step they travel.

When ev'ry pleasure's run aground,
And folly tir'd thro' manv a round,
The nymph, conceiving discontent hence,
May ripen to an hour's repentance,
And vapours, shed in pious moisture,
Dismiss her to a church or cloyster;
Then on I lead her with devotion,
Conspicuous in her dress and motion,
Inspire the heav'nly-breathing air,
Roll up the lucid eye in pray'r,
Soften the voice, and in the face
Look melting harmony and grace.

Thus far extends my friendly pow'r,
Nor quits her in her latest hour;
The couch of decent pain I spread,
In form recline her languid head;
Her thoughts I methodize in death,
And part not with her parting breath;
Then do I set in order bright,
A length of fun'ral pomp to sight,
The glitt'ring tapers and attire,
The plumes that whiten o'er her bier;
And last presenting to her eye
Angelic fineries on high,

To scenes of painted bliss I waft her,
And form the heav'n she hopes hereafter.

In truth, rejoin'd Love's gentle God,
You've gone a tedious length of road,
And strange, in all the toilsome way,
No house of kind refreshment lay;
No nymph, whose virtues might have tempted
To hold her from her sex exempted.

For one, we'll never quarrel man;
Take her, and keep her, if you can;
And pleas'd, I yield to your petition,
Since ev'ry fair, by such permission,
Will hold herself the one selected;
And so my system stands protected.

O, deaf to virtue, deaf to glory,
To truths divinely vouch'd in story!
The Godhead in his zeal return'd,
And, kindling at her malice, burn'd.
Then sweetly rais'd his voice, and told
Of heav'nly nymphs, rever'd of old;
Hypsipyle, who sav'd her fire,
And Portia's love, approv'd by fire:
Alike Penelope was quoted,
Nor laurel'd Daphne pass'd unnoted,
Nor Laodamia's fatal garter,
Nor fam'd Lucretia, honour's martyr,
Alceste's voluntary steel,
And Catherine, smiling on the wheel.
But who can hope to plant conviction,
Where cavil grows on contradiction?
Some she evades or disavows,
Demurs to all, and none allows;
A kind of ancient thing call'd fables!
And thus the Goddess turn'd the tables.

Now both in argument grew high,
And choler flash'd from either eye;
Nor wonder each refus'd to yield
The conquest of so fair a field.

When happily arriv'd in view
A Goddess whom our grandames knew,
Of aspect grave, and sober gait,
Majestic, awful, and sedate,

As heav'n's autumnal eve serene,
When not a cloud o'ercasts the scene;
Once Prudence call'd, a matron fam'd,
And in old Rome Cornelia nam'd.
Quick, at a venture, both agree
To leave their strife to her decree.

And now by each the facts were stated,
In form and manner as related.
The case was short, they crav'd opinion,
Which held o'er females chief dominion?
When thus the Goddess, answer'ing mild,
First shook her gracious head, and smil'd:

Alas, how willing to comply,
Yet how unfit a judge am I!
In times of golden date, 'tis true,
I shar'd the fickle sex with you;
But from their presence long precluded,
Or held as one whose form intruded;
Full fifty annual suns can tell,
Prudence has bid the sex farewell.

In this dilemma what to do,
Or who to think of, neither knew;
For both still, bias'd in opinion,
And arrogant of sole dominion,
Were forc'd to hold the case compounded,
Or leave the quarrel where they found it.

When in the nick, a rural fair,
Of inexperience'd gait and air,
Who ne'er had cross'd the neighb'ring lake,
Nor seen the world beyond a wake,
With cambric coif and kerchief clean,
Tript lightly by them o'er the green.

Now, now! cry'd Love's triumphant Child,
And at approaching conquest smil'd,
If Vanity will once be guided,
Our difference soon may be decided;
Behold yon wench: a fit occasion
To try your force of gay persuasion.
Go you, while I retire aloof,
Go, put these boasted pow'rs to proof;
And if your prevalence of art
Transcends my yet unerring dart,

I give the fav'rite contest o'er,
And ne'er will boast my empire more.

At once, so said, and so consented;
And well our Goddess seem'd contented,
Nor pausing, made a moment's stand,
But tript, and took the girl in hand.

Meanwhile, the Godhead, unalarm'd,
As one to each occasion arm'd,
Forth from his quiver cull'd a dart,
That erst had wounded many a heart;
Then bending, drew it to the head;
The bow-string twang'd, the arrow fled,
And, to her secret soul address,
Transfix'd the whiteness of her breast.

But here the Dame, whose guardian care
Had to a moment watch'd the fair,
At once her pocket mirror drew,
And held the wonder full in view;
As quickly rang'd in order bright,
A thousand beauties rush to sight,
A world of charms, till now unknown,
A world reveal'd to her alone;
Enraptur'd stands the love-sick maid,
Suspended o'er the darling shade,
Here only fixes to admire,
And centres ev'ry fond desire.

§ 97. *The Youth and the Philosopher.*

W. WHITEHEAD.

A GRECIAN youth, of talents rare,
Whom Plato's philosophic care
Had form'd for virtue's nobler view,
By precept and example too,
Would often boast his matchless skill
To curb the steed, and guide the wheel;
And as he pass'd the gazing throng
With graceful ease, and finack'd the thong,
The idiot wonder they express
Was praise and transport to his breast.
At length, quite vain, he needs would shew
His master what his art could do,

Am!

And bade his slaves the chariot lead
To Academus' sacred shade.
The trembling grove confess'd its fright,
The wood-nymphs started at the sight;
The Muses dropt the learned lyre,
And to their inmost shades retire.
Howe'er, the youth, with forward air,
Bows to the sage, and mounts the car;
The lash resounds, the coursers spring,
The chariot marks the rolling ring;
And gath'ring crowds, with eager eyes
And shouts, pursue him as he flies.

Triumphant to the goal return'd,
With nobler thirst his bosom burn'd;
And now along th'indented plain
The self-same track he marks again;
Pursues with care the nice design,
Nor ever deviates from the line.

Amazement seiz'd the circling crowd;
The youths with emulation glow'd;
Ev'n bearded sages hail'd the boy,
And all but Plato gaz'd with joy.
For he, deep-judging sage, beheld
With pain the triumphs of the field:
And, when the charioteer drew nigh,
And, flush'd with hope, had caught his eye,
Alas! unhappy youth, he cry'd,
Expect no praise from me (and sigh'd).
With indignation I survey
Such skill and judgment thrown away.
The time profusely squander'd there
On vulgar arts, beneath thy care,
If well employ'd, at less expence,
Had taught thee honour, virtue, sense,
And rais'd thee from a coachman's fate
To govern men, and guide the state.

§ 98. *The Fire-side.* COTTON.

DEAR Chloe, while the busy crowd,
The vain, the wealthy, and the proud,

In Folly's maze advance;
Tho' singularity and pride
Be call'd our choice, we'll step aside,
Nor join the giddy dance.

From the gay world we'll oft retire
To our own family and fire,
Where love our hours employs;
No noisy neighbour enters here;
No intermeddling stranger near,
To spoil our heartfelt joys.

If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast this jewel lies;
And they are fools who roam:
The world has nothing to bestow;
From our own selves our joys must flow,
And that dear hut—our home.

Of rest was Noah's dove bereft,
When with impatient wing she left
That safe retreat, the ark;
Giving her vain excursion o'er,
The disappointed bird once more
Explor'd the sacred bark.

Tho' fools spurn Hymen's gentle pow'rs,
We, who improve his golden hours,
By sweet experience know,
That marriage, rightly understood,
Gives to the tender and the good
A paradise below.

Our babes shall richest comforts bring;
If tutor'd right, they'll prove a spring
Whence pleasures ever rise:
We'll form their minds, with studious care,
To all that's manly, good, and fair,
And train them for the skies.

While they our wisest hours engage,
They'll joy our youth, support our age,
And crown our hoary hairs:
They'll grow in virtue ev'ry day;
And thus our fondest loves repay,
And recompense our cares.

No

No borrow'd joys, they're all our own,
While to the world we live unknown,
Or by the world forgot:
Monarchs! we envy not your state;
We look with pity on the great,
And bless our humbler lot.

Our portion is not large, indeed;
But then how little do we need!
For nature's calls are few:
In this the art of living lies,
To want no more than may suffice,
And make that little do.

We'll therefore relish with content
Whate'er kind Providence has sent,
Nor aim beyond our pow'r;
For, if our stock be very small,
'Tis prudence to enjoy it all,
Nor lose the present hour.

To be resign'd when ills betide,
Patient when favours are deny'd,
And pleas'd with favours giv'n;
Dear Chloe, this is wisdom's part;
This is that incense of the heart,
Whose fragrance smells to heav'n.

We'll ask no long protracted treat,
Since winter-life is seldom sweet;
But, when our feast is o'er,
Grateful from table we'll arise,
Nor grudge our sons with envious eyes
The relics of our store.

Thus, hand in hand, thro' life we'll go;
Its chequer'd paths of joy and woe
With cautious steps we'll tread;
Quit its vain scenes without a tear,
Without a trouble or a fear,
And mingle with the dead.

While Conscience, like a faithful friend,
Shall thro' the gloomy vale attend,

And cheer our dying breath;
Shall, when all other comforts cease,
Like a kind angel, whisper peace,
And smooth the bed of death.

§ 99. *Pleasure.* COTTON.

HEAR, ye fair mothers of our isle,
Nor scorn your Poet's homely style.
What tho' my thoughts be quaint or new,
I'll warrant that my doctrine's true:
Or, if my sentiments be old,
Remember, truth is sterling gold.

You judge it of important weight
To keep your rising offspring straight;
For this such anxious moments feel,
And ask the friendly aids of steel;
For this import the distant cane,
Or slay the monarch of the main.
And shall the soul be warp'd aside
By passion, prejudice, and pride?
Deformity of heart I call
The worst deformity of all.
Your cares to body are confin'd:
Few fear obliquity of mind.
Why not adorn the better part?
This is a nobler theme for art.
For what is form, or what is face,
But the soul's index, or its case?

Now take a simile at hand,
Compare the mental soil to land.
Shall fields be till'd with annual care,
And minds lie fallow ev'ry year?
O, since the crop depends on you,
Give them the culture which is due:
Hoe ev'ry weed, and dress the soil,
So harvest shall repay your toil.

If human minds resemble trees
(As ev'ry moralist agrees)
Prune all the stragglers of your vine,
Then shall the purple clusters shine.

The gard'ner knows, that fruitful life
 Demands his salutary knife:
 For ev'ry wild luxuriant shoot,
 Or robs the bloom, or starves the fruit.
 A satirist*, in Roman times,
 When Rome, like Britain, groan'd with crimes,
 Asserts it for a sacred truth,
 That pleasures are the bane of youth;
 That sorrows such pursuits attend,
 Or such pursuits in sorrows end,
 That all the wild advent'rer gains
 Are perils, penitence, and pains.
 Approve, ye fair, the Roman page,
 And bid your sons revere the sage;
 In study spend their midnight oil,
 And string their nerves by manly toil.
 Thus shall they grow, like Temple, wife;
 Thus future Lockes and Newtons rise;
 Or hardy chiefs to wield the lance,
 And save us from the chains of France.
 Yes, bid your sons betimes forego
 Those treach'rous paths where pleasures grow;
 Where the young mind is Folly's slave;
 Where ev'ry virtue finds a grave.

Let each bright character be nam'd
 For wisdom, or for valour fam'd:
 Are the dear youths to science prone,
 Tell how th'immortal Bacon shone!
 Who, leaving meaner joys to kings,
 Soar'd high on contemplation's wings;
 Rang'd the fair fields of nature o'er,
 Where never mortal trod before:
 Bacon! whose vast, capacious plan
 Bespoke him angel more than man!

Does love of martial fame inspire,
 Cherish, ye fair, the gen'rous fire;
 Teach them to spurn inglorious rest,
 And rouse the hero in their breast:
 Paint Cressy's vanquish'd field anew,
 Their souls shall kindle at the view;

Resolv'd to conquer or to fall,
 When liberty and Britain call.
 Thus shall they rule the crimson plain,
 Or hurl their thunders thro' the main;
 Gain with their blood, nor grudge the cost,
 What their degen'rate fires have lost:
 The laurel thus shall grace their brow,
 As Churchill's once, or Warren's now.

One summer's evening, as I stray'd
 Along the silent moon-light glade,
 With those reflections in my breast,
 Beneath an oak I sunk to rest;
 A gentle slumber intervenes,
 And fancy dress'd instructive scenes.

Methought a spacious road I spy'd,
 And stately trees adorn'd its side;
 Frequented by a giddy crowd
 Of thoughtless mortals, vain and loud;
 Who tripp'd with jocund heel along,
 And bade me join their smiling throng.

I straight obey'd—persuasion hung
 Like honey on the speaker's tongue:
 A cloudless sun improv'd the day,
 And pinks and roses strew'd our way.

Now as our journey we pursue,
 A beauteous fabric rose to view;
 A stately dome, and sweetly grac'd
 With ev'ry ornament of taste.
 This structure was a female's claim,
 And Pleasure was the monarch's name.

The hall we enter'd uncontrol'd,
 And saw the queen enthron'd on gold:
 Arabian sweets perfum'd the ground,
 And laughing Cupids flutter'd round;
 A flowing vest adorn'd the fair,
 And flow'ry chaplets wreath'd her hair.
 Fraud taught the queen a thousand wiles,
 A thousand soft insidious smiles;
 Love taught her lisping tongue to speak,
 And form'd the dimple in her cheek;

The lily and the damask rose
The tincture of her face compose;
Nor did the god of wit disdain
To mingle with the shining train.
Her vot'ries flock from various parts,
And chiefly youth resign'd their hearts;
The old in sparing numbers prest;
But awkward devotees at best.

'Now let us range at large,' we cry'd,
'Thro' all the garden's boasted pride.'
Here jasmynes spread the silver flow'r,
To deck the wall or weave the bow'r;
The woodbines mix in am'rous play,
And breathe their fragrant lives away.
Here rising myrtles form a shade;
There roses blush, and scent the glade;
The orange, with a vernal face,
Wears ev'ry rich autumnal grace;
While the young blossoms here unfold,
There shines the fruit like pendant gold.
Citrons their balmy sweets exhale,
And triumph in the distant gale.
Now fountains, murm'ring to the song,
Roll their translucent streams along;
Thro' all the aromatic groves
The faithful turtles coo their loves;
The lark, ascending, pours his notes;
And linnets swell their rapt'rous throats.

Pleasure, imperial fair! how gay
Thy empire, and how wide thy sway!
Enchanting queen, how soft thy reign!
How man, fond man! implores thy chain!
Yet thine each meretricious art
That weakens and corrupts the heart:
The childish toys and wanton page,
Which sink and prostitute the stage!
The masquerade, that just offence
To virtue, and reproach to sense!
The midnight dance, the mantling bowl,
And all that dissipate the soul;
All that to ruin man combine,
Yes, specious harlot, all are thine!

Whence sprung th'accursed lust of play,
Which beggars thousands in a day?
Speak, sorceress, speak (for thou canst tell)
Who call'd the treach'rous card from hell?
Now man profanes his reas'ning pow'rs,
Profanes sweet friendship's sacred hours;
Abandon'd to inglorious ends,
And faithless to himself and friends;
A dupe to ev'ry artful knave,
To ev'ry abject wish a slave:
But who against himself combines,
Abets his enemy's designs.
When rapine meditates a blow,
He shares the guilt who aids the foe.
Is man a thief who steals my self—
How great his theft who robs himself!
Is man who gulls his friend a cheat—
How heinous, then, is self-deceit!
Is murder justly deem'd a crime—
How black his guilt who murders time!
Should custom plead, as custom will,
Grand precedents to palliate ill;
Shall modes and forms avail with me,
When reason disavows the plea?
Who games, is felon of his wealth,
His time, his liberty, his health:
Virtue forsakes his sordid mind,
And Honour scorns to stay behind.
From man when these bright cherubs part,
Ah, what's the poor deserted heart!
A savage wild that shocks the sight,
Or chaos, and impervious night!
Each gen'rous principle destroy'd,
And dæmons crowd the frightful void!

Shall Siam's elephant supply
The baneful desolating die!
Against the honest sylvan's will,
You taught his iv'ry tusk to kill.
Heav'n, fond its favours to dispense,
Gave him that weapon for defence:
That weapon, for his guard design'd,
You render'd fatal to mankind.

He plann'd no death for thoughtless youth ;
You gave the venom to his tooth.
Blush, tyrant, blush ! for, oh ! 'tis true,
That no fell serpent bites like you.

The guests were order'd to depart ;
Reluctance sat on ev'ry heart :
A porter shew'd a diff'rent door,
Not the fair portal known before.
The gates, methought, were open'd wide ;
The crowds descended in a tide :
But oh ! ye heav'n's, what vast surprize
Struck the advent'ers frighted eyes !
A barren heath before us lay,
And gath'ring clouds obscur'd the day ;
The darkness rose in smoky spires ;
The lightnings flash'd their livid fires :
Loud peals of thunder rent the air,
While vengeance chill'd our hearts with fear.

Five ruthless tyrants sway'd the plain,
And triumph'd o'er the mangl'd slain.
Here sat Dis taste, with sickly mien,
And more than half devour'd with spleen ;
There stood Remorse, with thought oppress'd,
And vipers feeding on his breast :
Then Want, dejected, pale, and thin,
With bones just starting thro' his skin ;
A ghastly fiend !—and close behind,
Disease his aching head reclin'd !
His everlasting thirst confess
The fires which rag'd within his breast :
Death clos'd the train ! the hideous form
Smil'd, unrelenting, in the storm ;
When straight a doleful shriek was heard ;
I woke—the vision disappear'd.

Let not the unexperienc'd boy
Deny that pleasures will destroy ;
Or say that dreams are vain and wild,
Like fairy tales, to please a child.
Important hints the wise may reap
From fallies of the soul in sleep :
And since there's meaning in my dream,
The moral merits your esteem.

§ 100. *A Hymn on the Seasons.* THOMSON.

THESE, as they change, Almighty Father, these
Are but the *varied* God. The rolling year
Is full of thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring
Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love.
Wide flush the fields ; the softening air is balm ;
Echo the mountains round ; the forest smiles ;
And every sense and every heart is joy.
Then comes thy glory in the Summer months,
With light and heat refulgent. Then thy sun
Shoots full perfection thro' the swelling year :
And oft thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks,
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves, in hollow-whisp'ring gales,
Thy bounty shines in Autumn unconfin'd,
And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
In Winter awful Thou ! with clouds and storms
Around Thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest roll'd,
Majestic darkness ! On the whirlwind's wing,
Riding sublime, Thou bidst the world adore,
And humblest nature with thy northern blast.

Mysterious round ! what skill, what force divine,
Deep-felt, in these appear ! a simple train,
Yet so delightful mix'd, with such kind art,
Such beauty and beneficence combin'd ;
Shade, unperceiv'd, so softening into shade ;
And all so forming an harmonious whole,
That as they still succeed, they ravish still.
But wand'ring oft, with rude unconscious gaze,
Man marks not Thee, marks not the mighty hand.
That, ever busy, wheels the silent spheres ;
Works in the secret deep ; shoots steaming thence
The fair profusion that o'er spreads the spring,
Flings from the sun direct the flaming day ;
Feeds ev'ry creature ; hurls the tempest forth,
And, as on earth this grateful change revolves,
With transport touches all the springs of life.

Nature, attend ! join, every living soul
Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,
In adoration join ; and ardent raise
One general song ! To Him, ye vocal gales,

Breathe

Breathe soft, whose spirit in your freshness breathes.
 Oh talk of him in solitary glooms,
 Where o'er the rock the scarcely waving pine
 Fills the brown shade with a religious awe!
 And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar,
 Who shake th'astonish'd world, lift high to heav'n
 Th'impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.
 His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills;
 And let me catch it as I muse along.
 Ye headlong torrents, rapid and profound;
 Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze
 Along the vale; and thou majestic main,
 A secret world of wonders in thyself,
 Sound his stupendous praise, whose greater voice
 Or bids you roar, or bids your roaring fall.
 So roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flow'rs,
 In mingled clouds to Him, whose sun exalts,
 Whole breath perfumes you, and whose pencil
 paints.

Ye forests bend, ye harvests wave, to Him;
 Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,
 As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.
 Ye that keep watch in heav'n, as earth asleep
 Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams,
 Ye constellations, while your angels strike,
 Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre.
 Great source of day! blest image here below
 Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
 From world to world, the vital ocean round,
 On nature write with every beam his praise.
 The thunder rolls: he hush'd the prostrate world,
 While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.
 Bleat out afresh, ye hills; ye mossy rocks,
 Retain the sound: the broad responsive lowe,
 Ye vallies, raise; for the Great Shepherd reigns;
 And his *unsuffering* kingdom yet will come.
 Ye woodlands all awake: a boundless song
 Burst from the groves! and when the restless day,
 Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,
 Sweetest of birds! sweet Philomela, charm
 The listening shades, and teach the night his praise.
 Ye chief for whom the whole creation smiles;

At once the head, the heart, the tongue of all,
 Crown the great hymn! in swarming cities vast,
 Assembled men to the deep organ join
 The long-resounding voice, oft breaking clear,
 At solemn pauses, thro' the swelling base;
 And, as each mingling flame encreases each,
 In one united ardor rise to heav'n.
 Or if you rather chuse the rural shade,
 And find a fane in every sacred grove;
 There let the shepherd's lute, the virgin's lay,
 The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,
 Still sing the God of Seasons as they roll.
 For me, when I forget the darling theme,
 Whether the blossom blows, the Summer ray
 Rustles the plain, *inspiring* Autumn gleams,
 Or Winter rises in the bleakening east,—
 Be my tongue mute, my fancy paint no more,
 And dead to joy, forget my heart to beat.

Should fate command me to the farthest verge
 Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
 Rivers unknown to song; where first the sun
 Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
 Flames on th'Atlantic isles, 'tis nought to me;
 Since God is ever present, ever felt,
 In the void waste as in the city full;
 And where He vital spreads, there must be joy.
 When even at last the solemn hour shall come,
 And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
 I cheerful will obey; there with new powers,
 Will rising wonders sing! I cannot go
 Where universal love not smiles around,
 Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their suns:
 From *seeming evil* still educing good,
 And *better* thence again, and *better* still,
 In infinite progression.—But I lose
 Myself in Him, in light ineffable!
 Come then, expressive silence, muse his praise.

§ 101. *Know Thyself.* ARBUTHNOT.

WHAT am I? how produc'd? and for what
 end?

Whence drew I being? to what period tend?

Am I th'abandon'd orphan of blind chance,
 Dropp'd by wild atoms in disorder'd dance?
 Or from an endless chain of causes wrought,
 And of unthinking substance, born with thought?
 By motion which began without a cause,
 Supremely wise, without design or laws?
 Am I but what I seem, mere flesh and blood?
 A branching channel, with a mazy flood?
 The purple stream that thro' my vessels glides,
 Dull and unconscious flows, like common tides;
 The pipes thro' which the circling juices stray,
 Are not that thinking I, no more than they:
 This frame compacted with transcendent skill,
 Of moving joints obedient to my will,
 Nurs'd from the fruitful glebe, like yonder tree,
 Waxes and wastes; I call it mine, not me.
 New matter still the mould'ring mass sustains;
 The mansion chang'd, the tenant still remains,
 And from the fleeting stream, repair'd by food,
 Distinct, as is the swimmer from the flood.

What am I then? sure of a noble birth;
 By parents right, I own as mother, Earth;
 But claim superior lineage by my fire,
 Who warm'd th'unthinking clod with heav'nly
 Essence divine, with lifeless clay allay'd, [fire;
 By double nature, double instinct sway'd:
 With look erect, I dart my longing eye,
 Seem wing'd to part, and gain my native sky;
 I strive to mount, but strive, alas! in vain,
 Ty'd to this massy globe with magic chain.
 Now with swift thought I range from pole to pole,
 View worlds around their flaming centres roll:
 What steady pow'rs their endless motions guide
 Thro' the same trackless paths of boundless void!
 I trace the blazing comet's fiery tail,
 And weigh the whirling planets in a scale;
 These godlike thoughts, while eager I pursue,
 Some glitt'ring trifle offer'd to my view,
 A gnat, an insect of the meanest kind,
 Erase the new-born image from my mind:
 Some beastly want, craving, importunate,
 Vile as the grinning mastiff at my gate,

Calls off from heav'nly truth this reas'ning me,
 And tells me I'm a brute as much as he.
 If, on sublimer wings of love and praise,
 My soul above the starry vault I raise,
 Lur'd by some vain conceit, or shameful lust,
 I flag, I drop, and flutter in the dust.
 The tow'ring lark thus, from her lofty strain,
 Stoops to an emmet, or a barley grain.
 By adverse gusts of jarring instincts tost,
 I rove to one, now to the other coast;
 To bliss unknown my lofty soul aspires,
 My lot unequal to my vast desires.
 As 'mongst the hinds a child of royal birth
 Finds his high pedigree by conscious worth,
 So man, amongst his fellow brutes expos'd,
 Sees he's a king; but 'tis a king depos'd.
 Pity him, beasts! you by no law confin'd,
 Are barr'd from devious paths by being blind;
 Whilst man, thro' op'ning views of various ways
 Confounded, by the aid of knowledge strays;
 Too weak to choose, yet choosing still in haste,
 One moment gives the pleasure and distaste;
 Bilk'd by past minutes, while the present cloy,
 The flatt'ring future still must give the joy:
 Not happy, but amus'd upon the road,
 And (like you) thoughtless of his last abode,
 Whether next sun his being shall restrain
 To endless nothing, happiness, or pain,
 Around me, lo! the thinking thoughtless crew
 (Bewilder'd each) their different paths pursue;
 Of them I ask the way; the first replies,
 Thou art a god; and sends me to the skies:
 Down on the turf, the next, two two-legg'd beast,
 There fix thy lot, thy bliss, and endless rest:
 Between these wide extremes the length is such,
 I find I know too little or too much.
 'Almighty Pow'r, by whose most wise command,
 'Helpless, forlorn, uncertain here I stand;
 'Take this faint glimm'ring of thyself away,
 'Or break into my soul with perfect day!
 This said, expanded lay the sacred text,
 The balm, the light, the guide of souls perplex'd.
 Thus

Thus the benighted traveller that strays
Thro' doubtful paths, enjoys the morning rays:
The nightly mist and thick descending dew,
Parting, unfold the fields and vaulted blue.

'O Truth divine! enlighten'd by thy ray,
'I grope and guess no more, but see my way;
'Thou clear'dst the secret of my high descent,
'And told me what those mystic tokens meant;
'Marks of my birth, which I had worn in vain,
'Too hard for worldly fages to explain.
'Zeno's were vain, vain Epicurus' schemes,
'Their systems false, delusive were their dreams;
'Unskill'd my twofold nature to divide,
'One nurs'd my pleasure, and one nurs'd my pride;
'Those jarring truths which human art beguile,
'Thy sacred page thus bids me reconcile.'

Offspring of God, no less thy pedigree, [be, }
What thou once wert, art now, and still may }
Thy God alone can tell, alone decree;
Faultless thou dropp'st from his unerring skill,
With the bare pow'r to sin, since free of will:
Yet charge not with thy guilt his bounteous love:
For who has pow'r to walk has pow'r to rove:
Who acts by force impell'd can nought deserve;
And wisdom short of infinite may swerve.
Borne on thy new-imp'd wings, thou took'st thy
Left thy Creator and the realms of light: [flight,
Disdain'd his gentle precept to fulfil;
And thought to grow a god by doing ill:
Tho' by foul guilt thy heav'nly form defac'd,
In nature chang'd, from happy mansions chac'd,
Thou still retain'st some sparks of heav'nly fire,
Too faint to mount, yet restless to aspire;
Angel enough to seek thy bliss again,
And brute enough to make thy search in vain.
The creatures now withdraw their kindly use;
Some fly thee, some torment, and some seduce;
Repast ill-suited to such different guests,
For what thy sense desires, thy soul distastes;
Thy lust, thy curiosity, thy pride,
Curb'd, or deserv'd, or baulk'd, or gratify'd,

Rage on, and make thee equally unblest'd [scis'd.
In what thou want'st, and what thou hast pos-
In vain thou hop'st for bliss on this poor clod;
Return and seek thy Father and thy God;
Yet think not to regain thy native sky,
Borne on the wings of vain philosophy:
Mysterious passage! hid from human eyes:
Soaring you'll sink, and sinking you will rise:
Let humble thoughts thy wary footsteps guide:
Repair by meekness what you lost by pride.

§ 102. *A Summer Evening's Meditation.*

Mrs. BAREAULD.

One sun by day, by night ten thousand shine.

YOUNG.

'TIS past! The sultry tyrant of the south
Has spent his short-liv'd rage: more grate-
ful hours

Move silent on; the skies no more repel
The dazzled sight, but with mild maiden beams
Of temper'd light, invite the cherish'd eye
To wander o'er their sphere; where hung aloft
Dian's bright crescent, like a silver bow
New strung in heaven, lifts high its beamy horns,
Impatient for the night, and seems to push
Her brother down the sky. Fair Venus shines
Ev'n in the eye of day: with sweetest beam
Propitious shines, and shakes a trembling flood
Of soften'd radiance from her dewy locks.
The shadows spread apace; while meekened eve,
Her cheek yet warm with blushes, slow retires
Thro' the Hesperian gardens of the west,
And shuts the gates of day. 'Tis now the hour
When contemplation, from her sunless haunts,
The cool damp grotto, or the lonely depth
Of unpierc'd woods, where wrapt in solid shade
She mus'd away the gaudy hours of noon,
And fed on thoughts unripen'd by the sun,
Moves forward; and with radiant finger points
To yon blue concave swell'd by breath divine,

E 4

Where,

Where, one by one, the living eyes of heav'n
Awake, quick kindling o'er the face of æther
One boundless blaze; ten thousand trembling
fires,

And dancing lustres, where th'unsteady eye,
Restless and dazzled, wanders unconfin'd
O'er all this field of glories: spacious field,
And worthy of the Master: he, whose hand
With hieroglyphics elder than the Nile,
Inscrib'd the mystic tablet, hung on high
To public gaze, and said, Adore, O man,
The finger of thy God! From what pure wells
Of milky light, what soft o'erflowing urn,
Are all these lamps so fill'd? these friendly lamps,
For ever streaming o'er the azure deep
To point our path, and light us to our home.
How soft they slide along their lucid spheres!
And silent as the foot of time, fulfil
Their destin'd courses: Nature's self is hush'd,
And but a scatter'd leaf, which rustles thro'
The thick-wove foliage, not a sound is heard
To break the midnight air, tho' the rais'd ear,
Intensely list'ning, drinks in ev'ry breath.
How deep the silence, yet how loud the praise!
But are they silent all? or is there not
A tongue in ev'ry star that talks with man,
And woos him to be wise? nor woos in vain.
This dead of midnight is the noon of thought,
And wisdom mounts her zenith with the stars.
At this still hour the self-collected soul
Turns inward, and beholds a stranger there
Of high descent, and more than mortal rank;
An embryo God; a spark of fire divine,
Which must burn on for ages, when the sun
(Fair transitory creature of a day!)
Has clos'd his golden eye, and, wrapt in shades,
Forgets his wonted journey thro' the east.

Ye citadels of light, and seats of Gods!
Perhaps my future home, from whence the soul
Revolving periods past, may oft look back,
With recollected tenderness, on all
The various busy scenes she left below,

Its deep laid projects and its strange events,
As on some fond and doating tale that sooth'd
Her infant hours; O be it lawful now
To tread the hallow'd circle of your courts,
And with mute wonder and delighted awe
Approach your burning confines. Seiz'd in
On fancy's wild and roving wing I sail [thought,
From the green borders of the peopled earth,
And the pale moon, her duteous fair attendant;
From solitary Mars; from the vast orb
Of Jupiter, whose huge gigantic bulk
Dances in æther like the lightest leaf;
To the dim verge, the suburbs of the system,
Where cheerless Saturn, 'midst his wat'ry moons,
Girt with a lucid zone, in gloomy pomp,
Sits like an exil'd monarch: fearless thence
I launch into the trackless deeps of space,
Where, burning round, ten thousand suns appear,
Of elder beam; which ask no leave to shine
Of our terrestrial star, nor borrow light
From the proud regent of our scanty day;
Sons of the morning, first-born of creation,
And only less than Him who marks their track,
And guides their fiery wheels. Here must I stop,
Or is there aught beyond? what hand unseen
Impels me onward thro' the glowing orbs
Of habitable nature, far remote,
To the dread confines of eternal night,
To solitudes of vast unpeopled space,
The desarts of creation, wide and wild;
Where embryo systems and unkindled suns
Sleep in the womb of chaos? Fancy droops,
And Thought, astonish'd, stops her bold career.
But oh thou mighty Mind! whose powerful word
Said, *Thus let all things be*, and thus they were,
Where shall I seek thy presence? how unblam'd
Invoke thy dread perfection!
Have the broad eye-lids of the morn beheld thee?
Or does the beamy shoulder of Orion
Support thy throne? O look with pity down
On erring, guilty man; not in thy names
Of terror clad; not with those thunders arm'd

That

That conscious Sinai felt, when fear appal'd
The scatter'd tribes; thou hast a gentler voice,
That whispers comfort to the swelling heart,
Abash'd, yet longing to behold her Maker.

But now, my soul, unus'd to stretch her pow'rs
In flight so daring, drops her weary wing,
And seeks again the known accustom'd spot.
Drest up with sun, and shade, and lawns, and
A mansion fair and spacious for its guest, [streams,
And full replete with wonders. Let me here,
Content and grateful, wait th'appointed time,
And ripen for the skies: the hour will come
When all these splendours bursting on my sight
Shall stand unveil'd, and to my ravish'd sense
Unlock the glories of the world unknown!

§ 103. *The Hermit.* PARNELL,

FAR in a wild, unknown to public view,
From youth to age a rev'rend Hermit grew;
The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,
His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well:
Remote from man, with God he pass'd his days,
Prayer all his business, all his pleasure praise.

A life so sacred, such serene repose,
Seem'd heav'n itself, till one suggestion rose—
That vice should triumph, virtue vice obey!—
This sprung some doubt of Providence's sway:
His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,
And all the tenour of his soul is lost.
So when a smooth expanse receives impress
Calm nature's image on its wat'ry breast,
Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,
And skies beneath with answer'ing colours glow:
But if a stone the gentle sea divide,
Swift rustling circles curl on ev'ry side,
And glimm'ring fragments of a broken sun;
Banks, trees, and skies, in thick disorder run.

To clear this doubt, to know the world by sight,
To find if books or swains report it right
(For yet by swains alone the world he knew,
Whose feet came wand'ring o'er the nightly dew)

He quits his cell; the pilgrim-staff he bore,
And fix'd the scallop in his hat before;
Then with the sun a rising journey went,
Sedate to think, and watching each event.

The morn was wafted in the pathless grass,
And long and lonesome was the wild to pass;
But when the southern sun had warm'd the day,
A youth came posting o'er a crossing way;
His raiment decent, his complexion fair,
And soft in graceful ringlets wav'd his hair:
Then near approaching, "Father, hail!" he cry'd;
And "hail, my son" the rev'rend sire reply'd.
Words follow'd words, from question answer
flow'd,

And talk of various kind deceiv'd the road;
Till each with other pleas'd, and loth to part,
While in their age they differ, join in heart.
Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound,
Thus youthful ivy clasps an elm around.

Now sunk the sun; the closing hour of day
Came onward, mantl'd o'er with sober grey;
Nature in silence bid the world repose:
When near the road a stately palace rose. [pass,
There, by the moon, thro' ranks of trees they
Whose verdure crown'd their sloping sides of grass.
It chanc'd the noble master of the deme
Still made his house the wand'ring stranger's
home;

Yet still the kindness, from a thirst of praise,
Prov'd the vain flourish of expensive ease.
The pair arrive: the livery'd servants wait;
Their lord receives them at the pompous gate.
The table groans with costly piles of food,
And all is more than hospitably good.
Then, led to rest, the day's long toil they drown,
Deep sunk in sleep, and silk, and heaps of down.

At length 'tis morn, and at the dawn of day
Along the wide canals the zephyrs play;
Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,
And shake the neighb'ring wood to banish sleep.
Up rise the guests, obedient to the call;
An early banquet deck'd the splendid hall:

Rich luscious wine a golden goblet grac'd,
Which the kind master forc'd the guests to taste.
Then pleas'd and thankful, from the porch they
go;

And, but the landlord, none had cause of woe:
His cup was vanish'd; for in secret guise
The younger guest purloin'd the glitt'ring prize.

As one who spies a serpent in his way,
Glitt'ring and basking in the summer ray,
Disorder'd, stops to shun the danger near, [fear;
Then walks with faintness on, and looks with
So seem'd the fire, when far upon the road,
The shining spoil his wiley partner show'd.
He stopp'd with silence, walk'd with trembling
heart,

And much he wish'd, but durst not ask, to part:
Murm'ring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard
That gen'rous actions meet a base reward.

While thus they pass, the sun his glory shrouds;
The changing skies hang out their sable clouds;
A sound in air presag'd approaching rain,
And beasts to covert scud across the plain.
Warn'd by the signs, the wand'ring pair retreat
To seek for shelter at a neighb'ring feat:

'Twas built with turrets on a rising ground,
And strong, and large, and unimprov'd around;
Its owner's temper tim'rous and severe,
Unkind and griping, caus'd a desert there.

As near the miser's heavy doors they drew,
Fierce rising gusts with sudden fury blew;
The nimble lightning mix'd with show'rs began,
And o'er their heads loud rolling thunder ran.
Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,
Driv'n by the wind and batter'd by the rain.

At length some pity warm'd the master's breast
('Twas then his threshold first receiv'd a guest):
Slow creaking turns the door with jealous care,
And half he welcomes in the shiv'ring pair;
One frugal faggot lights the naked walls,
And nature's fervour through their limbs recalls:
Bread of the coarsest sort, with meagre wine
(Each hardly granted) serv'd them both to dine;

And when the tempest first appear'd to cease,
A ready warning bid them part in peace.

With still remark the pond'rous Hermit view'd
In one so rich, a life so poor and rude;
And why should such (within himself he cry'd)
Lock the lost wealth a thousand want beside?
But what new marks of wonder soon take place
In every settling feature of his face,
When from his vest the young companion bore
That cup the gen'rous landlord own'd before,
And paid profusely with the precious bowl
The stinted kindness of this churlish soul.

But now the clouds in airy tumult fly;
The sun emerging opes an azure sky;
A fresher green the smelling leaves display,
And, glitt'ring as they tremble, cheer the day:
The weather courts them from the poor retreat,
And the glad master bolts the wary gate.

While hence they walk, the Pilgrim's bosom
wrought

With all the travail of uncertain thought;
His partner's acts without their cause appear:
'Twas there a vice, and seem'd a madness here:
Detesting that, and pitying this, he goes,
Lost and confounded with the various shows.
Now night's dim shades again involve the sky;
Again the wand'ers want a place to lie;
Again they search, and find a lodging nigh. }
The soil improv'd around, the mansion neat,
And neither poorly low nor idly great;
It seem'd to speak its master's turn of mind,
Content, and not for praise, but virtue kind.

Hither the walkers turn with weary feet,
Then bless the mansion, and the master greet:
Their greeting fair, bestow'd with modest guise,
The courteous master hears, and thus replies:

" Without a vain, without a grudging heart,
To Him who gives us all, I yield a part;
From Him you come, for Him accept it here,
A frank and sober, more than costly cheer."
He spoke, and bid the welcome table spread,
Then talk'd of virtue till the time of bed;

When

When the grave household round his hall repair,
Warn'd by a bell, and close the hours with pray'r.

At length the world, renew'd by calm repose,
Was strong for toil, the dapp'd morn arofe;
Before the pilgrims part, the younger crept
Near the clos'd cradle, where an infant slept,
And writh'd his neck: the landlord's little pride,
O strange return! grew black, and gasp'd, and dy'd.
Horror of horrors! what! his only son!
How look'd our Hermit when the fact was done?
Not hell, tho' hell's black jaws in sunder part,
And breathe blue fire, could more assault his heart.

Confus'd, and struck with silence at the deed,
He flies, but, trembling, fails to fly with speed.
His steps the youth pursues; the country lay
Peplex'd with roads; a servant show'd the way.
A river cross'd the path; the passage o'er
Was nice to find; the servant trod before;
Long arms of oaks an open bridge supply'd,
And deep the waves beneath the bending glide.
The youth, who seem'd to watch a time to sin,
Approach'd the careless guide, and thrust him in;
Plunging he falls, and rising lifts his head,
Then flashing turns, and sinks among the dead.

Wild sparkling rage inflames the father's eyes,
He bursts the bands of fear, and madly cries,
Detested wretch!—But scarce his speech began,
When the strange partner seem'd no longer man:
His youthful face grew more serenely sweet;
His robe turn'd white, and flow'd upon his feet:
Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair;
Celestial odours breathe through purpl'd air;
And wings, whose colours glitter'd on the day,
Wide at his back their gradual plumes display.
The form ethereal bursts upon his sight,
And moves in all the majesty of light.

Tho' loud at first the Pilgrim's passion grew,
Sudden he gaz'd; and wist not what to do;
Surprize in secret chains his words suspends,
And in a calm his settling temper ends.

But silence here the beauteous angel broke
(The voice of music ravish'd as he spoke).
Thy pray'r, thy praise, thy life to vice unknown,
In sweet memorial rise before the throne:
These charms success in our bright region find,
And force an angel down to calm thy mind;
For this commission'd, I forsook the sky;—
Nay, cease to kneel!—thy fellow-servant I.

Then know the truth of government divine,
And let these scruples be no longer thine.

The Maker justly claims that world he made,
In this the right of Providence is laid;
Its sacred majesty through all depends
On using second means to work his ends;
'Tis thus, withdrawn in state from human eye,
The Pow'r exerts his attributes on high,
Your actions uses, nor controuls your will,
And bids the doubting sons of men be still.

What strange events can strike with more
surprize, [eyes?
Than those which lately struck thy wond'ring
Yet, taught by these, confess th' Almighty just,
And where you can't unriddle, learn to trust.

The great, vain man, who far'd on costly food,
Whose life was too luxurious to be good;
Who made his iv'ry stands with goblets shine,
And forc'd his guests to morning draughts of wine,
Has, with the cup, the graceless custom lost,
And still he welcomes, but with less of cost.

The mean suspicious wretch, whose bolted door
Ne'er mov'd in pity to the wand'ring poor,
With him I left the cup, to teach his mind
That Heav'n can bless, if mortals will be kind.
Conscious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,
And feels compassion touch his grateful soul:
Thus artists melt the fullen ore of lead,
With heaping coals of fire upon its head;
In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
And, loose from dross, the silver runs below.

Long had our pious friend in virtue trod,
But now the child half wean'd his heart from God;

(Child of his age) for him he liv'd in pain,
 And measur'd back his steps to earth again.
 To what excesses had his dotage run!
 But God, to save the father, took the son.
 To all but thee in fits he seem'd to go;
 And 'twas my ministry to deal the blow.
 The poor fond parent, humbl'd in the dust,
 Now owns in tears the punishment was just.

But how had all his fortunes felt a wrack,
 Had that false servant sped in safety back!
 This night his treasure'd heaps he meant to steal,
 And what a fund of charity would fail!

Thus Heav'n instructs thy mind: this trial o'er,
 Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more.

On sounding pinions here the youth withdrew;
 The sage stood wond'ring as the seraph flew.
 Thus look'd Elitha, when, to mount on high,
 His master took the chariot of the sky:
 The fiery pomp ascending, left the view;
 The prophet gaz'd, and wish'd to follow too.

The bending hermit here a pray'r begun:
Lord! as in heav'n, on earth they will be done:
 Then gladly turning, sought his ancient place,
 And paid a life of piety and peace.

§ 104. *A Night Piece.* Miss CARTER.

WHILE night in solemn shade invests the pole,
 And calm reflection soothes the pensive soul;
 While reason undisturb'd asserts her sway,
 And life's deceitful colours fade away;
 To thee, All-conscious Presence! I devote
 This peaceful interval of sober thought:
 Here all my better faculties confine;
 And be this hour of sacred silence thine!

If, by the day's illusive scenes misled,
 My erring soul from virtue's path has stray'd;
 Snar'd by example, or by passion warm'd,
 Some false delight my giddy sense has charm'd;
 My calmer thoughts the wretched choice reprove,
 And my best hopes are center'd in thy love.
 Depriv'd of this, can life one joy afford?
 Its utmost boast a vain unmeaning word.

But ah! how oft my lawless passions rove,
 And break those awful precepts I approve!
 Pursue the fatal impulse I abhor,
 And violate the virtue I adore!
 Oft, when thy better Spirit's guardian care
 Warn'd my fond soul to shun the tempting snare,
 My stubborn will his gentle aid repress,
 And check'd the rising goodness in my breast:
 Mad with vain hopes, or urg'd by false desires,
 Still'd his soft voice, and quench'd his sacred fires.

With grief oppress'd, and prostrate in the dust,
 Should'st thou condemn, I own thy sentence just.
 But, oh, thy softer titles let me claim,
 And plead my cause by Mercy's gentle name.
 Mercy! that wipes the penitential tear,
 And dissipates the horrors of despair;
 From righteous justice steals the vengeful hour,
 Softens the dreadful attribute of pow'r,
 Disarms the wrath of an offended God,
 And seals my pardon in a Saviour's blood!

All-powerful Grace, exert thy gentle sway,
 And teach my rebel passions to obey;
 Lest lurking Folly, with insidious art,
 Regain my volatile inconstant heart!
 Shall every high resolve Devotion frames
 Be only lifeless sounds and specious names?
 O, rather, while thy hopes and fears controul,
 In this still hour, each motion of my soul,
 Secure its safety by a sudden doom,
 And be the soft retreat of sleep my tomb!
 Calm let me slumber in that dark repose,
 Till the last morn its orient beam disclose:
 Then, when the great archangel's potent sound
 Shall echo thro' creation's ample round,
 Wak'd from the sleep of death, with joy survey
 The op'ning splendors of eternal day!

§ 105. *The Rose.* WATTS.

HOW fair is the rose! what a beautiful flow'r!
 The glory of April and May!
 But the leaves are beginning to fade in an hour;
 And they wither and die in a day.

Yet

Yet the rose has one powerful virtue to boast,
 Above all the flow'rs of the field: [lost,
 When its leaves are all dead, and fine colours are
 Still how sweet a perfume will it yield!

So frail is the youth and the beauty of men,
 Tho' they bloom and look gay like the rose:
 But all our fond care to preserve them is vain;
 Time kills them as fast as he goes.

Then I'll not be proud of my youth or my beauty,
 Since both of them wither and fade:
 But gain a good name by well doing my duty;
 This will scent like a rose when I'm dead.

§ 106. *The Benedicite paraphrased.* MERRICK.

YE works of God, on him alone,
 In earth his footstool, heav'n his throne,
 Be all your praise bestow'd:
 Whose hand the beauteous fabric made,
 Whose eye the finish'd work survey'd,
 And saw that all was good.

Ye angels, that with loud acclaim
 Admiring; view'd the new-born frame,
 And hail'd th'Eternal King,
 Again proclaim your Maker's praise;
 Again your thankful voices raise,
 And touch the tuneful string.

Praise him, ye blest'd æthereal plains,
 Where, in full majesty, he deigns
 To fix his awful throne:
 Ye waters that above him roll,
 From orb to orb, from pole to pole,
 O make his praises known!

Ye thrones, dominions, virtues, pow'rs,
 Join ye your joyful songs with ours;
 With us your voices raise:
 From age to age extend the lay,
 To heav'n's Eternal Monarch pay
 Hymns of eternal praise.

Celestial orb! whose pow'ful ray
 Opes the glad eyelids of the day,
 Whose influence all things own;
 Praise him, whose courts effulgent shine
 With light as far excelling thine,
 As thine the paler moon.

Ye glitt'ring planets of the sky,
 Whose lamps the absent sun supply,
 With him the song pursue;
 And let himself submissive own,
 He borrows from a brighter Sun
 The light he lends to you.

Ye show'rs and dews, whose moisture shed
 Calls into life the op'ning seed,
 To him your praises yield,
 Whose influence wakes the genial birth,
 Drops fatness on the pregnant earth,
 And crowns the laughing field.

Ye winds, that oft tempestuous sweep
 The ruffled surface of the deep,
 With us confess your God:
 See thro' the heav'ns the King of kings,
 Upborne on your expanded wings,
 Comes flying all abroad.

Ye floods of fire, where'er ye flow,
 With just submission humbly bow
 To his superior pow'r,
 Who stops the tempest on its way,
 Or bids the flaming deluge stray,
 And gives it strength to roar.

Ye summer's heat and winter's cold,
 By turns in long succession roll'd,
 The drooping world to cheer,
 Praise him who gave the sun and moon
 To lead the various seasons on,
 And guide the circling year.

Ye frosts, that bind the wat'ry plain,
 Ye silent show'rs of fleecy rain,

Pursue the heav'nly theme;
 Praise him who sheds the driven snow,
 Forbids the harden'd waves to flow,
 And stops the rapid stream.
 Ye days and nights, that swiftly borne,
 From morn to eve, from eve to morn,
 Alternate glide away,
 Praise him, whose never-varying light,
 Absent, adds horror to the night,
 But present, gives the day.
 Light, from whose rays all beauty springs;
 Darkness whose wide-expanded wings
 Involve the dusky globe;
 Praise him, who, when the heav'n's he spread,
 Darkness his thick pavilion made,
 And light his regal robe.
 Praise him, ye lightnings, as ye fly
 Wing'd with his vengeance thro' the sky,
 And red with wrath divine;
 Praise him, ye clouds, that wand'ring stray,
 Or fix'd by him, in close array
 Surround his awful shrine.
 Exalt, O earth! thy Heav'nly King,
 Who bids the plants, that form the spring,
 With annual verdure bloom;
 Whose frequent drops of kindly rain
 Prolific swell the rip'ning grain,
 And bless thy fertile womb.
 Ye mountains, that ambitious rise,
 And heave your summits to the skies,
 Revere his awful nod;
 Think how you once affrighted fled
 When Jordan sought his fountain-head,
 And own'd th'approaching God.
 Ye trees, that fill the rural scene;
 Ye flow'rs, that o'er th'enamell'd green
 In native beauty reign;
 O praise the Ruler of the skies,
 Whose hand the genial sap supplies,
 And clothes the smiling plain.

Ye secret springs, ye gentle rills,
 That murmur'ing rise among the hills,
 Or fill the humble vale;
 Praise him, at whose Almighty nod
 The rugged rock dissolving flow'd,
 And form'd a springing well.
 Praise him ye floods, and seas profound,
 Whose waves the spacious earth surround,
 And roll from shore to shore;
 Aw'd by his voice, ye seas, subside;
 Ye floods, within your channels glide,
 And tremble and adore.
 Ye whales, that stir the boiling deep,
 Or in its dark recesses sleep,
 Remote from human eye,
 Praise him by whom ye all are fed;
 Praise him, without whose heav'nly aid
 Ye languish, faint, and die.
 Ye birds, exalt your Maker's name;
 Begin, and with th'important theme
 Your artless lays improve;
 Wake with your songs the rising day,
 Let music sound on ev'ry spray,
 And fill the vocal grove.
 Praise him, ye beasts, that nightly roam
 Amid the solitary gloom,
 Th'expected prey to seize;
 Ye slaves of the laborious plough,
 Your stubborn necks submissive bow,
 And bend your weary'd knees.
 Ye sons of men, his praise display,
 Who stamp'd his image on your clay,
 And gave it pow'r to move;
 Ye that in Judah's confines dwell,
 From age to age successive tell
 The wonders of his love.
 Let Levi's tribe the lay prolong,
 Till angels listen to the song,

And

And bend attentive down ;
 Let wonder seize the heav'nly train,
 Pleas'd while they hear a mortal strain
 So sweet, so like their own.

And you your thankful voices join,
 That oft at Salem's sacred shrine
 Before his altars kneel ;
 Where thron'd in majesty he dwells,
 And from the mystic cloud reveals
 The dictates of his will.

Ye spirits of the just and good,
 That, eger for the blest'd abode,
 To heav'nly mansions soar ;
 O let your songs his praise display,
 Till heav'n itself shall melt away,
 And time shall be no more !

Praise him, ye meek and humble train,
 Ye saints, whom his decrees ordain
 The boundless bliss to share ;
 O praise him, till ye take your way
 To regions of eternal day,
 And reign for ever there.

Let us, who now impassive stand,
 Aw'd by the tyrant's stern command,
 Amid the fiery blaze ;
 While thus we triumph in the flame,
 Rise, and our Maker's love proclaim,
 In hymns of endless praise.

§ 107. *The Ignorance of Man.* MERRICK.

BEHOLD yon new-born infant, griev'd
 With hunger, thirst, and pain ;
 That asks to have the wants reliev'd
 It knows not to complain.

Aloud the speechless suppliant cries,
 And utters, as it can,
 The woes that in its bosom rise,
 And speaks its nature—man.

That infant, whose advancing hour
 Life's various sorrows try
 (Sad proof of sin's transmissive pow'r !)
 That infant, Lord, am I.

A childhood yet my thoughts confess,
 Though long in years mature ;
 Unknowing whence I feel distress,
 And where, or what, its cure.

Author of Good, to thee I turn :
 Thy ever wakeful eye
 Alone can all my wants discern ;
 Thy hand alone supply.

O let thy fear within me dwell,
 Thy love my footsteps guide ;
 That love shall vainer loves expel ;
 That fear all fears beside.

And O! by error's force subdu'd,
 Since oft my stubborn will
 Prepost'rous thuns the latent good,
 And grasps the specious ill ;
 Not to my wish, but to my want,
 Do thou thy gifts apply :
 Unask'd, what good thou knowest grant ;
 What ill, tho' ask'd, deny.

§ 108. *The Nunc Dimittis.* MERRICK.

'TIS enough—the hour is come:
 Now within the silent tomb
 Let this mortal frame decay,
 Mingled with its kindred clay ;
 Since thy mercies, oft of old
 By thy chosen seers foretold,
 Faithful now and steadfast prove,
 God of truth, and God of love !
 Since at length my aged eye
 Sees the day spring from on high
 Son of righteousness, to thee,
 Lo! the nations bow the knee:
 And the realms of distant kings
 Own the healing of thy wings.

Those whom death had overspread
 With his dark and dreary shade,
 Lest their eyes, and from afar
 Hail the light of Jacob's star;
 Waiting till the promis'd ray
 Turn their darkness into day.
 See the beams, intensely shed,
 Shine o'er Zion's favour'd head!
 Never may they hence remove,
 God of truth, and God of love!

§ 109. *The Trials of Virtue.* MERRICK.

PLAC'D on the verge of youth, my mind
 Life's op'ning scene survey'd:
 I view'd its ills of various kind,
 Afflicted and afraid.

But chief my fear the dangers mov'd,
 That virtue's path inclose:
 My heart the wise pursuit approv'd;
 But O, what toils oppose!

For see, ah see! while yet her ways
 With doubtful step I tread,
 A hostile world its terrors raise;
 Its snares delusive spread.

O how shall I, with heart prepar'd,
 Those terrors learn to meet?
 How from the thousand snares to guard
 My unexperienc'd feet!

As thus I mus'd, oppressive sleep
 Soft o'er my temples drew
 Oblivion's veil.—The wat'ry deep,
 An object strange and new,

Before me rose: on the wide shore
 Observant as I stood,
 The gath'ring storms around me roar,
 And heave the boiling flood.

Near and more near the billows rise;
 E'en now my steps they lave;
 And death to my affrighted eyes
 Approach'd in ev'ry wave.

What hope, or whither to retreat,
 Each nerve at once unstrung,
 Chill fear had fetter'd fast my feet,
 And chain'd my speechless tongue.

I feel my heart within me die;
 When sudden to mine ear
 A voice descending from on high,
 Reprov'd my erring fear:

'What tho' the swelling surge thou see
 'Impatient to devour;
 Rest, mortal, rest on God's decree,
 And thankful own his pow'r.

'Know, when he bade the deep appear,
 "Thus far," th'Almighty said,
 "Thus far, nor farther, rage; and here
 "Let thy proud waves be stay'd."

I heard; and lo! at once controul'd,
 The waves, in wild retreat,
 Back on themselves reluctant roll'd,
 And murmuring, left my feet.

Deep to assembling deeps, in vain,
 Once more the signal gave:
 The shores the rushing weight sustain,
 And check th'usurping wave.

Convinc'd, in Nature's volume wise,
 The imag'd truth I read;
 And sudden from my waking eyes
 Th'instructive vision fled.

'Then why thus heavy, O my soul!
 'Say why, distrustful still,
 'Thy thoughts, with vain impatience roll
 'O'er scenes of future ill!

'Let faith suppress each rising fear,
 'Each anxious doubt exclude;
 'Thy Maker's will has plac'd thee here;
 'A Maker wise and good!

'He to thy ev'ry trial knows
 'Its just restraint to give;

'Attentive

' Attentive to behold thy woes,
 ' And faithful to relieve.
 Then why thus heavy, O my soul !
 ' Say why, distrustful still,
 ' Thy thoughts with vain impatience roll
 ' O'er scenes of future ill ?
 ' Tho' griefs unnumber'd throng thee round,
 ' Still in thy God confide,
 ' Whose finger marks the seas their bound,
 ' And curbs the headlong tide.'

§ 110. *Ode to Melancholy.* CARTER.

COME, Melancholy ! silent pow'r,
 Companion of my lonely hour,
 To sober thought confin'd !
 Thou sweetly sad ideal guest,
 In all thy soothing charms confest,
 Indulge my pensive mind.
 No longer wildly hurried through
 The tides of mirth that ebb and flow
 In folly's noisy stream,
 I from the busy crowd retire,
 To court the objects that inspire
 Thy philosophic dream.
 Thro' yon dark grove of mournful yews,
 With solitary steps, I muse,
 By thy direction led :
 Here, cold to pleasure's tempting forms,
 Confociate with my sister worms,
 And mingle with the dead.
 Ye midnight horrors ! awful gloom !
 Ye silent regions of the tomb,
 My future peaceful bed ;
 Here shall my weary eyes be clos'd,
 And ev'ry sorrow lie repos'd
 In death's refreshing shade.
 Ye pale inhabitants of night,
 Before my intellectual sight

In solemn pomp ascend :
 O tell how trifling now appears
 The train of idle hopes and fears,
 That varying life attend !
 Ye faithless idols of our sense,
 Here own how vain your fond pretence,
 Ye empty names of joy !
 Your transient forms like shadows pass,
 Frail offspring of the magic-glass,
 Before the mental eye.
 The dazzling colours falsely bright,
 Attract the gazing vulgar sight :
 With superficial state :
 Thro' reason's clearer optics view'd,
 How stripp'd of all its pomp, how rude,
 Appears the painted cheat !
 Can wild ambition's tyrant pow'r,
 Or ill-got wealth's superfluous store,
 The dread of death controul ?
 Can pleasure's more bewitching charms
 Avert or soothe the dire alarms
 That shake the parting soul ?
 Religion ! ere the hand of Fate
 Shall make Reflection plead too late,
 My erring senses teach,
 Amidst the flatt'ring hopes of youth,
 To meditate the solemn truth
 These awful relics preach.
 Thy penetrating beams disperse
 The mist of error, whence our fears
 Derive their fatal spring :
 'Tis thine the trembling heart to warm,
 And soften to an angel form
 The pale terrific king.
 When sunk by guilt in sad despair,
 Repentance breathes her humble pray'r,
 And owns thy threat'nings just ;
 Thy voice the shudd'ring suppliant cheers,
 With mercy calms her torturing fears,
 And lifts her from the dust.

Sublim'd

Sublim'd by thee, the soul aspires
Beyond the range of low desires,
In nobler views elate :
Unmov'd, her destin'd change surveys,
And arm'd by faith, intrepid pays
The universal debt.

In death's soft slumber lull'd to rest,
She sleeps, by smiling visions blest,
That gently whisper peace,
Till the last morn's fair op'ning ray
Unfolds the bright eternal day
Of active life and bliss.

§ 111. *Written at Midnight, in a Thunder-
Storm.* CARTER.

LET coward Guilt, with pallid Fear,
To shelt'ring caverns fly,
And justly dread the vengeful fate
That thunders through the sky.
Protected by that hand, whose law
The threat'ning storms obey,
Intrepid Virtue smiles secure
As in the blaze of day.
In the thick cloud's tremendous gloom,
The lightnings lurid glare,
It views the same all-gracious Pow'r
That breathes the vernal air.
Thro' Nature's ever-varying scene,
By different ways pursu'd,
The one eternal end of Heav'n
Is universal good.
With like beneficent effect
O'er flaming æther glows,
As when it tunes the linnets voice,
Or blushes in the rose.
By reason taught to scorn those fears
That vulgar minds molest,
Let no fantastic terrors break
My dear Narcissa's rest.

Thy life may all the tend'rest care
Of Providence defend ;
And delegated angels, round
Their guardian wings extend !
When thro' creation's vast expanse
The last dread thunders roll,
Untune the concord of the spheres,
And shake the rising soul ;
Unmov'd may'st thou the final storm
Of jarring worlds survey,
That ushers in the glad serene
Of everlasting day !

§ 112. *Death.* EMILY.

THE festive roar of laughter, the warm glow
Of brisk-ey'd joy, and friendship's genial bowl,
Wit's season'd converse, and the liberal flow
Of unsuspicious youth, profuse of soul,
Delight not ever; from the boisterous scene
Of riot far, and Comus' wild uproar,
From Folly's crowd, whose vacant brow serene
Was never knit to wisdom's frowning lore,
Permit me, ye time hallow'd domes, ye piles
Of rude magnificence, your solemn rest,
Amid your fretted vaults and length'ning isles,
Lonely to wander; no unholy guest
That means to break, with sacrilegious tread,
The marble slumbers of your monumented dead.
Permit me, with sad musings, that inspire
Unlabour'd numbers, apt, your silence drear
Blameless to wake, and with the Orphean lyre,
Fidly attempter'd sooth the merciless ear
Of Hades, and stern death, whose iron sway
Great nature owns thro' all her wide domain;
All that with oary fin cleave their smooth way
Thro' the green bosom of the spawny main,
And those that to the streaming æther spread,
In many a wheeling glide, their feathery sail;
And those that creep, and those that statelier tread,
That roam o'er forest, hill, or browfy dale ;
The

The victims each of ruthless fate must fall;
E'en God's own image, man, high paramount of
all.

And ye, the young, the giddy and the gay,
That startle from the sleepful lid of light
The curtain'd rest, and with the dissonant bray
Of Bacchus, and loud jollity, affright
Yon radiant goddess, that now shoots among
These many window'd dishes her glimmering beam;
Know, that or ere its star'd career along

Thrice shall have roll'd her silver wheel'd team,
Some parent breast may heave the answering sigh,
To the slow pauses of the funeral knoll;
E'en now black Atropos, with scowling eye,
Roars in the laugh, and revels o'er the bowl;
E'en now in rosy-crown'd pleasure's wreath
Entwines in adder folds all unsuspected Death.

Know, on the stealing wing of time shall flee
Some few, some short-liv'd years, and all is past.
A future bard these awful domes may see,
Muse o'er the present age, as I the last;

Who mouldering in the grave, yet once like you
The various maze of life were seen to tread;
Each bent their own peculiar to pursue,
As custom urg'd or wilful nature led;
Mix'd with the various crowd's inglorious clay,
The nobler virtues undistinguish'd lie;
No more to melt with beauty's heav'n-born ray,
No more to wet compassion's tearful eye,
Catch from the poet raptures not their own,
And feel the thrilling melody of sweet renown.

Where is the master-hand, whose semblant art
Chissel'd the marble into life, or taught
From the well-pencil'd portraiture to start
The nerve that beat with soul, the brow that
thought!

Cold are the fingers that in stone-fix'd trance
The mute attention rivetting, to the lyre
Struck language: dimm'd the poet's quick-ey'd
glance,

All in wild raptures flashing heav'n's own fire.

Shrunk is the sinew'd energy, that strung

The warrior arm: where sleeps the patriot
breast

Whilom that heav'd impassion'd! Where the
tongue

That lanc'd its lightning on the tow'ring crest
Of scepter'd insolence, and overthrew [crew?
Giant Oppression, leagu'd with all her earth-born

These now are past; long, long, ye fleeting years,
Pursue with glory wing'd your fated way,
Ere from the womb of time unwelcome peers

The dawn of that inevitable day, [friend
When wrapt in shrouded clay their warmest
The widow'd virtues shall again deplore,
When o'er his urn in pious grief shall bend

His Britain, and bewail one patriot more;

For soon must thou, too soon! who spread'st

Thy beaming emanations unconfin'd, [abroad
Doom'd, like some better angel sent of God

To scatter blessings over humankind.
Thou too must fall, O Pitt! to shine no more,
And tread these dreadful paths a Faulkland trod
before.

Fast to the driving winds the marshall'd clouds
Sweep discontinuous o'er th'ethereal plain;
Another still upon another crowds;

All hast'ning downward to their native main.
Thus passes o'er thro' varied life's career,
Man's fleeting age; the Seasons as they fly
Snatch from us in their course, year after year,
Some sweet connection, some endearing tie.

The parent, ever-honour'd, ever-dear,
Claims from the filial breast the pious sigh;
A brother's urn demands the kindred tear,

And gentle sorrows gush from friendship's eye.
To-day we frolic in the rosy bloom [tomb.
Of jocund youth—the morrow knells us to the

Who knows how soon in this sepulchral spot,
Shall Heav'n to me the drear abode assign!
How soon the past irrevocable lot

Of these that rest beneath me shall be mine.

Haply,

Haply, when Zephyr to thy native bourn
Shall waft thee o'er the storm'd Hibernian
wave,

Thy gentle breast, my Tavistock, shall mourn
To find me sleeping in the senseless grave.
No more the social leisure to divide,
In the sweet intercourse of soul and soul,
Blush, or of graver brow; no more to chide
The ling'ring years impatient as they roll,
Till all thy cultur'd virtues shall display, [day.
Full blossom'd, their bright honours to the gazing
Ah, dearest youth! these vows perhaps unheard,
The rude wind scatters o'er the billowy main;
These prayers, at friendship's holy shrine pre-
ferred,

May rise to grasp their father's knees in vain.
Soon, soon may nod the sad funeral plume
With solemn horror o'er thy timeless hearse,
And I survive to grave upon thy tomb
The mournful tribute of memorial verse. —
That leave to Heav'n's decision — Be it thine,
Higher than yet a parent's wishes flew,
To soar in bright pre-eminence, and shine
With self-earn'd honours, eager to pursue
Where glory, with her clear unfully'd rays,
The well-born spirit lights to deeds of mightiest
praise.

'Twas she thy godlike Russell's bosom steel'd
With confidence untam'd, in his last breath
Stern-smiling. She, with calm composure, held
The patriot axe of Sidney, edg'd with death.
Smit with the warmth of her impulsive flame,
Wolf's gallant virtue flies to worlds afar,
Emulous to pluck fresh wreathes of well-earn'd
fame

From the grim frowning brow of laurel'd war.
'Twas she that, on the morn of direful birth,
Bar'd thy young bosom to the fatal blow,
Lamented Armitage! — the bleeding youth!
O bathe him in the pearly caves below,

Ye Nereids! and ye nymphs of Camus hoar,
Weep, for ye oft have seen him on your haunted
shore.

Better to die with glory, than recline
On the soft lap of ignominious peace;
Than yawn out the dull droning life supine
In monkish apathy and gowned ease.
Better employed in honour's bright career
The least division on the dial's round,
Than thrice to compass Saturn's live-long year,
Grown old in sloth, the burthen of the ground,
Than tug with sweating toil the lavish oar
Of unredeem'd affliction, and sustain
The feverous rage of fierce diseases sore.
Unnumber'd, that in sympathetic chain
Hang ever thro' the thick circumfluous air,
All from the drizzly verge of yonder star-girt
sphere,

Thick in the many beaten road of life
A thousand maladies are posted round,
With wretched man to wage eternal strife
Unseen, like ambush'd Indians, till they wound
There the swollen hydrop stands, the wat'ry rheum,
The northern scurvy, blotch with lep'rous
scale;

And moping ever in the cloister'd gloom
Of learned sloth, and bookish asthma pale:
And the shunn'd hag unsightly, that ordain'd
On Europe's sons to wreak the faithless sword
Of Cortez, with the blood of millions stain'd,
O'er dog-ey'd lust the tort'ring scourge ab-
horr'd, [her flight
Shakes threat'ning; since the while the wing'd
From Amazon's broad wave, and Andes' snow-
clad height.

Where the war daughter of the yellow year,
The chatt'ring ague chill, the writhing stone,
And he of ghastly feature, on whose year, [moan,
Unheeded croaks the death-bird's warning
Marasmus;

Marasmus; knotty gout; and the dead life
Of nerveless palsy; there on purpose fell
Dark brooding, whets his interdiction knife
Grim suicide, the damned fiend of hell.

There too is the stunn'd apoplexy pight*,
The bloated child of gorg'd intemperance foul;
Self-wasting melancholy, black as night,
Lowering, and foaming fierce with hideous
The dog hydrophoby, and near ally'd [howl;
Scar'd madness, with her moon-struck eye-balls
staring wide.

There, stretch'd one huge, beneath the rocky
mine, † [ing fires:

With boiling sulphur fraught, and moulder-
He the dread delegate of wrath divine,

Ere while that stood o'er Taio's hundred spires
Vindictive; thrice he wav'd th' earth-shaking
Powerful as that the son of Amram bore, † wand,
And thrice he rais'd, and thrice he check'd his
hand. [d'rous roar,

He struck—the rocking ground, with thun-
Yawn'd! Here from street to street hurries, and
there [amain,

Now runs, then stops, then strikes and scours
Staring distraction: many a palace fair [fane,

With millions sinks ingulph'd, and pillar'd
Old Ocean's farthest waves confess the shock;
Even Albion trembl'd, conscious, on his steadfast
rock.

The meagre famine there, and drunk with blood
Stern war; and the loath'd monster whom of
The slumy Naiad of the Memphian flood [yore
Engend'ring, to the bright-hair'd Phoebus bore,
Foul pestilence, that on the wide stretch'd wings
Of commerce, speeds from Cairo's swarthy bay
His westering flight, and thro' the sick air flings
Spotted contagion at his heels dismay
And desolation urge their fire-wheel'd yoke
Terrible; as long of old, when from the height

Of Paran came unwreath'd the mightiest, shook
Earth's firm fixt base tottering; thro' the black
night [abroad

Glanc'd the flash'd lightnings: heaven's rent roof
Thunder'd, and universal nature felt its God.

Who on that scene of terror, on that hour
Of roused indignation, shall withstand
Th' Almighty, when he meditates to shower
The bursting vengeance o'er a guilty land!
Canst thou, secure in reason's vaunted pride,
Tongue-doughty miscreant, wifo but now dish-
gore

With more than Hebrew rage the innocent side
Of agonizing mercy, bleeding sore,
Canst thou confront, with steadfast eye unaw'd,
The sworded judgment stalking far and near?
Well may'st thou tremble when an injur'd God
Disclaims thee—guilt is ever quick of fear—
Loud whirlwinds howl in zephyr's softest breath,
And every glancing meteor glares imagin'd death.

The good alone are fearless; they alone,
Firm and collected in their virtue, brave
The wreck of worlds, and look unshrinking down
On the dread yawnings of the rav'nous grave:
Thrice happy! who the blameless road along
Of honest praise hath reach'd the vale of death;
Around him, like ministrant cherubs, throng
His better actions to the parting breath,
Singing their blessed requiems; he the while
Gently reposing on some friendly breast,
Breathes out his benizons; then with a smile
Of soft complaisance, lays him down to rest,
Calm as the slumbering infant: from the goal
Free and unbounded flies the disembodied soul.

Whether some delegated charge below,
Some much lov'd friend its hovering care may
claim;

Whether it heavenward soars again to know
That long-forgotten country whence it came;

* Placed

† Alluding to the Earthquake at Lisbon, 1 November, 1755.

Conjecture

Conjecture ever the misfeatur'd child
 Of letter'd arrogance, delights to run
 Thro' speculation's puzzling mazes wild,
 And all to end at last where it begun.
 Fain would we trace, with reason's erring clue,
 The darksome paths of destiny aright;
 In vain; the task were easier to pursue
 The trackless wheelings of the swallow's
 flight.
 From mortal ken himself the Almighty shrouds,
 Pavilion'd in thick night and circumambient
 clouds.

§ 113. *The Song of Angels above.* WATTS.

EARTH has detain'd me pris'ner long,
 And I'm grown weary now:
 My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue,
 There's nothing here for you.

Tir'd in my thoughts, I stretch me down,
 And upwards glance my eyes;
 Upward, my Father, to thy throne,
 And to my native skies.

There the dear Man, my Saviour sits,
 The God how bright he shines!
 And scatters infinite delights
 On all the happy minds.

Seraphs with elevated strains,
 Circle the throne around,
 And move and charm the starry plains
 With an immortal sound.

Jesus, the Lord, their harps employs;
 Jesus, my love, they sing:
 Jesus, the name of both our joys,
 Sounds sweet from ev'ry string.

Hark, how beyond the narrow bounds
 Of time and space they run,
 And speak, in most majestic sounds,
 The Godhead of the Son!

How on the Father's breast he lay,
 The darling of his soul,
 Infinite years before the day
 Or heavens began to roll.
 And now they sink the lofty tone,
 And gentler notes they play,
 And bring th'eternal Godhead down
 To dwell in humble clay.

O sacred beauties of the Man!
 (The God resides within)
 His flesh all pure without a stain;
 His soul without a sin.

Then how he look'd and how he smil'd!
 What wond'rous things he said!
 Sweet cherubs, stay, dwell here a while,
 And tell what Jesus did!

At his command the blind awake,
 And feel the glad some rays:
 He bids the dumb attempt to speak;
 They try their tongues in praise.

He shed a thousand blessings round
 Where'er he turn'd his eye:
 He spoke, and at the sov'reign sound
 The hellish legions fly.

Thus, while, with unambitious strife,
 Th'ethereal minstrels rove
 Through all the labours of his life,
 And wonders of his love,

In the full choir a broken string
 Groans with a strange surprize;
 The rest in silence mourn their King
 That bleeds, and loves, and dies.
 Seraph and saint with drooping wings
 Cease their harmonious breath:
 No blooming trees nor bubbling springs
 While Jesus sleeps in death.

Then all at once to living strains
 They summon ev'ry chord;
 Break up the tomb, and burst his chains,
 And show their rising Lord.

Around

Around the flaming army throngs,
To guard him to the skies,
With loud hosannas on their tongues,
And triumph in their eyes.

In awful state the conqu'ring God
Ascends his shining throne,
While tuneful angels sound abroad
The vict'ries he has won.

Now let me rise and join their song,
And be an angel too:
My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue,
Here's joyful work for you!

I would begin the music here,
And so my soul should rise.
Oh for some heav'nly notes, to bear
My spirit to the skies!

There, ye that love my Saviour, sit;
There I would fain have place
Among your thrones, or at your feet,
So I might see his face.

I am confin'd to earth no more,
But mount in haste above,
To bless the God that I adore,
And sing the Man I love.

§ 114. *Happy Frailty.* WATTS.

“HOW meanly dwells th'immortal mind!
“How vile these bodies are!
“Why was a clod of earth design'd
“To enclose a heav'nly star?
“Weak cottage where our souls reside!
“This flesh a tott'ring wall;
“With frightful breaches gaping wide,
“The building bends to fall.
“All round it storms of trouble blow,
“And waves of sorrow roll;
“Cold waves and winter-storms beat thro',
“And pain the tenant-soul.

“Alas! how frail our state!” said I,
And thus went mourning on,
Till sudden, from the cleaving sky,
A gleam of glory shone.

My soul all felt the glory come,
And breath'd her native air;
Then she remember'd heav'n her home,
And she a pris'ner here.

Straight she began to change her key,
And, joyful in her pains,
She sang the frailty of her clay
In pleasurable strains.

“How weak the pris'n is where I dwell!
“Flesh but a tott'ring wall!
“The breaches cheerfully foretell
“The house must shortly fall.

“No more, my friends, shall I complain,
“Though all my heart-strings ache:
“Welcome disease, and ev'ry pain
“That makes the cottage shake.

“Now let the tempest blow all round;
“Now swell the furies high,
“And beat this house of bondage down,
“To let the stranger fly.

“I have a mansion built above,
“By the Eternal Hand;
“And should the earth's old basis move,
“My heav'nly house must stand.

“Yes, for 'tis there my Saviour reigns
“ (I long to see the God);
“And his immortal strength sustains
“The courts that cost him blood!”

Hark, from on high my Saviour calls;
“I come, my Lord, my Love:”
Devotion breaks the prison walls,
And speeds my last remove.

§ 115. *The God of Thunder.* WATTS.

O The immense, the amazing height,
The boundless grandeur of our God!
Who treads the worlds beneath his feet,
And sways the nations with his nod!

He speaks; and lo, all nature shakes:
Heav'n's everlasting pillars bow;
He rends the clouds with hideous cracks,
And shoots his fiery arrows through.

Well, let the nations start and fly
At the blue lightning's horrid glare!
Atheists and emperors shrink and die,
When flame and noise torment the air.

Let noise and flame confound the skies,
And drown the specious realms below,
Yet will we sing the Thund'rer's praise,
And send our loud Hosannas through.

Celestial King, thy blazing pow'r
Kindles our hearts to flaming joys;
We shout to hear thy thunders roar,
And echo to our Father's voice.

Thus shall the God our Saviour come,
And lightnings round our chariot play.
Ye lightnings fly to make him room;
Ye glorious storms prepare his way.

§ 116. *On Eternity.* GIBBONS.

WHAT is eternity? Can aught
Paint its duration to the thought?—
Tell ev'ry beam the sun emits,
When in sublimest noon he sits;

Tell ev'ry light wing'd mote that strays
Within its ample round of rays;
Tell all the leaves and all the buds
That crown the garden, fields, and woods;
Tell all the spires of grass the meads
Produce, when spring propitious leads
The new-born year; tell all the drops
That night, upon their bended tops,
Sheds in soft silence, to display
Their beauties with the rising day;
Tell all the sand the ocean laves,
Tell all its changes, all its waves;
Or tell with more laborious pains,
The drops its mighty mass contains;
Be this astonishing account
Augmented with the full amount
Of all the drops the clouds have shed,
Where'er their wat'ry fleeces spread;
Thro' all time's long protracted tour
From Adam to the present hour;
Still short the sum, nor can it vie
With the more num'rous years that lie
Embosom'd in Eternity.

Were there a belt that could contain
In its vast orb the earth and main;
With figures were it cluster'd o'er,
Without one cypher in the score;
And would your lab'ring thought assign
The total of the crowded line,
How scant th'amount? th'attempt how vain!
To reach duration's endless chain!
For when as many years are run,
Unbounded age is but begun!

Attend, O man, with awe divine;
For this eternity is thine!

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

THE

I.

THE
POETICAL EPITOME;
OR,
ELEGANT EXTRACTS ABRIDGED, &c.

BOOK SECOND.

DIDACTIC, DESCRIPTIVE, NARRATIVE, AND
PATHETIC.

§ 1. *Windfor-Forest.* POPE.

To the Rt. Hon. George Lord Lansdown.

THEY forests, Windfor! and thy green retreats,
At once the Monarch's and the Muses seats,
Invite my lays. Be present, sylvan maids!
Unlock your springs, and open all your shades.
GRANVILLE commands; — your aid, O Muses
bring! —

What Muse for Granville can refuse to sing!
The Groves of Eden, vanish'd now so long,
Live in description, and look green in song:
These, were my breast inspir'd with equal flame,
Like them in beauty, should be like in fame.
Here hills and vales, the woodland and the plain,
Here earth and water seem to strive again;
Not, choas-like, together crush'd and bruis'd,
But, as the world, harmoniously confus'd:

Where order in variety we see,
And where, tho' all things differ, all agree.
Here waving groves a chequer'd scene display,
And part admit, and part exclude the day;
As some coy nymph her lover's warm address
Nor quit indulges, nor can quite repress:
There, interspers'd in lawns and op'ning glades,
Thin trees arise that shun each other's shades:
Here, in full light the russet plains extend:
There, wrapt in clouds, the bluish hills ascend.
Ev'n the wild heath displays her purple dyes,
And 'midst the desert fruitful fields arise,
That crown'd with tufted trees and fringing corn,
Like verdant isles, the sable waste adorn.
Let India boast her plants, nor envy we
The weeping amber or the balmy tree,
While by our oaks the precious loads are borne,
And realms commanded which those trees adorn.

Not proud Olympus yields a nobler sight,
 Tho' Gods assembled grace his tow'ring height,
 Than what more humble mountains offer here,
 Where, in their blessings, all those gods appear.
 See Pan with flocks, with fruits Pomona crown'd;
 Here blushing Flora paints th'enamell'd ground;
 Here Ceres' gifts in waving prospect stand,
 And nodding, tempt the joyful reaper's hand;
 Rich Industry sits smiling on the plains,
 And Peace and Plenty tell, a Stuart reigns.

Not thus the land appear'd in ages past,
 A dreary desert, and a gloomy waste;
 To savage beasts and savage laws a prey;
 And kings more furious and severe than they;
 Who claim'd the skies, dispeopled air and floods,
 The lonely lords of empty wilds and woods:
 Cities laid waste, they storm'd the dens and caves
 (For wiser brutes were backward to be slaves).
 What could be free, when lawless beasts obey'd,
 And ev'n the elements a tyrant sway'd?
 In vain kind seasons swell'd the teeming grain,
 Soft show'rs distill'd, and suns grew warm in
 vain;

The swain with tears his frustrate labour yields,
 And famish'd dies amidst his ripen'd fields.
 What wonder then, a beast or subject slain
 Were equal crimes in a despotic reign?
 Both, doom'd alike, for sportive tyrants bled;
 But while the subject starv'd, the beast was fed.
 Proud Nimrod first the bloody chase began;
 A mighty hunter, and his prey was man:
 Our haughty Norman boasts that barb'rous name,
 And makes his trembling slaves the royal game.
 The fields are ravish'd from th'industrious swains;
 From men their cities, and from Gods their fanes:
 The levell'd towns with weeds lie cover'd o'er;
 The hollow winds thro' naked temples roar;
 Round broken columns clasping ivy twin'd;
 O'er heaps of ruins stalk'd the stately hind;
 The fox obscene to gaping tombs retires;
 And savage howlings fill the sacred quires.

Aw'd by his nobles, by his commons curst,
 Th'oppressor rul'd tyrannic where he durst;
 Stretch'd o'er the poor and church his iron rod,
 And serv'd alike his vassals and his God.
 Whom ev'n the Saxon spar'd, and bloody Dane,
 The wanton victims of his sport remain.
 But see, the man who spacious regions gave
 A waste for beasts, himself deny'd a grave!
 Stretch'd on the lawn, his second hope survey,
 At once the chacer, and at once the prey:
 Lo! Rufus, tugging at the deadly dart,
 Bleeds in the forest, like a wounded hart.
 Succeeding monarchs heard the subjects cries,
 Nor saw displeas'd the peaceful cottage rise.
 Then gath'ring flocks on unknown mountains fed;
 O'er sandy wilds were yellow harvests spread;
 The forests wonder'd at th'unusual grain,
 And secret transport touch'd the conscious swain.
 Fair Liberty, Britannia's Goddess, rears
 Her cheerful head, and leads the golden years.

Yevig'rous swains! while youth ferments your
 And purer spirits swell the sprightly flood, [blood,
 Now range the hills, the gameful woods beset,
 Wind the shrill horn, or spread the waving net.
 When milder autumn summer's heat succeeds,
 And in the new-shorn field the partridge feeds,
 Before his lord the ready spaniel bounds,
 Panting with hope, he tries the furrow'd grounds;
 But when the tainted gales the game betray,
 Couch'd close he lies, and meditates the prey:
 Secure, they trust th'unfaithful field beset,
 Till, hov'ring o'er 'em, sweeps the swelling net.
 Thus (if small things we may with great compare)
 When Albion sends her eager sons to war, [blest,
 Some thoughtless town, with ease and plenty
 Near and more near the closing lines invest;
 Sudden they seize th'amaz'd, defenceless prize,
 And high in air Britannia's standard flies.

See! from the brake the whirring pheasant
 springs,
 And mounts, exulting, on triumphant wings:

Short

Short is his joy; he feels the fiery wound,
Flutters in blood, and panting beats the ground.
Ah! what avails his glossy varying dyes,
His purple crest, and scarlet circled eyes!
The vivid green his shining plumes unfold,
His painted wings, and breast that flames with gold!

Nor yet, when moist Arcturus clouds the sky,
The woods and fields their pleasing toils deny.
To plains with well-breath'd beagles we repair,
And trace the mazes of the circling hare:
(Beasts, urg'd by us, their fellow beasts pursue,
And learn of man each other to undo) [roves,
With slaughter'd ring guns th'unwearied fowler
When frosts have whiten'd all the naked groves,
Where doves in flocks the leafless trees o'er-
shade,

And lonely woodcocks haunt the wat'ry glade.
He lifts the tube, and levels with his eye;
Straight a short thunder breaks the frozen sky:
Oft, as in airy rings they skim the heath,
The clam'rous lapwings feel the leaden death:
Oft, as the mounting larks their notes prepare,
They fall, and leave their little lives in air.

In genial spring, beneath the quiv'ring shade,
Where cooling vapour breathe along the mead,
The patient fisher takes his silent stand,
Intent, his angle trembling in his hand:
With looks unmov'd, he hopes the scaly breed,
And eyes the dancing cork and bending reed.
Our plenteous streams a various race supply,
The bright-ey'd perch, with fins of Tyrian dye,
The silver eel, in shining volumes roll'd,
The yellow carp, in scales bedrop'd with gold,
Swift trout diversify'd with crimson stains,
And pikes, the tyrants of the wat'ry plains.
Now Cancer glows with Phœbus' fiery car:
The youth rush eager to the sylvan war,
Swarm o'er the lawns, the forest walks surround,
Rouse the fleet hart, and cheer the op'ning hound,
Th'impatient courser pants in ev'ry vein,
And pawing, seems to beat the distant plain:

Hills, vales, and floods appear already cross'd,
And, ere he starts, a thousand steps are lost.
See the bold youth strain up the threat'ning steep,
Rush thro' the thickets, down the valleys sweep,
Hang o'er their coursers heads with eager speed;
And earth rolls back beneath the flying steed.

Let old Arcadia boast her ample plain,
Th'immortal huntress, and her virgin-train;
Nor envy, Windsor, since thy shades have seen
As bright a Goddess, and as chaste a Queen:
Whose care, like her's, protects the sylvan reign;
The Earth's fair light, and Empress of the main.

Here too, 'tis sung, of old Diana stray'd,
And Cynthus' top forsook for Windsor shade;
Here was she seen o'er airy wastes to rove,
Seek the clear spring, or haunt the pathless grove;
Here, arm'd with silver bows, in early dawn,
Her buskin'd virgins trac'd the dewy lawn.

Above the rest a rural nymph was fam'd,
Thy offspring, Thames! the fair Lodona nam'd;
(Lodona's fate, in long oblivion cast, [last.)
The Muse shall sing, and what she sings shall
Scarce could the Goddess from her Nymph be
known,

But by the crescent, and the golden zone.
She scorn'd the praise of beauty, and the care;
A belt her waist, a fillet binds her hair:
A pointed quiver on her shoulder sounds,
And with her dart the flying deer she wounds.
It chanc'd, as, eager of the chase, the maid
Beyond the forest's verdant limits stray'd,
Pan saw and lov'd; and, burning with desire,
Pursu'd her flight; her flight increas'd his fire.
Not half so swift the trembling doe can fly,
When the fierce eagle cleaves the liquid sky;
Not half so swiftly the fierce eagle moves,
When thro' the clouds he drives the trembling
doves,

As from the God she flew with furious pace,
Or as the God, more furious, urg'd the chase.
Now fainting, sinking, pale, the nymph appears;
Now close behind, his sounding steps she hears;

And now his shadow reach'd her as she run,
His shadow lengthen'd by the setting sun;
And now his shorter breath, with sultry air,
Pants on her neck, and fans her parting hair.
In vain on father Thames she calls for aid,
Nor could Diana help her injur'd maid: [vain;
Faint, breathless, thus she pray'd, nor pray'd in
" Ah Cynthia! ah—the' banish'd from thy train,
" Let me, O let me, to the shades repair,
" My native shades — there weep, and murmur
She said, and melting as in tears she lay, [there."
In a soft silver stream dissolv'd away.

The silver stream her virgin coldness keeps,
For ever murmurs, and for ever weeps;
Still bears the name the hapless virgin bore,
And bathes the forest where she rang'd before.
In her chaste current oft the Goddess laves,
And with celestial tears augments the waves.
Oft in her glass the musing shepherd spies
The headlong mountains and the downward
skies;

The wat'ry landscape of the pendant woods,
And absent trees that tremble in the floods;
In the clear azure gleam the flocks are seen,
And floating forests paint the waves with green;
Thro' the fair scene roll slow the ling'ring streams,
Then foaming pour along, and rush into the
Thames.

Thou, too, great father of the British floods!
With joyful pride survey'st our lofty woods;
Where tow'ring oaks their growing honours rear,
And future navies on thy shores appear,
Not Neptune's self from all her streams receives
A wealthier tribute than to thine he gives.
No seas so rich, so gay no banks appear,
No lake so gentle, and no spring so clear;
Nor Po so swells the fabling poet's lays,
While led along the skies her current strays,
As thine, which visits Windsor's fam'd abodes,
To grace the mansion of our earthly Gods:
Nor all his stars above a lustre throw,
Like the bright beauties on thy banks below;

Where Jove, subdu'd by mortal passion still,
Might change Olympus for a nobler hill.

Happy the man whom this bright court ap-
proves,
His sov'reign favours, and his country loves:
Happy next him, who to these shades retires,
Whom nature charms, and whom the Muse in-
spires:

Whom humble joys of home-felt quiet please,
Successive study, exercise, and ease.
He gathers health from herbs the forest yields,
And of their fragrant physic spoils the fields:
With chemic arts exalts the min'ral pow'rs,
And draws the aromatic souls of flow'rs:
Now marks the course of rolling orbs on high;
O'er figur'd worlds now travels with his eye,
Of ancient writ unlocks the learned store,
Consults the dead, and lives past ages o'er:
Or wand'ring thoughtful in the silent wood,
Attempts the duties of the wife and good,
To observe a mean, be to himself a friend,
To follow nature, and regard his end;
Or looks on heav'n with more than mortal eyes,
Bids his free soul expatiate in the skies,
Amid her kindred stars familiar roam,
Survey the region, and confess her home!
Such was the life great Scipio once admir'd,
Thus Atticus and Trumbal thus retir'd.

Ye sacred Nine! that all my soul possess,
Whose raptures fire me,—and whose visions
bless,

Bear me, oh bear me to sequester'd scenes,
The bow'ry mazes, and surrounding greens;
To Thames's banks with fragrant breezes fill,
Or where ye Muses sport on Cooper's Hill.
(On Cooper's Hill eternal wreaths shall grow,
While lasts the mountain, or while Thames shall
flow.)

I seem thro' consecrated walks to rove,
I hear soft music die along the grove:
Led by the sound, I roam from shade to shade,
By god-like poets venerable made:

Here

Here his first lays majestic Denham sung;
There the last numbers flow'd from Cowley's
O early lost! what tears the river shed [tongue.
When the sad pomp along his banks was led!
His drooping swans on ev'ry note expire,
And on his willows hung each Muse's lyre.

Since fate relentless stopp'd their heav'nly voice,
No more the forests ring, or groves rejoice;
Who now shall charm the shades where Cowley
strung

His living harp, and lofty Denham sung?
But hark! the groves rejoice, the forest rings!
Are these reviv'd? or is it Granville sings?

'Tis yours, my Lord, to bless our soft retreats,
And call the Muses to their ancient seats;
To paint anew the flow'ry sylvan scenes,
To crown the forests with immortal greens,
Make Windsor hills in lofty numbers rise,
And lift her turrets nearer to the skies;
To sing those honours you deserve to wear,
And add new lustre to her silver star.

Here noble Surrey felt the sacred rage,
Surrey—the Granville of a former age:
Matchless his pen, victorious was his lance,
Bold in the lists, and graceful in the dance:
In the same shades the Cupids tun'd his lyre,
To the same notes, of love and soft desire:
Fair Geraldine, bright object of his vow,
Then fill'd the groves as heav'nly Mira now.

Oh! would'st thou sing what heroes Windsor
bore,

What kings first breath'd upon her winding shore,
Or raise old warriors, whose ador'd remains
In weeping vaults her hallow'd earth contains!
With Edward's acts adorn the shining page,
Stretch his long triumphs down thro' ev'ry age.
Draw monarchs chain'd, and Cressi's glorious
The lilies blazing on the regal shield: [field,
Then, from her roofs when Verrio's colours fall,
And leave inanimate the naked wall,
Still in thy song should vanquish'd France appear,
And bleed for ever under Britain's spear.

Let softer strains ill-fated Henry mourn,
And palms eternal flourish round his urn.
Here o'er the Martyr King the marble weeps,
And fast, beside him, once-fear'd Edward sleeps:
Whom not th'extended Albion could contain,
From old Belerium to the northern main,
The grave unites; where e'en the great find rest;
And blended lie th'oppressor and the oppress'd!

Make sacred Charles's tomb for ever known
(Obscure the place, and uninscrib'd the stone):
Oh fact accurs'd! what tears has Albion shed!
Heav'n's, what new wounds!—and how her clod
have bled!

She saw her sons with purple deaths expire,
Her sacred domes involv'd in rolling fire,
A dreadful series of intestine wars,
Inglorious triumphs, and dishonest scars.
At length great Anna said,—' Let discord cease!
She said, the world obey'd, and all was peace!

In that blest moment, from his oozy bed,
Old father Thames advanc'd his rev'rend head;
His tresses dropp'd with dew, and o'er the stream
His shining horns diffus'd a golden gleam:
Grav'd on his urn appear'd the Moon, that guides
His swelling waters and alternate tides;
The figur'd streams in waves of silver roll'd,
And on her banks Augusta rose in gold;
Around his throne the sea-born brothers stood,
Who swell'd with tributary urns his flood!
First, the fam'd authors of his ancient name,
The winding Isis and the fruitful Thame:
The Kennet swift, for silver eels renown'd;
The Loddon slow, with verdant alders crown'd;
Cole, whose dark streams his flow'ry islands
lave;

And chalky Wey, that rolls a milky wave:
The blue, transparent Vandalis appears;
The gulphy Lee his sedy tresses rears;
And sullen Mole that hides his diving flood;
And silent Darent, stain'd with Danish blood.

High in the midst, upon his urn reclin'd
(His sea-green mantle waving with the wind)

The God appear'd: he turn'd his azure eyes
Where Windfor domes and pompous turrets
rise!

Then bow'd and spoke; the winds forgot to roar,
And the hush'd waves glide softly to the shore.

Hail, sacred Peace! hail, long-expected days,
That Thames's glory to the stars shall raise!
Tho' Tyber's streams immortal Rome behold,
Tho' foaming Hermus swells with tides of gold,
From heav'n itself tho' seven-fold Nilus flows,
And harvests on a hundred realms bestows;
These now no more shall be the Muse's themes,
Lost in my fame, as in the sea their streams.
Let Volga's banks with iron squadrons shine,
And groves of lances glitter on the Rhine;
Let barb'rous Ganges arm a servile train;
Be mine the blessings of a peaceful reign.

No more my sons shall dye with British blood
Red Iber's sands, or Ister's foaming flood:
Safe on my shore, each unmolested swain
Shall tend the flocks, or reap the bearded grain;
The shady empire shall retain no trace
Of war or blood, but in the sylvan chace; [blown,
The trumpet sleep, while cheerful horns are
And arms employ'd on birds and beasts alone.
Behold! th'ascending villas on my side
Project long shadows o'er the crystal tide.

Behold! Augusta's glitt'ring spires increase,
And temples rise, the beauteous works of peace.
I see, I see, where two fair cities bend
Their ample bow, a new Whitehall ascend!
There mighty nations shall enquire their doom,
The world's great oracle in times to come;
There kings shall sue, and suppliant states be seen
Once more to bend before a British queen.

Thy trees, fair Windfor! now shall leave their
woods,

And half thy forests rush into thy floods,
Bear Britain's thunder, and her cross display,
To the bright regions of the rising day:
Tempt icy seas, where scarce the waters roll,
Where clearer flames glow round the frozen pole:

Or under southern skies exalt their sails,
Led by new stars, and borne by spicy gales!
For me the balm shall bleed, and ambler flow;
The coral redden, and the ruby glow,
The pearly shell its lucid globe unfold,
And Phœbus warm the rip'ning ore to gold.
The time shall come, when free as seas or wind,
Unbounded Thames shall flow for all mankind;
Whole nations enter with each swelling tide,
And seas but join the regions they divide;
Earth's distant ends our glory shall behold,
And the new world launch forth to seek the old.
Then ships of uncouth form shall stem the tide,
And feather'd people crowd my wealthy side,
And naked youths and painted chiefs admire
Our speech, our colour, and our strange attire!
Oh stretch thy reign, fair Peace! from shore to
shore,

Till Conquest cease, and Slav'ry be no more!
Till the freed Indians in their native groves
Reap their own fruits, and woo their fable loves!
Peru once more a race of kings behold,
And other Mexicos be roof'd with gold!
Exil'd by thee from earth to deepest hell,
In brazen bonds shall barb'rous discord dwell:
Gigantic Pride, pale Terror, gloomy Care,
And mad Ambition shall attend her there:
There purple Vengeance bath'd in gore retires,
Her weapons blunted, and extinct her fires:
There hateful Envy her own snakes shall feel,
And Persecution mourn her broken wheel:
There Faction roar, Rebellion bite her chain,
And gasping Furies thirst for blood in vain.

Here cease thy flight, nor with unhallow'd
lays

Touch the fair fame of Albion's golden days:
The thoughts of Gods let Granville's verse recite,
And bring the scenes of op'ning fate to light:
My humble Muse, in unambitious strains,
Paints the green forests and the flow'ry plains,
Where Peace descending bids her olives spring,
And scatters blessings from her dove-like wing.

Ev'n

Ev'n I more sweetly pass my careless days,
Pleas'd in the silent shade with empty praise;
Enough for me, that to the list'ning swains
First in these fields I sung the sylvan strains.

§ 2. *The Dying Christian to his Soul.* POPE.

O D E.

VITAL spark of heav'nly flame!
Quit, oh quit this mortal frame!
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life!
Hark! they whisper; angels say,
Sister Spirit come away!
What is this absorbs me quite?
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my Soul, can this be Death?
The world recedes; it disappears!
Heav'n opens on my eyes! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O Grave! where is thy victory?
O Death! where is thy sting?

§ 3. *Ode on Solitude* *. POPE.

HAPPY the man, whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound;
Content to breathe his native air,
In his own ground.
Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire,
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter fire.
Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days, and years slide soft away;
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day.

* This was a very early production of our Author, written at about twelve years old.

Sound sleep by night, study and ease,
Together mix'd; sweet recreation!
And innocence, which most does please
With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown,
Thus unlamented let me die;
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie.



§ 4. *Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady.* POPE.

WHAT beck'ning ghost, along the moon-
light shade,
Invites my steps, and points to yonder glade?
'Tis she!—but why that bleeding bosom gor'd!
Why dimly gleams the visionary sword!
Oh ever beauteous, ever friendly! tell,
Is it in heav'n a crime to love too well?
To bear too tender, or too firm a heart,
To act a lover's or a Roman's part?
Is there no bright reversion in the sky
For those who greatly think, or bravely die?
Why bade ye else, ye pow'rs! her soul aspire
Above the vulgar flight of low desire?
Ambition first sprung from your blest abodes;
The glorious fault of angels and of gods:
Thence to their images on earth it flows,
And in the breasts of kings and heroes glows.
Most souls, 'tis true, but peep out once an age,
Dull sullen pris'ners in the body's cage:
Dim lights of life, that burn a length of years,
Useless, unseen, as lamps in sepulchres;
Like eastern kings, a lazy state they keep,
And, close confin'd to their own palace, sleep.
From these perhaps (ere Nature bade her die)
Fate snatch'd her early to the pitying sky.
As into air the purer spirits flow,
And sep'rate from their kindred dregs below,
So flew the soul to its congenial place,
Nor left one virtue to redeem her race.

But thou, false guardian of a charge too good,
 Thou, mean deserter of thy brother's blood !
 See on these ruby lips the trembling breath,
 These cheeks now fading at the blast of death ;
 Cold is that breast which warm'd the world before ;
 And those love-darting eyes must roll no more.
 Thus, if Eternal Justice rules the ball,
 Thus shall your wives, and thus your children fall :
 On all the line a sudden vengeance waits,
 And frequent hearſes ſhall beſiege your gates ;
 There paſſengers ſhall ſtand and, pointing, ſay
 (While the long fun'ral's blacken all the way)
 Lo ! theſe were they, whoſe ſouls the Furies ſteel'd,
 And curs'd with hearts unknowing how to yield.
 Thus unlamented paſs the proud away,
 The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day !
 So periſh all whole breſts ne'er learn'd to glow
 For others good, or melt at others woe.

What can atone (oh ever injur'd ſhade !)
 Thy fate unpiety'd, and thy rites unpaid ?
 No friend's complaint, no kind domeſtic tear
 Pleas'd thy pale gholt, or grac'd thy mournful bier :
 By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd,
 By foreign hands thy decent limbs compos'd,
 By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,
 By ſtrangers honor'd, and by ſtrangers mourn'd !
 What tho' no friends in ſable weeds appear,
 Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year,
 And bear about the mockery of woe
 To midnight dances and the public ſhow ?
 What tho' no weeping loves thy aſhes grace,
 Nor poliſh'd marble emulate thy face ?
 What tho' no ſacred earth allow thee room,
 Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb ?
 Yet ſhall thy grave with riſing flow'rs be dreſt,
 And the green turf lie lightly on thy breſt :
 There ſhall the morn her earlieſt tears beſtow ;
 There the firſt roſes of the year ſhall blow ;
 While angels with their ſilver wings o'erſhade
 The ground, now ſacred by thy reliques made.

* The reader is not to be informed that *chronological* order is not intended ; but ſuch a commixture of earlier and later Poems as may furniſh the moſt agreeable variety.

So peaceful reſts, without a ſtone, a name,
 What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame.
 How lov'd, how honor'd once, avails thee not ;
 To whom related, or by whom begot ;
 A heap of duſt alone remains of thee :
 'Tis all thou art, and all the proud ſhall be !
 Poets themſelves muſt fall, like thoſe they ſung,
 Deaf the prais'd ear, and mute the tuneful tongue :
 Ev'n he, whoſe ſoul now melts in mournful lays,
 Shall ſhortly want the gen'rous tear he pays ;
 Then from his cloſing eyes thy form ſhall part,
 And the laſt pang ſhall tear thee from his heart ;
 Life's idle buſineſs at one gasp be o'er,
 The muſe forgot, and thou belov'd no more !

§ 5. *The Traveller; or, a Proſpect of Society*.*

Inſcribed to the Rev. Mr. H. Goldſmith.

By Dr. GOLDSMITH.

REMOTE, unfriended, melancholy, ſlow,
 Or by the lazy Scheld, or wand'ring Po ;
 Or onward, where the rude Carinthian boor
 Againſt the houſeleſs ſtranger ſhuts the door ;
 Or where Campania's plain forſaken lies,
 A weary waſte expanding to the ſkies ;
 Where'er I roam, whatever realms to ſee,
 My heart untravell'd, fondly turns to thee :
 Still to my brother turns, with ceaſeleſs pain,
 And drags, at each remove, a length'ning chain.
 Eternal bleſſings crown my earlieſt friend,
 And round his dwelling guardian ſaints attend ;
 Bleſs'd be that ſpot where cheerful gueſts retire,
 To pauſe from toil, and trim their evening fire ;
 Bleſs'd that abode where want and pain repair,
 And ev'ry ſtranger finds a ready chair :
 Bleſs'd be thoſe feaſts, with ſimple plenty crown'd,
 Where all the ruddy family around
 Laugh at the jeſts or pranks that never fail,
 Or ſigh with pity at ſome mournful tale ;

Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good!

But me, not destin'd such delights to share,
My prime of life in wand'ring spent, and care:
Impell'd, with steps unceasing, to pursue
Some fleeting good that mocks me with the view;
That, like the circle, bounding earth and skies,
Allures from far, yet as I follow, flies;
My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
And find no spot of all the world my own.

Ev'n now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend;
And plac'd on high, above the storm's career,
Look downward where an hundred realms appear;
Lakes, forests, cities, plains, extending wide,
The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride.

When thus Creation's charms around combine,
Amidst the store, should thankless pride repine?
Say, should the philosophic mind disdain [vain?
That good which makes each humbler bosom
Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,
These little things are great to little man;
And wiser he, whose sympathetic mind
Exults in all the good of all mankind. [crown'd;
Ye glitt'ring towns, with wealth and splendor
Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion round;
Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale;
Ye bending swains, that dress the flow'ry vale,
For me your tributary stores combine:

Creation's heir! the world, the world is mine!

As some lone miser, visiting his store,
Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er;
Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,
Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still:
Thus to my breast alternate passions rise,
Pleas'd with each good that Heav'n to man sup-
Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall [plies;
To see the hoard of human bliss so small;
And oft I wish, amidst the scene, to find
Some spot to real happiness consign'd;
Where my worn soul, each wand'ring hope at rest,
May gather bliss to see my fellows bless'd.

But where to find that happiest spot below,
Who can direct, when all pretend to know?
The shudd'ring tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own;
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long nights of revelry and ease:
The naked negro, panting at the line,
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine;
Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.
Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam;
His first, best country, ever is at home.
And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,
And estimate the blessings which they share,
Tho' patriot's flatter, still shall wisdom find
An equal portion dealt to all mankind;
As diff'rent good, by art or nature giv'n,
To diff'rent nations, makes their blessings even.

Nature, a mother kind alike to all,
Still grants her bliss at labour's earnest call;
With food as well the peasant is supply'd
On Idra's cliffs as Arno's shelvy side;
And tho' the rocky-crested summits frown,
These rocks by custom turn to beds of down.
From art more various are the blessings sent;
Wealth, commerce, honour, liberty, content.
Yet these each other's pow'r to strong contest,
That either seems destructive of the rest. [fails;
Where wealth and freedom reign, contentment
And honour sinks where commerce long prevails.
Hence ev'ry state, to one lov'd blessing prone,
Conforms and models life to that alone.
Each to the fav'rite happiness attends,
And spurns the plan that aims at other ends;
Till carried to excess in each domain,
This fav'rite good begets peculiar pain.

But let us try these truths with closer eyes,
And trace them thro' the prospect as it lies:
Here, for a while, my proper cares resign'd;
Here let me sit in sorrow for mankind;
Like yon neglected shrub at random cast,
That shades the steep, and sighs at ev'ry blast.

Far to the right, where Apennine ascends,
Bright as the summer, Italy extends;
Its uplands sloping, deck the mountain's side,
Woods over woods in gay theatric pride;
While oft some temple's mould'ring tops between,
With venerable grandeur mark the scene.

Could Nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
The sons of Italy were surely blest.
Whatever fruits in different climes are found,
That proudly rise, or humbly court the ground;
Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
Whose bright succession decks the varied year;
Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
With vernal leaves, that blossom but to die,—
These, here disporting, own the kindred soil,
Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil;
While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand,
To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.

But small the bliss that sense alone bestows;
And sensual bliss is all the nation knows.
In florid beauty groves and fields appear,
Man seems the only growth that dwindles here.
Contrasted faults thro' all his manners reign:
Tho' poor, luxurious; tho' submissive, vain;
Tho' grave, yet trifling; zealous, yet untrue;
And e'en in penance planning sins anew.
All evils here contaminate the mind,
That opulence departed leaves behind;
For wealth was theirs, not far remov'd the date,
When commerce proudly flourish'd thro' the state:
At her command the palace learn'd to rise,
Again the long-fall'n column sought the skies;
The canvas glow'd beyond e'en Nature warm;
The pregnant quarry teem'd with human form;
Till, more unsteady than the southern gale,
Commerce on other shores display'd her sail;
While nought remain'd of all that riches gave,
But towns unmann'd, and lords without a slave:
And late the nation found, with fruitless skill,
Its former strength was but plethoric ill.

Yet still the loss of wealth is here supply'd
By arts, the splendid wrecks of former pride;

From these the feeble heart and long-fall'n mind
An easy compensation seem to find.
Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp array'd,
The pasteboard triumph and the cavalcade;
Processions form'd for piety and love,
A mistress or a saint in ev'ry grove.
By sports like these are all their cares beguil'd;
The sports of children satisfy the child:
Each nobler aim, repress'd by long controul,
Now sinks at last, or feebly mans the soul;
While low delights, succeeding fast behind,
In happier meanness occupy the mind:
As in those domes, where Cæsars once bore sway,
Defac'd by time, and tott'ring in decay,
There in the ruin, heedless of the dead,
The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed;
And, wondering man could want the larger pile,
Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile.

My soul turn from them—turn we to survey
Where rougher climes a nobler race display;
Where the bleak Swifts their stormy mansion tread,
And force a churlish soil for scanty bread:
No product here the barren hills afford,
But man and steel, the soldier and his sword.
No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But winter ling'ring chills the lap of May;
No zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,
But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.

Yet still, e'en here Content can spread a charm,
Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.
Tho' poor the peasant's hut, his feast tho' small,
He sees his little lot the lot of all;
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head,
To shame the meanness of his humble shed;
No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal,
To make him loath his vegetable meal;
But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
Each with contrasting, sits him to the soil.
Cheerful at morn he wakes from short repose,
Breathes the keen air, and carols as he goes;
With patient angle trolls the fenny deep,
Or drives his vent'rous ploughshare to the steep;

Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark the way,
And drags the struggling savage into day.
At night returning, ev'ry labour sped,
He sits him down the monarch of a shed;
Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys
His childrens looks, that brighten at the blaze;
While his lov'd partner, boastful of her hoard,
Displays her cleanly platter on the board:
And haply too some pilgrim, thither led,
With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

Thus ev'ry good his native wilds impart,
Imprints the patriot passion on his heart;
And e'en those ills that round his mansion rise,
Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies.
Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms;
And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more.

Such are the charms to barren states assign'd:
Their wants but few, their wishes all confin'd.
Yet let them only share the praises due;
If few their wants, their pleasures are but few:
For ev'ry want that stimulates the breast,
Becomes a source of pleasure when redrest.
When from such lands each pleasing science flies,
That first excites desire, and then supplies;
Unknown to them when sensual pleasures cloy
To fill the languid pause with finer joy;
Unknown those powers that raise the soul to flame,
Catch ev'ry nerve, and vibrate thro' the frame.
Their level life is but a mould'ring fire,
Unquench'd by want, unann'd by strong desire;
Unit for raptures; or, if raptures cheer
On some high festival of once a year,
In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire,
Till, bury'd in debauch, the bliss expire.

But not their joys alone thus coarsely flow;
Their morals, like their pleasures, are but low:
For, as refinement stops, from fire to son,
Unalter'd, unimprov'd, the manners run;

And love's and friendship's finely-pointed dart,
Fall blunted from each indurated heart.
Some sterner virtues o'er the mountain's breast
May sit, like falcons cowering on the nest;
But all the gentler morals, such as play [way,
Thro' life's more cultur'd walks, and charm the
These far dispers'd, on timorous pinions fly,
To sport and flutter in a kinder sky.

To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,
I turn—and France displays her bright domain.
Gay sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
Pleas'd with thyself, whom all the world can please,
How often have I led thy sportive choir
With tuneless pipe, beside the murmur'ing Loire!
Where shading elms along the margin grew,
And, freshen'd from the wave, the zephyr flew;
And haply, tho' my harsh touch falt'ring still,
But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the dancer's skill,
Yet would the village praise my wond'rous pow'r,
And dance, forgetful of the noon-tide hour!
Alike all ages. Dames of ancient days
Have led their children thro' the mirthful maze;
And the gay grandfire, skill'd in gestic lore,
Has frisk'd beneath the burden of threescore.

So blest a life these thoughtless realms display,
Thus idly busy rolls their world away:
Theirs are those arts that mind to mind endear;
For honour forms the social temper here.
Honour, that praise which real merit gains,
Or e'en imaginary worth obtains,
Here passes current; paid from hand to hand,
It shifts in splendid traffic round the land:
From courts to camps, to cottages it strays;
And all are taught an avarice of praise:
They please, are pleas'd, they give to get esteem,
Till, seeming blest, they grow to what they seem.

But while this softer art their bliss supplies,
It gives their follies also room to rise;
For praise too dearly lov'd, or warmly sought,
Enfeebles all internal strength of thought;
And the weak soul, within itself unblest,
Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.

Hence ostentation here, with tawdry art,
Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart:
Here vanity assumes her pert grimace,
And trims her robes of frize with copper lace;
Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,
To boast one splendid banquet once a year;
The mind still turns where shifting fashion draws,
Nor weighs the solid worth of self-applause,

To men of other minds my fancy flies,
Embosom'd in the deep where Holland lies.
Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
Where the broad ocean leans against the land;
And, sedulous to stop the coming tide,
Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.
Onward methinks, and diligently flow,
The firm connected bulwark seems to grow;
Spreads its long arms amidst the war'ry roar,
Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore,
While the pent ocean, rising o'er the pile,
Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile;
The slow canal, the yellow-blossom'd vale,
The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail,
The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,
A new creation, rescu'd from his reign.

Thus, while around the wave-subjected soil
Impels the native to repeated toil,
Industrious habits in each bosom reign,
And industry begets a love of gain.
Hence all the good from opulence that springs,
With all those ills superfluous treasure brings,
Are here display'd. Their much-lov'd wealth im-
Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts; [parts
But view them closer, craft and fraud appear;
Even liberty itself is barter'd here;
At gold's superior charms all freedom flies;
The needy sell it, and the rich man buys;
A land of tyrants, and a den of slaves!
Here wretches seek dishonourable graves,
And calmly bent, to servitude conform;
Dull as their lakes that slumber in the storm.
Heavens! how unlike their Belgic fires of old!
Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold;

War in each breast, and freedom on each brow;
How much unlike the sons of Britain now!

Fir'd at the sound, my Genius spreads her
wing,

And flies where Britain courts the Western spring;
Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride,
And brighter streams that fam'd Hydaspis glide.
There all around the gentlest breezes stray;
There gentle music melts on ev'ry spray;
Creation's mildest charms are there combin'd;
Extremes are only in the master's mind!
Stern o'er each bosom Reason holds her state,
With daring aims irregularly great:
Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of human-kind pass by;
Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,
By forms unfashion'd fresh from Nature's hand;
Fierce in their native hardness of soul,
True to imagin'd right, above controul,
While e'en the peasant boasts these rights to scan,
And learns to venerate himself as man.

Thine, Freedom, thine the blessings pictur'd
here;

Thine are those charms that dazzle and endear;
Too bless'd indeed were such without alloy,
But foster'd e'en by Freedom ills annoy;
That independance Britons prize too high,
Keeps man from man, and breaks the social tie;
The self-dependant lordlings stand alone;
All claims that bind and sweeten life unknown;
Here, by the bonds of Nature feebly held,
Minds combat minds, repelling and repell'd.
Ferments arise, imprison'd factions roar,
Repress'd ambition struggles round her shore,
Till, over-wrought the general system feels
Its motions stop, or phrenzy fire the wheels.

Nor this the worst. As Nature's ties decay,
As duty, love, and honour fail to sway,
Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,
Still gather strength, and force unwilling awe.
Hence all obedience bows to these alone,
And talent sinks, and merit weeps unknown;

Till

Till time may come, when, stripp'd of all her charms,

The land of scholars and the nurse of arms,
Where noble stems transmit the patriot flame,
Where kings have toil'd, and poets wrote for fame,

One sink of level avarice shall lie,
And scholars, soldiers, kings, unhonour'd die.

Yet think not, thus when Freedom's ills I state,

I mean to flatter kings, or court the great :
Ye pow'rs of truth, that bid my soul aspire,
Far from my bosom drive the low desire;
And thou, fair Freedom, taught alike to feel
The rabble's rage, and tyrant's angry steel;
Thou transitory flower, alike undone
By proud Contempt, or Favour's soft'ning sun,
Still may thy blooms the changeful clime endure,
I only would repress them to secure :
For just experience tells, in ev'ry soil,
That those who think must govern those that toil;

And all that Freedom's highest aims can reach,
Is but to lay proportion'd loads on each.

Hence, should one order disproportion'd grow,
Its double weight must ruin all below.

O then, how blind to all that truth requires,
Who think it freedom when a part aspires !
Calm is my soul, nor apt to rise in arms,
Except when fast approaching danger warms :
But when contending chiefs blockade the throne,
Contracting regal power to stretch their own,
When I behold a factious band agree
To call it freedom when themselves are free ;
Each wanton judge new penal statutes draw,
Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law ;
The wealth of climes, where savage nations roam,
Pillag'd from slaves, to purchase slaves at home ;
Fear, pity, justice, indignation start,
Tear off reserve, and bare my swelling heart ;
Till, half a patriot, half a coward grown,
I fly from petty tyrants to the throne.

Yes, brother, curse me with that baleful hour,
When first ambition struck at regal power ;
And thus polluting honour in its source,
Gave wealth to sway the mind with double force.
Have we not seen, round Britain's peopled shore,
Her useful sons exchange'd for useless ore ?
Seen all her triumphs but destruction haste,
Like flaring tapers, bright'ning as they waste ;
Seen Opulence, her grandeur to maintain,
Lead stern Depopulation in her train,
And over fields, where scatter'd hamlets rose,
In barren, solitary pomp repose ?
Have we not seen, at Pleasure's lordly call,
The smiling long-frequented village fall ?
Beheld the duteous son, the fire decay'd,
The modest matron, and the blushing maid,
Forc'd from their homes, a melancholy train,
To traverse climes beyond the western main ;
Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around,
And Niagara stuns with thund'ring sound !
E'en now, perhaps, as there some pilgrim strays
Thro' tangled forests, and thro' dang'rous ways ;
Where beasts with man divided empire claim,
And the brown Indian marks with murd'rous aim,
There, while above the giddy tempest flies,
And all around distressful yells arise,
The pensive exile, bending with his woe,
To stop too fearful, and too faint to go,
Casts a long look where England's glories shine,
And bids his bosom sympathize with mine.

Vain, very vain, my weary search, to find
That bliss which only centres in the mind !
Why have I stray'd from pleasure and repose,
To seek a good each government bestows ?
In ev'ry government, tho' terrors reign,
Tho' tyrant kings, or tyrant laws restrain,
How small, of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure !
Spill to ourselves in ev'ry place consign'd,
Our own felicity we make or find :
With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,
Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.

The

The lifted ax, the agonizing wheel,
 Luke's iron crown, and Damien's bed of steel,
 To men remote from power but rarely known,
 Leave reason, faith, and conscience, all our own.

§ 6. *The Deserted Village.* GOLDSMITH.

SWEET Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
 Where health and plenty cheer'd the labouring
 swain;
 Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
 And parting summer's ling'ring blooms delay'd.
 Dear lovely bow'rs of innocence and ease,
 Seats of my youth, when ev'ry sport could please,
 How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,
 Where humble happiness endear'd each scene!
 How often have I paus'd on ev'ry charm,
 The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm,
 The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
 The decent church, that topt the neighb'ring hill,
 The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
 For talking age and whisp'ring lovers made!
 How often have I blest the coming day,
 When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
 And all the village train from labour free,
 Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree,
 While many a pastime circle in the shade,
 The young contending as the old survey'd;
 And many a gambol frolic'd o'er the ground,
 And sleights of art and feats of strength went
 round!

And still as each repeated pleasure tir'd,
 Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspir'd;
 The dancing pair that simply sought renown,
 By holding out to tire each other down;
 The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,
 While secret laughter titter'd round the place;
 The bashful virgin's side long looks of love,
 The matron's glance that would those looks re-
 prove, [these
 These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like
 With sweet succession, taught e'en toil to please;

These round thy bow'rs their cheerful influence
 shed; [are fled.

These were thy charms—But all these charms
 Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
 Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms with-
 drawn;

Amidst thy bow'rs the Tyrant's hand is seen,
 And desolation saddens all thy green:
 One only master grasps the whole domain,
 And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain;
 No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
 But choak'd with sedges, works its weedy way;
 Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
 The hollow sounding bittern guards its nest;
 Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
 And tires their echoes with unvar'y'd cries.
 Sunk are thy bow'rs in shapeless ruin all,
 And the long grass o'ertops the mould'ring wall.
 And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's
 hand,

Far, far away thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to hast'ning ill, a prey,
 Where wealth accumulates and men decay:
 Princes and Lords may flourish, or may fade;
 A breath can make them, as a breath has made:
 But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
 When once destroy'd, can never be supply'd.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
 When every rood of ground maintain'd its
 man;

For him light labour spread her wholesome store;
 Just gave what life requir'd, but gave no more:
 His best companions, innocence and health;
 And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are alter'd: trade's unfeeling train
 Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain;
 Among the lawn, where scatter'd hamlets rose,
 Unwieldy wealth and cumb'rous pomp repose;
 And ev'ry want to luxury ally'd,
 And ev'ry pang that folly pays to pride.
 These gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
 Those calm desires that ask'd but little room,

These

These healthful sports that grac'd the peaceful scene,

Liv'd in each look, and brighten'd all the green;
These far departing, seek a kinder shore;
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet Auburn! parent of the blissful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's pow'r.
Here, as I take my solitary rounds,
Amidst thy tangling walks and ruin'd grounds,
And many a year elaps'd, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,
Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wand'rings, round this world of care,

In all my griefs—and God has giv'n my share—
I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bow'rs to lay me down:
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose:
I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
Amidst the swains to shew my book-learn'd skill;
Around my fire an ev'ning group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw;
And as an hare whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first he flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return—and die at home at last.

O blest retirement, friend to life's decline,
Retreats from care, that never must be mine,
How blest is he who crowns, in shades like these,
A youth of labour with an age of ease!
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dang'rous deep;
No surly porter stands in guilty state,
To spurn imploring famine from the gate;
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend;
Sinks to the grave with unperceiv'd decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way;

And, all his prospects bright'ning to the last,
His heav'n commences ere the world be past!

Sweet was the sound, when oft, at ev'ning's close,

Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;
There, as I pass'd, with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came soften'd from below;
The swain responsive as the milk-maid sung,
The sober herd that low'd to meet their young;
The noisy geese that gabbl'd o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school,
The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whispering wind,

And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind;
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And fill'd each pause the nightingale had made.
But now the sounds of population fail,
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,
But all the bloomy flush of life is fled!
All but yon widow'd, solitary thing,
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring;
She, wretched matron, forc'd, in age, for bread,
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
To pick her wint'ry faggot from the thorn,
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn;
She only left, of all the harmless train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smil'd,

And still where many a garden-flower grows wild,

There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich, with forty pounds a year!
Remote from towns, he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wish'd to change his place;
Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for pow'r, [place;
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize;
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.

His

His house was known to all the vagrant train;
 He chid their wand'rings, but reliev'd their pain.
 The long-remember'd beggar was his guest,
 Whose beard, descending, swept his aged breast;
 The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
 Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd;
 The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
 Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away;
 Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
 Shoulder'd his crutch, and shew'd how fields
 were won.

[glow,
 Pleas'd with his guests, the good man learn'd to
 And quite forget their vices in their woe;
 Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
 His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
 And ev'n his failings lean'd to Virtue's side;
 But in his duty prompt at ev'ry call,
 He watch'd and wept,—he pray'd,—and felt
 for all.

And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
 To tempt her new-sledg'd offspring to the skies,
 He try'd each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
 Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed, where parting life was laid,
 And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay'd,
 The rev'rend champion stood. At his controul
 Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
 Comfort came down, the trembling wretch to
 raise,

And his last fault'ring accents whisper'd praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
 His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
 Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
 And fools who came to scoff, remain'd to pray,
 The service past, around the pious man,
 With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran;
 Ev'n children follow'd with endearing wile,
 And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's
 smile.

His ready smile a parent's warmth express'd;
 Their welfare pleas'd him, and their eads distress'd;

To them his heart, his love, his griefs were giv'n;
 But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
 As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form, [storm,
 Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the
 Though round its breast the rolling clouds are
 spread,

Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside von straggling fence that skirt the way,
 With blossom furze unprofitably gay,
 There in his noisy mansion skill'd to rule,
 The village-master taught his little school:
 A man severe he was, and stern to view;
 I knew him well, and ev'ry truant knew;
 Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace
 The day's disasters on his morning face;
 Full well they laugh'd, with counterfeited glee,
 At all his jokes; for many a joke had he;
 Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
 Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd;
 Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,
 The love he bore to learning was in fault.
 The village all declar'd how much he knew;
 'Twas certain he could write and cypher too;
 Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
 And ev'n the story ran that he could gauge:
 In arguing too, the parson own'd his skill;
 For ev'n tho' vanquish'd, he could argue still;
 While words of learned length, and thund'ring
 found,

Amaz'd the gazing rustics rang'd around.
 And still they gaz'd, and still the wonder grew,
 That one small head could carry all he knew.

But past is all his fame. The very spot,
 Where many a time he triumph'd, is forgot.
 Near yonder thorn that lifts its head on high,
 Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
 Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts
 inspir'd,

Where grey-beard mirth and smiling toil retir'd;
 Where village statesmen talk'd with looks pro-
 found;

And news much older than their ale went round.

Imagination

Imagination fondly stoops to trace
 The parlour splendours of that festive place;
 The white-wash'd wall, the nicely sanded floor;
 The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the door;
 The chest, contriv'd a double debt to pay,
 A bed by night, a chest of draw'rs by day;
 The pictures plac'd for ornament and use;
 The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose;
 The earth, except when winter chill'd the day,
 With aspin bows, and flowers, and fennel gay;
 While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,
 Rang'd o'er the chimney, glisten'd in a row.

Vain transitory splendour! could not all
 Reprieve the tott'ring mansion from its fall!
 Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
 An hour's importance to the poor man's heart;
 Thither no more the peasant shall repair
 To sweet oblivion of his daily care;
 No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
 No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail;
 No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
 Relax his pond'rous strength, and lean to hear;
 The host himself no longer shall be found
 Careful to see the mantling blifs go round;
 Nor the coy maid, half-willing to be prest,
 Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
 These simple blessings of the lowly train
 To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
 One native charm, than all the gloss of art;
 Spontaneous joys, where nature has its play,
 The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway;
 Light they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
 Unenvy'd, unmolested, unconfin'd:
 But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
 With all the freaks of wanton wealth array'd,
 In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
 The toiling pleasure sickens into pain;
 And, ev'n while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
 The heart, distrusting, asks if this be joy!

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen who survey
 The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,

'Tis yours to judge how wide the limits stand
 Between a splendid and a happy land.
 Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
 And shouting Folly hails them from her shore;
 Hoards, ev'n beyond the miser's wish, abound;
 And rich men flock from all the world around;
 Yet count our gains: This wealth is but a name
 That leaves our useful product still the same.
 Not so the loss. The man of wealth and pride
 Takes up a space that many poor supply'd;
 Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds;
 Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds;
 The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth,
 Has robb'd the neighb'ring fields of half their
 His seat, where solitary sports are seen, [growth;
 Indignant spurns the cottage from the green;
 Around the world each needful product flies,
 For all the luxuries the world supplies.
 While thus the land adorn'd for pleasure all,
 In barren splendour feebly waits the fall.

As some fair female, unadorn'd and plain,
 Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,
 Slights ev'ry borrow'd charm that dress supplies,
 Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes;
 But when those charms are past, for charms are
 When time advances, and when lovers fail, [frail,
 She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
 In all the glaring impotence of dress.
 Thus fares the land, by luxury betray'd,
 In nature's simplest charms at first array'd,
 But verging to decline, its splendours rise,
 Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise;
 While, scourg'd by famine from the smiling land,
 The mournful peasant leads his humble band;
 And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
 The country blooms—a garden and a grave.

Where then, ah! where shall poverty reside,
 To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride!
 If to some common's fenceless limits stray'd,
 He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
 Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
 And ev'n the bare-worn common is deny'd.

If to the city sped—What waits him there?
 To see profusion that he must not share;
 To see ten thousand baneful arts combin'd
 To pamper luxury, and thin mankind;
 To see each joy the sons of pleasure know,
 Extorted from his fellow-creature's woe.
 Here, while the counter glitters in brocade,
 There the pale artist plies the sickly trade;
 Here, while the proud their long-drawn pomps
 display,

There the black gibbet glooms beside the way.
 The dome where pleasure holds her midnight
 reign,

Here, richly deckt, admits the gorgeous train;
 Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,
 The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.
 Sure, scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy!
 Sure, these denote one universal joy!
 Are these thy serious thoughts?—Ah, turn thine
 eyes

Where the poor houseless shiv'ring female lies!
 She once, perhaps, in village plenty blest,
 Has wept at tales of innocence distress;
 Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
 Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn;
 Now lost to all; her friends, her virtue fled,
 Near her betrayer's doors she lays her head,
 And, pinch'd with cold, and shrinking from the
 show'r,

With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour,
 When idly first, ambitious of the town,
 She left her wheel and robes of country brown!

Do thine, sweet Auburn, thine, the loveliest
 Do thy fair tribes participate her pain? [train,
 Ev'n now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
 At proud mens doors they ask a little bread!

Ah, no. To distant climes, a dreary scene,
 Where half the convex world intrudes between,
 Thro' torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,
 Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.
 Far different there from all that charm'd before,
 The various terrors of that horrid shore;

Those blazing suns, that dart a downward ray,
 And fiercely shed intolerable day;
 Those matted woods where birds forget to sing,
 But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling;
 Those pois'nous fields with rank luxuriance
 crown'd,

Where the dark scorpion gathers death around;
 Where at each step the stranger fears to wake
 The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake;
 Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey,
 And savage men, more mur'd'rous still than they;
 While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
 Mingling the ravag'd landscape with the skies.
 Far different these from ev'ry former scene,
 The cooling brook, the grassy-vested green,
 The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
 That only shelter'd thefts of harmless love.

Good Heav'n! what sorrows gloom'd that
 parting day,
 That call'd them from their native walks away;
 When the poor exiles, ev'ry pleasure past,
 Hung round the bow'rs, and fondly look'd their
 last!

And took a long farewell, and wish'd in vain
 For seats like these beyond the western main!
 And shudd'ring still to face the distant deep,
 Return'd and wept, and still return'd to weep!
 The good old sire, the first prepar'd to go
 To new-found worlds, and wept for others woe;
 But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
 He only wish'd for worlds beyond the grave.
 His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
 The fond companion of his hapless years,
 Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
 And left a lover's for her father's arms.
 With louder plaints, the mother spoke her woes,
 And blest the cot where ev'ry pleasure rose;
 And kist her thoughtless babes with many a
 tear,

And clapt them close in sorrow doubly dear;
 Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief
 In all the silent manliness of grief.

O, Luxury!

O, Luxury! thou curst by Heav'n's decree,
How ill exchang'd are things like these for thee!
How do thy potions, with insidious joy,
Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy!
Kingdoms by thee, to sickly greatness grown,
Boast of a florid vigour not their own.

At ev'ry draught more large and large they grow,
A bloated mass of rank unwieldy woe;
Till sapp'd their strength, and ev'ry port unsound,
Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round.

Ev'n now the devastation is begun,
And half the bus'ness of destruction done;
Ev'n now, methinks, as pond'ring here I stand,
I see the rural virtues leave the land.

Down where yon anch'ring vessel spreads the sail
That idly waiting flaps with ev'ry gale,
Downward they move, a melancholy band,
Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.

Contented, toil and hospitable care,
And kind connubial tenderness are there;
And piety, with wishes plac'd above,
And steady loyalty, and faithful love.

And thou, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest maid,
Still first to fly where sensual joys invade;
Unfit in these degenerate times of shame
To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame;

Dear charming nymph, neglected and decri'd,
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride.
Thou, source of all my bliss, and all my woe,
Thou found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so;

Thou guide, by which the nobler arts excel,
Thou, source of ev'ry virtue, fare thee well;
Farewell, and O! where'er thy voice be try'd,
On Torrio's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side,

Whether where equinoctial fervours glow,
Or winter wraps the polar world in snow,
Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
Redress the rigours of th'inclement clime;

Aid slighted truth with thy persuasive strain;
Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain;
Teach him, that states of native strength possess,
Tho' very poor, may still be very blest;

That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
As ocean sweeps the labour'd mole away;
While self-dependent pow'r can time defy,
As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

§ 7. *Inscription in a Hermitage, at Ansley-Hall,
in Warwickshire.* T. WARTON.

BENEATH this stony roof reclin'd,
I soothe to peace my pensive mind:
And, while to shade my lowly cave,
Embow'ring elms their umbrage wave;
And while the napple dish is mine,
The beechen cup, unstain'd with wine:
I scorn the gay licentious crowd,
Nor heed the toys that deck the proud.

Within my limits, lone and still,
The blackbird pipes in artless trill;
Fast by my couch, congenial guest,
The wren has wove her mossy nest;
From busy scenes and brighter skies,
To lurk with innocence she flies;
Here hopes in safe repose to dwell,
Nor aught suspects the sylvan cell.

At morn I take my custom'd round,
To mark how buds yon shrubby mound,
And ev'ry op'ning primrose count
That trimly paints my blooming mount:
Or o'er the sculptures, quaint and rude,
That grace my gloomy solitude,
I teach in winding wreaths to stray
Fantastic ivy's gadding spray.

At eve, within yon studious nook,
I ope my brass embossed book,
Pourtray'd with many a holy deed
Of martyrs, crown'd with heav'nly meed:
Then, as my taper waxes dim,
Chaunt, ere I sleep, my measur'd hymn;
And, at the close, the gleams behold
Of parting wings bedropt with gold.

While

While such pure joys my bliss create,
 Who but would smile at guilty state?
 Who but would wish his holy lot
 In calm Oblivion's humble grot?
 Who but would cast his pomp away,
 To take my staff and amice gray?
 And to the world's tumultuous stage
 Prefer the blameless hermitage?

§ 8. *Monody; written near Stratford upon Avon.* T. WARTON

AVON, thy rural views, thy pastures wild,
 The willows that o'erhang thy twilight edge,
 Their boughs entangling with th'embattled
 sedge;
 Thy brink with wat'ry foliage quaintly fring'd,
 Thy surface with reflected verdure ting'd,
 Sooth me with many a pensive pleasure mild.
 But while I muse, that here the bard divine,
 Whose sacred dust yon high-arch'd ailes inclose,
 Where the tall windows rise in stately rows
 Above th'embow'ring shade,
 Here first, at Fancy's fairy circled shrine,
 Of daisies py'd his infant offspring made;
 Here playful yet, in stripling years unripe,
 Fram'd of thy reeds a shrill and artless pipe:
 Sudden thy beauties, Avon, all are fled,
 As at the waving of some magic wand;
 An holy trance my charmed spirit wings,
 And awful shapes of warriors and of kings
 People the busy mead,
 Like spectres swarming to the wizard's hall;
 And slowly pace, and point with trembling hand
 The wounds ill-cover'd by the purple pall.
 Before me Pity seems to stand
 A weeping mourner, smote with anguish sore,
 To see Misfortune rend in frantic mood
 His robe with regal woes embroider'd o'er.
 Pale Terror leads the visionary band,
 And sternly shakes his sceptre, dropping blood.

§ 9. *Ode to Sleep.* T. WARTON.

ON this my pensive pillow, gentle Sleep!
 Descend, in all thy downy plumage dress;
 Wipe with thy wing these eyes that wake to weep,
 And place thy crown of poppies on my breast.
 O steep my senses in oblivion's balm,
 And sooth my throbbing pulse with lenient hand;
 This tempest of my boiling blood be calm!
 Despair grows mild at thy supreme command!
 Yet ah! in vain, familiar with the gloom,
 And sadly toiling thro' the tedious night,
 I seek sweet slumber, while that virgin bloom,
 For ever hov'ring, haunts thy wretched sight.
 Nor would the dawning day my sorrows charm:
 Black midnight and the radiant noon, alike
 To me appear, while with uplifted arm
 Death stands prepar'd, but still delays to strike.

§ 10. *The Hamlet, written in Whickwood Forest.*
 T. WARTON.

THE hinds how blest, who ne'er beguil'd
 To quit their hamlet's hawthorn-wild;
 Nor haunt the crowd, nor tempt the main,
 For splendid care and guilty gain!

When morning's twilight-tinctur'd beam
 Strikes their low thatch with slanting gleam,
 They rove abroad in æther blue,
 To dip the scythe in fragrant dew:
 The sheaf to bind, the beech to fell,
 That nodding shades a craggy dell.

'Midst gloomy glades, in warbles clear,
 Wild nature's sweetest notes they hear:
 On green untrodden banks they view
 The hyacinth's neglected hue:
 In their lone haunts and woodland rounds
 They spy the squirrel's airy bounds;
 And startle from her ashen spray,
 Across the glen, the screaming jay.

Each

Each native charm their steps explore
Of solitude's sequester'd store.

For them the moon, with cloudless ray,
Mounts, to illumine their homeward way:
Their weary spirits to relieve,
The meadow's incense breathe at eve.
No riot mars the simple fare
That o'er a glimm'ring hearth they share:
But when the curfew's measur'd roar
Duly, the dark'ning vallies o'er,
Has echo'd from the distant town,
They with no beds of cygnet-down,
No trophy'd canopies, to close
Their drooping eyes in quick repose.

Their little sons, who spread the bloom
Of health around the clay-built room,
Or thro' the primros'd coppice stray,
Or gambol in the new-mown hay;
Or quaintly braid the cowslip-twine,
Or drive afield the tardy kine;
Or hasten from the sultry hill
To loiter at the shady rill;
Or climb the tall pine's gloomy crest
To rob the raven's ancient nest.

Their humble porch with honied flow'rs
The curling woodbine's shade embow'rs:
From the trim garden's thymy mound
Their bees in busy swarms resound:
Nor fell Disease, before his time,
Hastes to consume life's golden prime:
But when their temples long have wore
The silver crown of tresses hoar;
As studious still calm peace to keep,
Beneath a flow'ry turf they sleep.

§ 11. *Ode. The First of April.* T. WARTON.

WITH dalliance rude young Zephyr woos
Coy May. Full oft with kind excuse
The boist'rous boy the fair denies,
Or, with a scornful smile complies.

Mindful of disaster past,
And shrinking at the northern blast,
The sleety storm returning still,
The morning hoar and ev'ning chill;
Reluctant comes the timid Spring.
Scarce a bee, with airy ring,
Murmurs the blossom'd boughs around,
That clothe the garden's southern bound:
Scarce a sickly straggling flow'r
Decks the rough castle's rifted tow'r:
Scarce the hardy primrose peeps
From the dark dell's entangled steep:
O'er the field of waving broom
Slowly shoots the golden bloom:
And, but by fits the furze-clad dale
Tinctures the transitory gale.
While from the shrubb'ry's naked maze,
Where the vegetable blaze
Of Flora's brightest 'broid'ry shone,
Ev'ry chequer'd charm is flown;
Save that the lilac hangs to view
Its bursting gems in clusters blue.

Scant along the ridgy land
The beans their new-born ranks expand:
The fresh-turn'd soil with tender blades
Thinly the sprouting barley shades:
Fringing the forest's devious edge,
Half-rob'd appears the hawthorn hedge;
Or to the distant eye displays
Weakly green its budding sprays.

The swallow, for a moment seen,
Skims in haste the village green:
From the grey moor on feeble wing,
The screaming plovers idly spring:
The butterfly, gay-painted soon,
Explores a while the tepid noon,
And fondly trusts its tender dies
To sickle funs and flatter'ing skies.

Fraught with a transient, frozen show'r,
If a cloud should haply low'r,
Sailing o'er the landscape dark,
Mute on a sudden is the lark,

But when gleams the sun again
O'er the pearl-besprinkled plain,
And from behind his wat'ry veil
Looks thro' the thin descending hail,
She mounts, and, less'ning to the fight,
Salutes the blythe return of light,
And high her tuneful track pursues
'Mid the dim rainbow's scatter'd hues.

Where in venerable rows
Widely-waving oaks inclose
The moat of yonder antique hall,
Swarm the rooks with clamorous call;
And to the toils of nature true,
Wreath their capacious nests anew.

Musing thro' the lawny park,
The lonely poet loves to mark
How various greens in faint degrees
Tinge the tall groups of various trees;
While, careless of the changing year,
The pine cerulean, never fear,
Towers distinguish'd from the rest,
And proudly vaunts her winter vest.

Within some whisp'ring osier isle,
Where Glym's low banks neglected smile;
And each trim meadow still retains
The wint'ry torrent's oozy stains:
Beneath a willow, long forsook,
The fisher seeks his custom'd nook;
And bursting thro' the crackling sedge
That crowns the current's cavern'd edge,
He startles from the bord'ring wood
The bashful wild-duck's early brood.

O'er the broad downs, a novel race,
Frisk the lambs, with fault'ring pace,
And, with eager bleatings, fill
The fofs that skirt the beacon'd hill.

His freeborn vigour yet unbroke
To lordly man's usurping yoke,
The bounding colt forgets to play:
Basking beneath the noontide ray,
And stretch'd among the daisies pride
Of a green dingle's sloping side:

While far beneath, where nature spreads
Her boundless length of level meads,
In loose luxuriance taught to stray,
A thousand tumbling rills inlay
With silver veins the vale, or pass
Redundant thro' the sparkling grass.

Yet, in these presages rude,
Midst her pensive solitude,
Fancy, with prophetic glance,
Sees the teeming month advance;
The field, the forest, green and gay,
The dappled slope, the tedded hay;
Sees the reddening orchard blow,
The harvest wave, the vintage flow;
Sees June unfold his glossy robe
Of thousand hues o'er all the globe;
Sees Ceres grasp her crown of corn,
And Plenty load her ample horn.

§ 12. *Ode. Sent to a Friend on his leaving a favourite Village in Hampshire.*

T. WARTON.

AH, mourn thy lov'd retreat! No more
Shall classic steps thy scenes explore!
When morn's pale rays but faintly peep
O'er yonder oak-crown'd airy steep,
Who now shall climb its brows, to view
Thy length of land skips ever new;
Where Summer flings, in careless pride,
Her vary'd vesture far and wide!
Who mark, beneath each village-charm,
Or grange, or elm encircled farm:
The flinty dove-cote's crowded roof,
Watch'd by the kite that sails aloof:
The tufted pines, whose umbrage tall
Darkens the long deserted hall:
The vet'ran beech, that on the plain
Collects at eve the playful train:
The cot that smokes with early fire,
The low-roof'd fane's embosom'd spire!
Who now shall indolently stray
Thro' the deep forest's tangled way;

Pleas'd

Pleas'd at his custom'd task to find
 The well-known hoary-tressed hind,
 That toils with feeble hands, to glean
 Of wither'd boughs his pittance mean!
 Who mid thy nooks of hazle sit,
 Lost in some melancholy fit;
 And list'ning to the raven's croak,
 The distant sail, the falling oak!
 Who, thro' the sunshine and the show'r,
 Detery the rainbow-painted tow'r?
 Who, wand'ring at return of May,
 Catch the first cuckow's vernal lay?
 Who, musing, waste the summer hour,
 Where high o'er-arching trees embow'r
 The grassy lane, so rarely pac'd,
 With azure flow'rets idly grac'd!
 Unnotic'd now, at twilight's dawn
 Returning reapers cross the lawn:
 Nor fond attention loves to note
 The wether's bell, from folds remote!
 While own'd by no poetic eye,
 Thy pensive ev'ning shades the sky!

For lo! the bard who rapture found
 From ev'ry rural sight or sound;
 Whose genius warm, and judgment chaste,
 No charm of genuine nature past;
 Who felt the Muse's purest fires,
 Far from thy favour'd haunt retires:
 Who peopled all thy vocal bow'rs
 With shadowy shapes and airy pow'rs.

Behold, a dread repose resumes,
 As erst, thy sad sequester'd glooms!
 From the deep dell, where shaggy roots
 Fringe the rough brink with wreathed shoots,
 Th'unwilling genius flies forlorn,
 His primrose chaplet rudely torn.
 With hollow shriek the nymphs forsake
 The pathless copse and hedge-row brake;
 Where the delv'd mountain's headlong side
 Its chalky entrails opens wide.
 On the green summit, ambush'd high,
 No longer echo loves to lie.

No pearl-crown'd maids, with wily look,
 Rise beck'ning from the reedy brook.
 Around the glow-worm's glimm'ring bank
 No fairies run in fiery rank;
 Nor brush, half-seen, in airy tread,
 The violet's unprinted head.
 But fancy, from the thickets brown,
 The glades that wear a conscious frown,
 The forest-oaks, that pale and lone,
 Nod to the blast with hoarser tone,
 Rough glens, and fullen waterfalls,
 Her bright ideal offspring calls,—
 So by some sage inchanter's spell
 (As old Arabian fablers tell)
 Amid the solitary wild,
 Luxuriant gardens gaily smil'd:
 From sapphire rocks the fountains stream'd;
 With golden fruit the branches beam'd;
 Fair forms, in ev'ry wondrous wood,
 Or lightly tripp'd, or solemn stood;
 And oft, retreating from the view,
 Betray'd, at distance, beauties new;
 While gleaming o'er the crisped bow'rs
 Rich spires arose, and sparkling tow'rs.

If bound on service new to go,
 The master of the magic show
 His transitory charm withdrew,
 Away th'illusive landscape flew:
 Dun clouds obscur'd the groves of gold,
 Blue lightning smote the blooming mold;
 In visionary glory rear'd,
 The gorgeous castle disappear'd:
 And a bare heath's unfruitful plain
 Usurp'd the wizard's proud domain.

§ 13. *Ode on the Spring.* GRAY.

LO! where the rosy-bosom'd hours,
 Fair Venus' train, appear,
 Disclose the long-expecting flow'rs,
 And wake the purple year!
 The Attic warbler pours her throat,
 Responsive to the cuckow's note.

The untaught harmony of spring;
While, whisp'ring pleasure as they fly,
Cool Zephyrs thro' the clear blue sky
Their gather'd fragrance fling.

Where'er the oak's thick branches stretch
A broader browner shade;
Where'er the rude and moss-grown beech
O'er-canopies the glade;
Beside some water's rushy brink
With me the Muse shall sit, and think
(At ease reclm'd in rusty state)
How vain the ardour of the crowd,
How low, how little are the proud,
How indigent the great!

Still is the toiling hand of Care;
The panting herds repose:
Yet hark, how thro' the peopl'd air
The busy murmur glows!
The insect youth are on the wing,
Eager to taste the honey'd spring,
And float amid the liquid noon:
Some lightly o'er the current skim,
Some shew their gaily-gilded trim
Quick-glancing to the sun.

To Contemplation's sober eye
Such is the race of man;
And they that creep, and they that fly,
Shall end where they began.
Alike the busy and the gay
But flutter thro' life's little day,
In fortune's varying colours drest:
Brush'd by the hand of rough mischance,
Or chill'd by age, their airy dance
They leave in dust to rest.

Methinks I hear, in accent low,
The sportive kind reply,
Poor moralist! and what art thou?
A solitary fly!
Thy joys no glitt'ring female meets,
No hive hast thou of hoarded sweets,

No painted plumage to display:
On hasty wings thy youth is flown;
Thy sun is set, thy spring is gone—
We frolic while 'tis May.

§ 14. *Ode on a distant Prospect of Eton College.*
GRAY.

YE distant spires, ye antic tow'rs,
That crown the wat'ry glade,
Where grateful Science still adores
Her Henry's holy shade;
And ye that from the stately brow
Of Windsor's heights th'expanse below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flow'rs among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silver-winding way:

Ah happy hills! ah pleasing shade!
Ah fields below'd in vain!
Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
A stranger yet to pain!
I feel the gales that from ye blow,
A momentary bliss bestow;
As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
My weary soul they seem to sooth,
And, redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a second spring.

Say, father Thames (for thou hast seen
Full many a sprightly race,
Disporting on thy margin green,
The paths of pleasure trace)
Who foremost now delight to cleave,
With pliant arms, thy glassy wave?
The captive linnet which enthrall?
What idle progeny succeed
To chace the rolling circle's speed,
Or urge the flying ball?

While some on earnest bus'ness bent,
Their murm'ring labours ply,
'Gainst graver hours that bring constraint
To sweeten liberty;

Some

Some bold adventurers disdain
The limits of their little reign,
And unknown regions dare descry.
Still as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in ev'ry wind,
And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is theirs, by fancy fed,
Less pleasing when possess'd;
The tear forgot as soon as shed,
The sunshine of the breast:
Their buxom health, of rosy hue,
Wild wit, invention ever new,
And lively cheer, of vigour born;
The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
That fly th'approach of morn.

Alas! regardless of their doom,
The little victims play!
No sense have they of ills to come,
Nor care beyond to-day:
Yet see, how all around can wait
The ministers of human fate,
And black Misfortune's baleful train!
Ah, shew then where in ambush stand,
To seize their prey, the murd'rous band!
Ah, tell them they are men!

These shall thy fury passions tear,
The vultures of the mind,
Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
And Shame that skulks behind;
Or pining Love shall waste their youth,
Or jealousy with rankling tooth,
That inly gnaws the secret heart;
And Envy wan, and faded Care,
Grim-visag'd comfortless Despair,
And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
Then whirl the wretch from high,
To bitter scorn a sacrifice,
And grinning infamy.

The stings of falsehood those shall try,
And hard unkindness' alter'd eye,
That mocks the tear it forc'd to flow;
And keen remorse with blood defil'd,
And moody madness, laughing wild
Amid severest woe.

Lo! in the vale of years, beneath
A grisly troop, are seen
The painful family of Death,
More hideous than their queen:
This racks the joints, this fires the veins;
That ev'ry lab'ring sinew strains,
Those in the deeper vitals rage:
Lo! poverty, to fill the band,
That numbs the soul with icy hand,
And slow-consuming age.

To each his sufferings; all are men,
Condemn'd alike to groan;
The tender for another's pain,
Th'unfeeling for his own.
Yet ah! why should they know their fate!
Since sorrow never comes too late,
And happiness so swiftly flies.
Thought would destroy their paradise.
No more—where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise.

§ 15. *Ode to Adversity.* GRAY.

DAUGHTER of Jove, relentless pow'r,
Thou tamer of the human breast,
Whose iron scourge and tort'ring hour
The bad affright, afflict the best!
Bound in thy adamantine chain,
The proud are taught to taste a pain,
And purple tyrants vainly groan
With pangs unselt before, unpir'd, and alone.

When first thy Sire to send on earth
Virtue, his darling child, design'd,
To thee he gave the heav'nly birth,
And bade to form her infant mind.

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Stern, rugged nurse! thy rigid lore
 With patience many a year the bore;
 What sorrow was, thou bad'st her know:
 And from her own she learn'd to melt at others
 woe.

Scar'd at thy frown terrific, fly
 Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,
 Wild laughter, noise, and thoughtless joy,
 And leave us leisure to be good.
 Light they disperse; and with them go
 The summer-friend, the flatt'ring foe;
 By vain prosperity receiv'd,
 To her they vow their truth, and are again be-
 liev'd.

Widow in sable garb array'd,
 Immers'd in rapt'rous thought profound,
 And Melancholy, silent maid,
 With leaden eye, that loves the ground,
 Still on thy solemn steps attend:
 Warm Charity, the gen'ral friend,
 With Justice, to herself severe,
 And Pity, dropping soft the sadly-pleasing tear.

Oh, gently on thy suppliant's head,
 Dread Goddess, lay thy chast'ning hand!
 Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad,
 Nor circled with the vengeful band
 (As by the impious thou art seen)
 With thund'ring voice, and threat'ning mien,
 With screaming Horror's fun'ral cry,
 Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty.

Thy form benign, oh Goddess, wear;
 Thy milder influence impart,
 Thy philosophic train be there
 To soften, not to wound my heart.
 The gen'rous spark extinct revive,
 Teach me to love and to forgive,
 Exact my own defects to scan,
 What others are to feel;—and know myself a
 man.

§ 16. *A Prayer for Indifference.* GREVILLE.

OFT I've implor'd the gods in vain,
 And pray'd till I've been weary:
 For once I'll try my wish to gain,
 Of Oberon the Fairy.

Sweet airy being, wanton sprite,
 That lurk'st in woods unseen,
 And oft thy Cynthia's silver light
 Tripp'st gaily o'er the green;
 If e'er thy pitying heart was mov'd,
 As ancient stories tell,
 And for th'Athenian maid who lov'd,
 Thou fought'st a wond'rous spell;
 Oh! deign once more t'exert thy pow'r;
 Haply some herb or tree,
 Sov'reign as juice of western flow'r,
 Conceals a balm for me.

I ask no kind return of love,
 No tempting charm to please;
 Far from the heart those gifts remove
 That sighs for peace and ease:

Nor peace nor ease the heart can know,
 Which, like the needle true,
 Turns at the touch of joy or woe,
 But, turning, trembles too.

Far as distress the soul can wound,
 'Tis pain in each degree:
 'Tis bliss but to a certain bound;
 Beyond is agony.

Take then this treach'rous sense of mine;
 Which dooms me still to sin;
 Which pleasure can to pain refine;
 To pains new pangs impart.

Oh! haste to shed the sacred balm?
 My shatter'd nerves new string;
 And for my guest, serenely calm;
 The nymph Indifference bring.

At her approach, see Hope, see Fear,
 See Expectation fly;
 And Disappointment in the rear,
 That blasts the promis'd joy.
 The tear which pity taught to flow,
 The eye shall then disown;
 The heart that melts for others woe,
 Shall then scarce feel its own.
 The wounds which now each moment bleed,
 Each moment then shall close;
 And tranquil days shall still succeed
 To nights of calm repose.
 O fairy elf! but grant me this,
 This one kind comfort send;
 And so may never-fading bliss
 Thy flow'ry paths attend!
 So may the glow-worm's glimm'ring light
 Thy tiny footsteps lead
 To some new region of delight,
 Unknown to mortal tread.
 And be thy acorn-goblet fill'd
 With heav'n's ambrosial dew;
 From sweetest, freshest flow'rs distill'd,
 That shed fresh sweets for you.
 And what of life remains for me
 I'll pass in sober ease;
 Half-pleas'd, contented will I be,
 Content but half to please.

§ 17. *The Fairy's Answer to Mrs. Greville's
 Prayer for Indifference.
 By the Countess of C——.*

WITHOUT preamble to my friend,
 These hasty lines I'm bid to send,
 Or give, if I am able:
 I dare not hesitate to say,
 Tho' I have trembled all the day—
 It looks so like a fable.

Last night's adventure is my theme;
 And should it strike you as a dream,
 Yet soon its high import
 Must make your own the matter such,
 So delicate, it were too much
 To be compos'd in sport.
 The moon did shine serenely bright,
 And ev'ry star did deck the night,
 While Zephyr fann'd the trees;
 No more assail'd my mind's repose,
 Save that yon stream, which murmur'd flows,
 Did echo to the breeze.
 Enwrapt in solemn thoughts, I fate,
 Revolving o'er the turns of fate,
 Yet void of hope or fear;
 When lo! behold an æry throng,
 With lightest steps, and jocund song,
 Surpriz'd my eye and ear.
 A form, superior to the rest,
 His little voice to me address'd,
 And gently thus began:
 "I've heard strange things from one of you;
 "Pray tell me if you think 'tis true;
 "Explain it if you can.
 "Such incense has perfum'd my throne!
 "Such eloquence my heart has won!
 "I think I guess the hand:
 "I know her wit and beauty too;
 "But why she sends a pray'r so new,
 "I cannot understand.
 "To light some flames, and some revive,
 "To keep some others just alive,
 "Full oft I am implor'd;
 "But, with peculiar pow'r to please,
 "To supplicate for nought but ease—
 "'Tis odd, upon my word!
 "Tell her, with fruitless care I've sought.
 "And tho' my realms, with wonders fraught.

- " In remedies abound,
 " No grain of cold indifference
 " Was ever yet ally'd to sense
 " In all my fairy round.
 " The regions of the sky I'd trace,
 " I'd ransack ev'ry earthly place,
 " Each leaf, each herb, each flow'r,
 " To mitigate the pangs of fear,
 " Dispel the clouds of black despair,
 " Or lull the restless hour.
 " I would be gen'rous as I'm just,
 " But I obey, as others must,
 " Those laws which Fate has made.
 " My tiny kingdom how defend,
 " And what might be the horrid end,
 " Should man my state invade?
 " 'Twould put your mind into a rage;
 " And such unequal war to wage
 " Suits not my regal duty!
 " I dare not change a first decree,
 " She's doom'd to please, nor can be free;
 " Such is the lot of beauty!"

This said, he darted o'er the plain,
 And after follow'd all his train;
 No glimpse of him I find:
 But sure I am, the little spright
 These words, before he took his flight,
 Imprinted on my mind.

§ 18. *The Beggar's Petition.* ANON.

PITY the sorrows of a poor old man,
 Whose trembling limbs have borne him to
 your door,
 Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span;
 Oh! give relief, and Heav'n will bless your store!
 These tatter'd clothes my poverty bespeak;
 These hoary locks proclaim my lengthen'd years;
 And many a furrow in my grief-worn cheek
 Has been the channel to a flood of tears.

Yon house, erected on the rising ground,
 With tempting aspect drew me from my road;
 For Plenty there a residence has found,
 And Grandeur a magnificent abode.

Hard is the fate of the infirm and poor!
 Here, as I crav'd a morsel of their bread
 A pamper'd menial drove me from the door,
 To seek a shelter in an humbler shed.

Oh! take me to your hospitable dome;
 Keen blows the wind, and piercing is the cold!
 Short is my passage to the friendly tomb,
 For I am poor, and miserably old.

Should I reveal the sources of my grief,
 If soft humanity e'er touch'd your breast,
 Your hands would not withhold the kind relief,
 And tears of pity would not be repress'd.

Heav'n sends misfortunes; why should we re-
 pine?

'Tis Heav'n has brought me to the state you see;
 And your condition may be soon like mine,
 The Child of Sorrow and of Misery.

A little farm was my paternal lot,
 Thine, like the lark, I sprightly hail'd the morn;
 But ah! oppression forc'd me from my cot;
 My cattle dy'd, and blighted was my corn.

My daughter, once the comfort of my age,
 Lur'd by a villain from her native home,
 Is cast abandon'd on the world's wide stage,
 And doom'd in scanty poverty to roam.

My tender wife, sweet soother of my care!
 Struck with sad anguish at the stern decree,
 Fell, ling'ring fell, a victim to despair,
 And left the world to wretchedness and me.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man, [door;
 Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your
 Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span.
 Oh! give relief, and Heav'n will bless your
 store!

§ 19. *The Tears of Scotland.* SMOLLET.

MOURN, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn!
Thy sons, for valour long renown'd,
Lie slaughter'd on their native ground;
Thy hospitable roofs no more
Invite the stranger to the door;
In smoky ruins sunk they lie,
The monuments of cruelty!

The wretched owner sees, afar,
His all become the prey of war;
Bethinks him of his babes and wife,
Then finites his breast, and curses life.
Thy swains are famish'd on the rocks,
Where once they fed their wanton flocks:
Thy ravish'd virgins shriek in vain;
Thy infants perish on the plain.

What boots it then, in ev'ry clime,
Thro' the wide-spreading waste of time,
Thy martial glory, crown'd with praise,
Still shone with undiminish'd blaze?
Thy tow'ring spirit now is broke,
Thy neck is bended to the yoke:
What foreign arms could never quell,
By civil rage and rancour fell.

The rural pipe and merry lay
No more shall cheer the happy day:
No social scenes of gay delight
Beguile the dreary winter night:
No strains, but those of sorrow, flow;
And nought be heard but sounds of woe,
While the pale phantoms of the slain
Glide nightly o'er the silent plain.

Oh baneful cause, oh, fatal morn,
Accurs'd to ages yet unborn!
The sons against their fathers stood;
The parent shed his children's blood.
Yet, when the rage of battle ceas'd,
The victor's soul was not appeas'd;

The naked and forlorn must feel
Devouring flames and murd'ring steel!
The pious mother, doom'd to death,
Forfaken, wanders o'er the heath;
The bleak wind whistles round her head;
Her helpless orphans cry for bread!
Bereft of shelter, food, and friend,
She views the shades of night descend,
And, stretch'd beneath th'inclement skies,
Weeps o'er her tender babes, and dies!

Whilst the warm blood bedews my veins,
And unimpair'd remembrance reigns,
Resentment of my country's fate
Within my filial breast shall beat;
And, spite of her insulting foe,
My sympathizing verse shall flow,
"Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
"Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn!"

§ 20. *Ode to Mirth.* SMOLLET.

PARENT of joy! heart-easing Mirth!
Whether of Venus or Aurora born!
Yet Goddess sure of heav'nly birth,
Visit benign a son of Grief forlorn:
Thy glitt'ring colours gay
Around him, Mirth, display;
And o'er his raptur'd sense
Diffuse thy living influence:
So shall each hill, in purer green array'd,
And flow'r adorn'd in new-born beauty glow:
The grove shall smooth the horrors of the
shade,
And streams in murmurs shall forget to flow.
Shine, Goddess, shine with unremitted ray, [day.
And gild (a second sun) with brighter beam our

Labour with thee forgets his pain,
And aged Poverty can smile with thee;
If thou be nigh, Grief's hate is vain,
And weak th'uplifted arm of Tyranny.

The morning opes on high
 His universal eye;
 And on the world doth pour
 His glories in a golden show'r. [ray,
 Lo! Darkness, trembling 'fore the hostile
 Shrinks to the cavern deep and wood forlorn:
 The brood obscene, that own her gloomy
 sway,
 Troop in her rear, and fly th'approach of morn.
 Pale shiv'ring ghosts, that dread th'all-cheering
 light, [night.
 Quick as the lightnings flash, glide to sepulchral
 But whence the gladd'ning beam
 That pours his purple stream
 O'er the long prospect wide?
 'Tis Mirth. I see her sit
 In majesty of light,
 With Laughter at her side.
 Bright-ey'd Fancy hov'ring near,
 Wide waves her glancing wing in air;
 And young Wit flings his pointed dart,
 That guiltless strikes the willing heart.
 Fear not now Affliction's pow'r,
 Fear not now wild Passion's rage,
 Nor fear ye aught in evil hour,
 Save the tardy hand of Age.
 Now Mirth hath heard the suppliant Poet's pray'r,
 No cloud that rides the blast shall vex the
 troubled air.

§ 21. *Ode to Leven Water.* SMOLLET.

ON Leven's banks, while free to rove,
 And tune the rural pipe to love,
 I envy'd not the happiest swain
 That ever trod th'Arcadian plain.
 Pure stream! in whose transparent wave
 My youthful limbs I wont to lave;
 No torrents stain thy limpid source,
 No rocks impede thy dimpling course,

That sweetly warbles o'er its bed,
 With white, round, polish'd pebbles spread;
 While, lightly pois'd, the scaly brood
 In myriads cleave thy crystal flood.
 The springing trout, in speckl'd pride;
 The salmon, monarch of the tide;
 The ruthless pike, intent on war;
 The silver eel and mottled par,
 Devolving from thy parent lake,
 A charming maze thy waters make,
 By bow'rs of birch, and groves of pine,
 And hedges, flow'r'd with eglantine.
 Still on thy banks, so gaily green,
 May num'rous herds and flocks be seen;
 And lasses, chanting o'er the pail;
 And shepherds, piping in the dale;
 And ancient faith, that knows no guile,
 And industry, inbrown'd with toil;
 And hearts resolv'd, and hands prepar'd,
 The blessings they enjoy to guard!

§ 22. *The Mynstrelles Song in Aella; a
 Tragycal Enterlude.*

CHATTERTON, under the name of ROWLEY.

O Synge untoe my rundelaie,
 O droppe the brynie teare wythe mee!
 Daunce ne moe atte hallie daie,
 Lycke a reynyng 1 ryver bee;
 Mie love ys dedde,
 Gone to hys death-bedde,
 Al under the wyllowe tree.
 Blacke hys cryne 2 as the wyntere nyght,
 Whyte hys rode 3 as the sommer snowe,
 Rodde hys face as the mornynge lyghte,
 Cale he lyes ynnue the grave belowe;
 Mie love ys dedde,
 Gonne to hys death-bedde,
 Al under the wyllowe tree.

Swote hys tongue as the throstle's note,
 Quicke ynne daunce as thought can bee,
 Deste hys taboure, codgelle stote,
 O! hee lys bie the wyllowe tree :

Mie love ys dedde,
 Gonnc to hys deathe-bedde,
 Alle underre the wyllowe tree :

Harke! the ravenne flappes hys wynges,
 In the briered dell belowe ;
 Harke! the dethe-owle loude dothe syng
 To the nyghte-mares as heie goe ;

Mie love ys dedde,
 Gonnc to hys deathe-bedde,
 Al under the wyllowe tree :

See! the whyte moone sheenes onne hie ;
 Whyterre ys mie true loves shroude ;
 Whyterre yanne the mornynge skie,
 Whyterre yanne the evenynge cloude ;

Mie love ys dedde,
 Gonnc to hys deathe-bedde,
 Al under the wyllowe.

Heere, upon mie true love's grave,
 Schalle the baren fleurs be layde,
 Nee one hallie seynste to save
 Al the celnefs of a mayde.

Mie love ys dedde,
 Gonnc to hys death-bedde,
 Alle under the wyllowe tree,

Wythe mie hondes I'll dent the brieres
 Rounde hys hallie corse the gre ;
 Ouphante fairie, lyghte your fyres,
 Heere mie boddie styllie schalle bee.

Mie love ys dedde,
 Gonnc to hys death-bedde,
 Al under the wyllowe tree.

Comme, wythe acorne-coppe & thorne,
 Drayne mie hartys blodde awaie ;
 Lyfe & all yettes goode I scorne,
 Daunce bie nete, or feaste by daie.

Mie love ys dedde,
 Gone to hys deathe-bedde,
 Al under the wyllowe tree.

Water wythes, crownde wythe reytes 1,
 Bere mee to yer leathalle tyde.

I die; I komme; mie true love waytes.
 Thos the damselle spake, and dyed :

Mie love ys dedde,
 Gone to hys deathe-bedde,
 Al under the wyllowe tree.

§ 23. *Chorus in Goddewyn, a Tragedie.*

CHATTERTON, &c.

WHAN Freedom dresse in blodde-steyned
 veste,

To everie knyghte her warre-fonge funge,
 Upon her hedde wylde wedes were spredde ;
 A gorie anlace by her honge.

She daunced onne the heathe ;
 She hearde the voice of deathe ;

Pale-eyned affryghte, hys harte of sylver hue,
 In vayne assayled 2 her bosome to acale 3 ;
 She hearde onflemmed 4 the shrieking voice of
 woe,

And sadnesse ynne the owlet shyke the dale.

She shooke the buried 5 speere,
 On hie she jesse 6 her sheelde,
 Her foemen 7 all appere,
 And flizze 8 along the fælde.

Power, wythe hys heafod 9 straught 10 ynto
 the skyes, [starre,

Hys speere a sonne-beame, and his sheelde a

1 Water-flags. 2 Endeavoured. 3 Freeze. 4 Undismayed. 5 Armed, pointed.
 6 Hoisted on high, raised. 7 Foes, enemies. 8 Fly. 9 Head. 10 Stretched.
 G 4 Alyche

Alyche 11 twaie 12 brendeyng 13 gonfyres 14
rolls hys eyes, [war.

Chafte 15 with hys yronne feete and foundes to
She fyttes upon a rocke,
She bendes before hys speere,
She ryfes from the shooke,
Wielyng her own yn ayre.

Harde as the thunder dothe she drive ytte on,
Wyte scillye 16 wymped 17 gies 18 ytte to hys
crowne, [is gon,

Hys longe sharpe speere, his spreddyng sheelde
He falles, and fallynge rolleth thousandes down.

War, goare-fac'd war, bie envie burld 19
arist 20,

Hys feerie heaulme 21 noddynge to the ayre,
Tenne bloddie arrowes ynne hys freynyng
fyfte—

* * * * *

§ 24. *Grongar Hill.* DYER.

SILENT Nymph! with curious eye,
Who the purple ev'ning lie
On the mountain's lonely van,
Beyond the noise of busy man,
Painting fair the form of things,
While the yellow linnet sings,
Or the tuneful nightingale
Charms the forest with her tale;
Come, with all thy various hues,
Come, and aid thy sister Muse.
Now, while Phœbus riding high,
Gives lustre to the land and sky,
Grongar Hill invite my song,
Draw the landscape bright and strong;
Grongar! in whose mossy cells,
Sweetly musing Quiet dwells;
Grongar! in whose silent shade,
For the modest Muses made,

So oft I have, the ev'ning still,
At the fountain of a rill
Sat upon a flow'ry bed,
With my hand beneath my head,
While stray'd my eyes o'er Towy's flood,
Over mead and over wood,
From house to house, from hill to hill,
Till Contemplation had her fill.

About his chequer'd sides I wind,
And leave his brooks and meeds behind;
And groves and grottoes, where I lay,
And vistas shooting beams of day.
Wide and wider spreads the vale,
As circles on a smooth canal:
The mountains round, unhappy fate!
Sooner or later of all height,
Withdraw their summits from the skies,
And lessen as the others rise.
Still the prospect wider spreads,
Adds a thousand woods and meads;
Still it widens, widens still,
And sinks the newly-risen hill.

Now I gain the mountain's brow,
What a landscape lies below!
No clouds, no vapours intervene;
But the gay, the open scene
Does the face of Nature shew
In all the hues of heaven's bow,
And, swelling to embrace the light,
Spreads around beneath the fight.

Old castles on the cliffs arise,
Proudly tow'ring in the skies;
Rushing from the woods, the spires
Seem from hence ascending fires:
Half his beams Apollo sheds
On the yellow mountain heads,
Gilds the fleeces of the flocks,
And glitters on the broken rocks.

11 Like. 12 Two. 13 Flaming. 14 Meteor. 15 Beats, stamps. 16 Closely.
17 Mantled, covered. 18 Guides. 19 Armed. 20 Arose. 21 Helmet.

Below

Below me trees unnumber'd rise,
 Beautiful in various dyes:
 The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,
 The yellow beech, the sable yew;
 The slender fir, that taper grows,
 The sturdy oak, with broad-spread boughs;
 And, beyond the purple grove,
 Haunt of Phillis, queen of love!
 Gaudy as the op'ning dawn,
 Lies a long and level lawn,
 On which a dark hill, steep and high,
 Holds and charms the wand'ring eye.
 Deep are his feet in Towry's flood;
 His sides are cloth'd with waving wood;
 And ancient towers crown his brow,
 That cast an awful look below;
 Whose ragged walls the ivy creeps,
 And with her arms from falling keeps:
 So both a safety from the wind
 One mutual dependence find.

'Tis now the raven's bleak abode,
 'Tis now th'apartment of the toad;
 And there the fox securely feeds,
 And there the pois'nous adder breeds,
 Conceal'd in ruins, moss, and weeds;
 While ever and anon there falls
 Huge heaps of hoary moulder'd walls.
 Yet time has seen, that lifts the low,
 And level lays the lofty brow,
 Has seen this broken pile complete,
 Big with the vanity of state:
 But transient is the smile of Fate!
 A little rule, a little sway,
 A sun-beam in a winter's day,
 Is all the proud and mighty have
 Between the cradle and the grave.

And see the rivers, how they run
 Thro' woods and meads, in shade and sun!
 Sometimes swift, sometimes slow,
 Wave succeeding wave, they go
 A various journey to the deep,
 Like human life to endless sleep!

Thus is Nature's vesture wrought,
 To instruct our wand'ring thought;
 Thus she dresses green and gay,
 To disperse our cares away.

Ever charming, ever new,
 When will the landscape tire the view!
 The fountain's fall, the river's flow,
 The woody vallies, warm and low;
 The windy summit, wild and high,
 Roughly rushing on the sky!
 The pleasant seat, the ruin'd tow'r,
 The naked rock, the shady bow'r;
 The town and village, dome and farm;
 Each give each a double charm,
 As pearls upon an Ethiop's arm.

See, on the mountain's southern side,
 Where the prospect opens wide,
 Where the ev'ning gilds the tide,
 How close and small the hedges lie!
 What streaks of meadows cross the eye!
 A step, methinks, may pass the stream,
 So little distant dangers seem!
 So we mistake the future's face,
 Ey'd thro' Hope's deluding glass.
 As yon summit's soft and fair,
 Clad in colours of the air,
 Which, to those who journey near,
 Barren, brown, and rough appear;
 Still we tread the same coarse way;
 The present's still a cloudy day.

O may I with myself agree,
 And never covet what I see:
 Content me with an humble shade,
 My passions tam'd, my wishes laid;
 For, while our wishes wildly roll,
 We banish quiet from the soul:
 'Tis thus the busy beat the air,
 And misers gather wealth and care.

Now, e'en now, my joys run high,
 As on the mountain turf I lie;
 While the wanton zephyr sings,
 And in the vale perfumes his wings;

While the waters murmur deep;
While the shepherd charms his sheep;
While the birds unbounded fly,
And with music fill the sky,
Now, e'en now, my joys run high.

Be full, ye courts! be great who will;
Search for Peace with all your skill,
Open wide the lofty door;
Seek her on the marble floor:
In vain ye search, she is not there;
In vain ye search the domes of Care!
Grass and flowers Quiet treads,
On the meads and mountain heads,
Along with Pleasure close ally'd,
Ever by each other's side;
And often, by the murmur'ing rill,
Hears the thrush, while all is still,
Within the groves of Grongar Hill.

§ 25. *A Monody on the Death of his Lady.*

By GEORGE Lord LYTTLETON.

' Ipse cava solans ægrum testitudine amorem,
' Te dulcis conjux, te solo in littore secum,
' Te veniente die, te decedente canebat '

AT length escap'd from ev'ry human eye,
From ev'ry duty, ev'ry care, [share,
That in my mournful thoughts might claim a
Or force ~~me~~ tears their flowing stream to dry:
Beneath the gloom of this embow'ring shade,
This lone retreat for tender sorrow made,
I now may give my burthen'd heart relief,
And pour forth all my stores of grief;
Of grief surpassing ev'ry other woe,
Far as the purest bliss, the happiest love
Can on th'ennobled mind bestow,
Exceeds the vulgar joys that move
Our gross desires, inelegant and low.
Ye tufted groves, ye gently-falling rills,
Ye high o'ershadowing hills,
Ye lawns, gay smiling with eternal green,
Oft have you my Lucy seen!

But never shall you now behold her more:

Nor will she now, with fond delight,
And taste refin'd, your rural charms explore.
Clos'd are those beauteous eyes in endless night,
Those beauteous eyes, where beaming us'd to shine
Reason's pure light and Virtue's spark divine.

Oft would the Dryads of these woods rejoice
To hear her heavenly voice;
For her despising, when she deign'd to sing,
The sweetest songsters of the spring:
The woodlark and the linnets pleas'd no more;
The nightingale was mute,
And ev'ry shepherd's flute
Was cast in silent scorn away,
While all attended to her sweeter lay.
Ye larks and linnets, now resume your song:
And thou, melodious Philomel,
Again thy plaintive story tell;
For death has stopp'd that tuneful tongue,
Whose music could alone your warbling notes
excel.

In vain I look around
O'er all the well-known ground,
My Lucy's wonted footsteps to descry;
Where oft we us'd to walk;
Where oft, in tender talk,
We saw the summer sun go down the sky;
Nor by yon fountain's side,
Nor where its waters glide
Along the valley, can she now be found:
In all the wide-stretch'd prospect's ample bound,
No more my mournful eye
Can aught of her espy,
But the sad sacred earth where her dear relics lie.

O shades of Hagley, where is now your boast?
Your bright inhabitant is lost.
You she preferr'd to all the gay resorts
Where female vanity might wish to shine,
The pomp of cities, and the pride of courts.
Her modest beauties shunn'd the public eye:

To

To your sequester'd dales
And flower-embroider'd vales
From an admiring world she chose to fly.
With Nature there retir'd, and Nature's God,
The silent paths of wisdom trod,
And banish'd ev'ry passion from her breast
But those, the gentlest and the best,
Whose holy flames with energy divine
The virtuous heart enliven and improve,
The conjugal and the maternal love.

Sweet babes! who, like the little playful
fawns, [lawns,
Were wont to trip along these verdant
By your delighted mother's side,
Who now your infant steps shall guide?
Ah! where is now the hand whose tender care
To ev'ry virtue would have form'd your
youth, [truth?
And strew'd with flow'rs the thorny ways of
O loss beyond repair!

O wretched father! left alone
To weep their dire misfortune, and thy own!
How shall thy weaken'd mind, oppress'd with
woe,

And drooping o'er thy Lucy's grave,
Perform the duties that you doubly owe!

Now she, alas! is gone, [save.
From folly and from vice their helpless age to
Where were ye, Muses, when relentless Fate
From these fond arms your fair disciple tore;
From these fond arms that vainly strove
With hapless ineffectual love,
To guard her bosom from the mortal blow?

Could not your favouring pow'r, Aonian
maids,
Could not, alas! your power prolong her
date?
For whom so oft, in these inspiring shades,
Or under Camden's moss-clad mountain's hoar,
You open'd all your sacred store;
Whate'er your ancient sages taught,
Your ancient bards sublimely thought,
And bade her raptur'd breast with all your spi-
rit glow?

Nor then did Pindus or Castalia's plain,
Or Aganippe's fount your steps detain,
Nor in the Thespian vallies did you play;
Nor then on Mincio's bank *
Beset with osiers dank;
Nor where Clitumnus† rolls his gentle
stream;
Nor where, thro' hanging woods,
Steep Anio‡ pours his floods;
Nor yet where Meles§ or Ilissus§ stray.
Ill does it now beseem,
That, of your guardian care bereft,
To dire disease and death your darling should be
left.

Now what avails it, that in early bloom,
When light fantastic toys
Are all her sex's joys,
With you she search'd the wit of Greece
and Rome;
And all that in her latter days,
To emulate her ancient praise,

* The Mincio runs by Mantua, the birth-place of Virgil.

† The Clitumnus is a river of Umbria, the residence of Propertius.

‡ The Anio runs thro' Tibur or Tivoli, where Horace had a villa.

§ The Meles is a river in Ionia, from whence Homer, supposed to be born on its banks, is called Meles-
genes.

§ The Ilissus is a river at Athens.

Italia's happy genius could produce;
 Or what the Gallic fire
 Bright sparkling could inspire,
 By all the Graces temper'd and refin'd;
 Or what, in Britain's isle,
 Most favour'd with your smile,
 The pow'rs of Reason and of Fancy join'd
 To full perfection have conspir'd to raise?
 Ah! what is now the use
 Of all these treasures that enrich'd her mind,
 To black Oblivion's gloom for ever now consign'd!

At least, ye Nino, her spotless name
 'Tis yours from death to save,
 And in the temple of immortal Fame
 With golden characters her worth engrave.
 Come then, ye virgin sisters, come,
 And strew with choicest flowers her hallow'd tomb;
 But foremost thou, in sable vestment clad,
 With accents sweet and sad, [ra's urn
 Thou plaintive Muse, whom o'er his Lau-
 Unhappy Petrarch call'd to mourn;
 O come, and to this fairer Laura pay
 A more impassion'd tear, a more pathetic lay!

Tell how each beauty of her mind and face
 Was brighten'd by some sweet peculiar
 How eloquent in ev'ry look [grace!
 Thro' her expressive eyes her soul distinctly
 spoke! [fin'd,

Tell how her manners, by the world re-
 Left all the taint of modish vice behind,
 And made each charm of polish'd courts
 With candid Truth's simplicity, [agree
 And uncorrupted Innocence!
 Tell how to more than manly sense
 She join'd the soft'ning influence
 Of more than female tenderness:

How, in the thoughtless days of wealth and joy,
 Which of the care of others good destroy,

Her kindly melting heart,
 To every want and every woe
 To guilt itself when in distress,
 The balm of p^{er}y would impart,
 And all relief that bounty could bestow?
 E'en for the kid or lamb, that pour'd its life
 Beneath the bloody knife,
 Her gentle tears would fall; [all.
 Tears from sweet Virtue's source, benevolent to

Not only good and kind,
 But strong and elevated was her mind:

A spirit that, with noble pride,
 Could look superior down

On Fortune's smile or frown;
 That could, without regret or pain,

To Virtue's lowest duty sacrifice
 Or Int'rest or Ambition's highest prize;

That, injur'd or offended, never try'd
 Its dignity, by vengeance, to maintain,

But by magnanimous disdain.
 A wit, that temperately bright,

With inoffensive light
 All pleasing shone; nor ever past [hand,

The decent bounds that Witdom's sober
 And sweet Benevolence's mild command,

And bashful Modesty, before it cast.
 A prudence undeceiving, undeceiv'd,

That nor too little nor too much believ'd;
 That scorn'd unjust Suspicion's coward fear,

And, without weakness, knew to be sincere.
 Such Lucy was, when, in her fairest days,

Amidst th'acclaim of universal praise,
 In life's and glory's freshest bloom,

Death came remorseless on, and sunk her to the
 tomb.

So, where the silent streams of Liris glide,
 In the soft bosom of Campania's vale,

When now the wint'ry tempests all are fled,
 And genial summer breathes her gentle gale,

The verdant orange lifts its beauteous head;
 From

From ev'ry branch the balmy flow'rets rise,
On ev'ry bough the golden fruits are seen;
With odours sweet it fills the smiling skies;
The wood-nymphs tend it, and th'Idalian
queen:

But in the midst of all its blooming pride,
A sudden blast from Apenninus blows,
Cold with perpetual snows; [and dies.
The tender-blighted plant shrinks up its leaves,

Arise, O Petrarch! from th'Elysian bow'rs,
With never-fading myrtles twin'd,
And fragrant with ambrosial flowers,
Where to thy Laura thou again art join'd;
Arise, and hither bring the silver lyre,
Tun'd by thy skilful hand,
To the soft notes of elegant desire,
With which o'er many a land
Was spread the fame of thy disast'rous love;
To me resign the vocal shell,
And teach my sorrows to relate
Their melancholy tale so well,
As may e'en things inanimate, [move.

Rough mountain oaks and desert rocks, to pity

What were, alas! thy woes, compar'd to
mine?

To thee thy mistress in the blissful band
Of Hymen never gave her hand;
The joys of wedded love were never thine.
In thy domestic care
She never bore a share,
Nor with endearing art
Would heal thy wounded heart

Of every secret grief that foster'd there:
Nor did her fond affection on the bed
Of sickness watch thee, and thy languid head
Whole nights on her unwearied arm sustain,
And charm away the sense of pain:

Nor did she crown your mutual flame
With pledges dear, and with a father's tender name.

O best of wives! O dearer far to me

Than when thy virgin charms

Were yielded to my arms;

How can my soul endure the loss of thee?

How in the world (to me a desert grown,
Abandon'd and alone)

Without my sweet companion can I live?

Without thy lovely smile,

The dear reward of ev'ry virtuous toil,

What pleasures now can pall'd Ambition give?

E'en the delightful sense of well-earn'd praise,
Unshar'd by thee, no more my lifeless thoughts
could raise.

For my distracted mind

What succour can I find?

On whom for consolation shall I call?

Support me, ev'ry friend;

Your kind assistance lend,

To bear the weight of this oppressive woe.

Alas! each friend of mine,

My dear departed love, so much was thine,

That none has any comfort to bestow.

My books, the best relief

In every other grief,

Are now with your idea sadden'd all:

Each fav'rite author we together read,

My tortur'd memory wounds, and speaks of
Lucy dead.

We were the happiest pair of human kind:

The rolling year its various course perform'd,

And back return'd again:

Another, and another, smiling came,

And saw our happiness unchang'd remain.

Still in her golden chain

Harmonious Concord did our wishes bind:

Our studies, pleasure, taste, the same.

O fatal, fatal stroke!

That all this pleasing fabric Love had rais'd

Of rare felicity,

On which ev'n wanton Vice with envy gaz'd,

And ev'ry scheme of bliss our hearts had form'd,
With soothing hope for many a future day,
In one sad moment broke!

Yet, O my soul! thy rising murmurs stay;
Nor dare th'all-wise Disposer to arraign,
Or against his supreme decree
With impious grief complain.

That all thy full blown joys at once should fade,
Was his most righteous will—and be that will
obey'd!

Would thy fond love his grace to her controul;
And, in these low abodes of sin and pain,
Her pure exalted soul,
Unjustly, for thy partial good, detain?
No—rather strive thy grovelling mind to raise
Up to that unclouded blaze,
That heavenly radiance of eternal light,
In which enthron'd, she now with pity sees
How frail, how insecure, how slight,

Is ev'ry mortal bliss;
Ev'n Love itself, if rising by degrees
Beyond the bounds of this imperfect state,
Whose fleeting joys so soon must end,
It does not to its sovereign good ascend.
Rise then, my soul, with hope elate,
And seek those regions of serene delight,
Whose peaceful path, and ever open gate,
No feet but those of harden'd guilt shall miss:
There Death himself thy Lucy shall restore;
There yield up all his power, ne'er to divide you
more.

§ 26. *A Winter Piece.* ANON.

IT was a winter's evening, and fast came down
the snow, [did blow,
And keenly o'er the wide heath the bitter blast
When a damsel all-forlorn, quite bewilder'd in
her way, [say:
Press her baby to her bosom, and sadly thus did

"Oh! cruel was my father, that shut his door
on me; [see;
And cruel was my mother, that such a sight could
And cruel is the wintry wind, that chills my
heart with cold; [for gold!
But crueler than all, the lad that left my love
Hush, hush, my lovely baby, and warm thee in
my breast; [trest;
Ah! little thinks thy father how sadly we're dis-
For cruel as he is, did he know but how we fare,
He'd shield us in his arms from this bitter pierc-
ing air.

Cold, cold, my dearest jewel! thy little life is gone:
Oh! let my tears revive thee, so warm that trickle
down: [they fall:
My tears that gush so warm, oh they freeze before
Ah, wretched, wretched mother! thou'rt now
bereft of all."

Then down she sunk, despairing, upon the drifted
snow, [her woe:
And, wrung with killing anguish, lamented loud
She kiss'd her baby's pale lips, and laid it by her
side; [head, and dy'd.
Then cast her eyes to Heaven, then bow'd her

§ 27. *Oriental Eclogues.* By Mr. COLLINS.

ECLOGUE I.

Selim; or, the Shepherd's Moral.

*Scene, a Valley near Bagdat. — Time, the
Morning.*

"YE Persian maids, attend your Poet's lays,
And hear how shepherds pass their golden
days. [rains
Not all are bless'd whom Fortune's hand suf-
With wealth in courts, nor all that haunt the
plains:
Well may your hearts believe the truth I tell;
'Tis virtue makes the bliss where'er we dwell."
Thus

Thus Selim sung, by sacred truth inspir'd :
Nor praise, but such as Truth bestow'd, desir'd :
Wife in himself, his meaning songs convey'd,
Informing morals to the shepherd maid ;
Or taught the swains that surest bliss to find,
What groves nor streams bestow—a virtuous
mind.

When sweet and blushing, like a virgin bride,
The radiant morn resum'd her orient pride ;
When wanton gales along the vallies play ;
Breathe on each flow'r,—and bear their sweets
away ;

By Tygris' wand'ring ways he sat, and sung
This useful lesson for the fair and young :

' Ye Persian dames,' he said, ' to you belong
' (Well may they please) the morals of my song :
' No fairer maids, I trust, than you are found,
' Grac'd with soft arts, the peopled world around !
' The morn that lights you, to your loves supplies
' Each gentler ray, delicious to your eyes ;
' For you those flow'rs her fragrant hands bestow,
' And yours the love that kings delight to know.
' Yet think not these, all beauteous as they are,
' The best kind blessings Heav'n can grant the
' Who trust alone in beauty's feeble ray, [fair :
' Boast but the worth Balfora's * pearls display !
' Drawn from the deep, we own the surface
' bright ;

' But, dark within, they drink no lustrous light.
' Such are the maids, and such the charms they
' By sense unaided, or to virtue lost. [boast ;
' Self-flatt'ring sex ! your hearts believe, in vain,
' That love shall blind, when once he fires the
swain ;

' Or hope a lover by your faults to win,
' As spots on ermin beautify the skin :
' Who seeks secure to rule, be first her care
' Each softer virtue that adorns the fair ;
' Each tender passion man delights to find
' The lov'd perfection of a female mind.

' Bless'd were the days when wisdom held
reign,

' And shepherds fought her on the silent plain ;
' With Truth she wedded in the secret grove ;
' Immortal Truth ! and Daughters bless'd their
' love.

' O haste, fair maids ! ye Virtues come away !
' Sweet Peace and Plenty lead you on your way !
' The balmy shrub for you shall love our shore,
' By Ind excell'd, or Araby, no more.

' Lost to our fields, for so the fates ordain,
' The dear deserters shall return again.

' Come thou, whose thoughts as limpid springs
' are clear ;

' To lead the train, sweet Modesty, appear :

' Here make thy court amidst our rural scene,
' And shepherd girls shall own thee for their
' With thee be Chastity, of all afraid, [queen.
' Distrusting all, a wife suspicious maid ;
' But man the most—not more the mountain doe
' Hold the swift falcon for her deadly foe. [dew ;
' Cold is her breast, like flow'rs that drink the
' A silken veil conceals her from the view.

' No wild desires amidst thy train be known,
' But Faith, whose heart is fix'd on one alone :
' Desponding Meekness, with her down-cast
' And friendly Pity, full of tender sighs ; [eyes,
' And love the last. By these your hearts ap-
' prove ;

' These are the virtues that must lead to love.'

Thus sang the swain ; and ancient legends say,
The maids of Bagdat verifi'd the lay :

Dear to the plains, the Virtues came along ;
The shepherds lov'd, and Selim bless'd his song.

ECLOGUE II. *Hassan ; or the Camel-Driver.*

Scene, the Desert.—Time, Mid-Day.

IN silent horror, o'er the boundless waste,
The driver Hassan with his Camels pass'd :

† The Gulf of that name, famous for the peawly-fishery.

One cruse of water on his back he bore,
 And his light scrip contain'd a scanty store:
 A fan of painted feathers in his hand,
 To guard his shaded face from scorching sand.
 The sultry sun had gain'd the middle sky,
 And not a tree, and not an herb was nigh:
 The beasts with pain their dusty way pursue,
 Shrill roar'd the winds, and dreary was the view!
 With desprate sorrow, wild th'affrighted man
 Thrice sigh'd, thrice struck his breast, and thus began:

' Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
 ' When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my
 ' way!

' Ah! little thought I of the blasting wind,
 ' The thirst, or pinching hunger that I find!
 ' Bethink thee, Hassan, where shall Thirst assuage,
 ' When fails this cruse, his unrelenting rage?
 ' Soon shall this scrip its precious load resign;
 ' Then what but tears and hunger shall be
 ' thine?

' Ye mute companions of my toils, that bear
 ' In all my griefs a more than equal share!
 ' Here, where no springs in murmurs break away,
 ' Or moss-crown'd fountains mitigate the day,
 ' In vain ye hope the green delights to know,
 ' Which plains more blest'd, or verdant vales
 ' bestow:

' Here rocks alone, and tasteless sands are found,
 ' And faint and sickly winds for ever howl
 ' around!

' Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
 ' When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my
 ' way!

' Curst be the gold and silver which persuade
 ' Weak men to follow far-fatiguing trade!
 ' The lily Peace outshines the silver store;
 ' And life is dearer than the golden ore:
 ' Yet money tempts us o'er the desert brown,
 ' To every distant mart and wealthy town.
 ' Full oft we tempt the land, and oft the sea;
 ' And are we only yet repaid by thee?

' Ah! why this ruin so attractive made?
 ' Or why, fond man, so easily betray'd?
 ' Why heed we not, while mad we haste along,
 ' The gentle voice of Peace or Pleasure's song?
 ' Or wherefore think the flow'ry mountain's
 ' side,
 ' The fountain's murmurs, and the valley's
 ' pride;
 ' Why think we these less pleasing to behold
 ' Than dreary deserts, if they lead to gold?
 ' Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
 ' When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my
 ' way!

' O cease my fears!—all frantic as I go,
 ' When thought creates unnumber'd scenes of
 ' What if the Lion in his rage I meet! [woe.
 ' Oft in the dust I view his printed feet:
 ' And, fearful! oft, when Day's declining light
 ' Yields her pale empire to the mourner Night,
 ' By hunger rous'd, he scours the groaning plain,
 ' Gaunt wolves and sullen Tygers in his train:
 ' Before them Death, with shrieks, directs their
 ' way!

' Fills the wild yell, and leads them to their prey.
 ' Sad was the hour, and luckless was the
 ' day,
 ' When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my
 ' way!

' At that dead hour the silent asp shall creep,
 ' If aught of rest I find upon my sleep:
 ' Or some swollen serpent twist his scales around,
 ' And wake to anguish with a burning wound.
 ' Thrice happy they, the wise contented poor;
 ' From lust of wealth, and dread of death secure!
 ' They tempt no deserts, and no griefs they find;
 ' Peace rules the day where Reason rules the
 ' mind.

' Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
 ' When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my
 ' way!

' O hapless youth! for she thy love hath won,
 ' The tender Zara shall be most undone!

' Big

Big swell'd my heart, and own'd the powerful
 'maid, [said:
 'When fast she dropp'd her tears, and thus she
 "Farewell the youth, whom sighs could not
 "detain;
 "Whom Zara's breaking heart implor'd in vain;
 "Yet as thou go'st, may ev'ry blast arise,
 "Weak and unfelt as these rejected sighs!
 "Safe o'er the wild, no perils may'st thou see;
 "No griefs endure, nor weep, false youth, like
 "O let me safely to the fair return, [me;"
 "Say, with a kiss, she must not, shall not, mourn!
 "O let me teach my heart to lose its fears,
 "Recall'd by wisdom's voice and Zara's tears!"
 He said; and call'd on Heaven to bless the
 day [way.
 When back to Schiraz' walls he bent his

ECLOGUE III. *Abra; or the Georgian Sultana.*

Scene, a Forest.—Time, the Evening.

IN Georgia's land, where Teflis' tow'rs are
 In distant view along the level green; [seen,
 While evening dews enrich the glitt'ring glade,
 And the tall forests cast a longer shade:
 What time 'tis sweet o'er fields of rice to stray,
 Or scent the breathing maize at setting day;
 Amidst the maids of Zagen's peaceful grove,
 Emyra sung the pleasing cares of love.

Of Abra first began the tender strain,
 Who led her youth with flocks upon the plain;
 At morn she came, those willing flocks to lead,
 Where lilies rear them in the wat'ry mead:
 From early dawn the live-long hours she told,
 Till late at silent eve she penn'd the fold.
 Deep in the grove, beneath the secret shade,
 A various wreath of od'rous flow'rs she made.
 Gay motley'd pinks and sweet jonquils she chose*,
 The violet blue that on the moss-bank grows;

All sweet to sense, the flaunting rose was there:
 The finish'd chaplet well adorn'd her hair.

Great Abbas chanc'd that fated morn to stray,
 By love conducted from the chace away:
 Among the vocal vales he heard her song,
 And sought the vales and echoing groves among.
 At length he found and woo'd the rural maid;
 She knew the monarch, and with fear obey'd.

'Be ev'ry youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
 'And ev'ry Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!"
 The royal lover bore her from the plain;
 Yet still her crook and bleating flock remain:
 Oft as she went she backward turn'd her view,
 And bade that crook and bleating flock adieu.
 Fair happy maid! to other scenes remove;
 To richer scenes of golden pow'r and love!
 Go leave the simple pipe and shepherd's strain;
 With love delight thee, and with Abbas reign.

'Be ev'ry youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
 'And ev'ry Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!"
 Yet, midst the blaze of courts she fix'd her love
 On the cool fountain or the shady grove;
 Still, with the shepherd's innocence her mind
 To the sweet vale and flow'ry mead inclin'd:
 And oft a Spring renew'd the plains with flow'rs,
 Breath'd his soft gales, and led the fragrant
 hours;

With sure return she sought the sylvan scene,
 The breezy mountains and the forests green.
 Her maids around her mov'd, a duteous band!
 Each bore a crook all rural in her hand:
 Some simple lay of flocks and herds they sung;
 With joy the mountain and the forest rung.

'Be ev'ry youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
 'And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!"
 And oft the royal lover left the care
 And thorns of state, attendant on the fair;
 Oft to the shades and low roof'd cots retir'd,
 Or sought the vale where first his heart was fir'd:

* That these flowers are found in very great abundance in some of the provinces of Persia, see the Modern History of the ingenious Mr. Salmon.

A russet mantle, like a swain, he wore,
And thought of crowns and busy courts no more.

‘ Be ev’ry youth like royal Abbas mov’d,

‘ And ev’ry Georgian maid like Abra lov’d!

Bless’d was the life that royal Abbas led :

Sweet was his love, and innocent his bed.

What if in wealth the noble maid excel !

The simple shepherd-girl can love as well.

Let those who rule on Persia’s jewell’d throne

Be fam’d for love, and gentlest love alone ;

Or wreathe, like Abbas full of fair renown,

The lover’s myrtle with the warrior’s crown.

‘ O happy days !’ the maids around her say :

‘ O haste, profuse of blessings, haste away !

‘ Be ev’ry youth like royal Abbas mov’d,

‘ And ev’ry Georgian maid like Abra lov’d !

ECLOGUE IV. *Agib and Secander ; or, the Fugitives.*

Scene, a Mountain in Circassia. — Time, Midnight.

IN fair Circassia, where, to love inclin’d,

Each swain was bless’d, for ev’ry maid was kind ;

At that still hour, when awful midnight reigns,

And none but wretches haunt the twilight plains ;

What time the moon had hung her lamp on high ;

And pass’d in radiance thro’ the cloudless sky :

Sad o’er the dews two brother shepherds fled,

Where wild’ring fear and desprate sorrow led.

Fast as they press’d their flight, behind them lay

Wide ravag’d plains, and vallies stole away.

Along the mountain’s bending side they ran ;

Till, faint and weak, Secander thus began :

SECANDER.

O stay thee, Agib, for my feet deny,

No longer friendly to my life, to fly.

Friend of my heart, O turn thee and survey ;

Trace our sad flight thro’ all its length of way !

And first review that long-extended plain,

And yon wide groves, already pass’d with pain !

Yon ragged cliff, whose dang’rous path we try’d!
And last, this lofty mountain’s weary side !

AGIB.

Weak as thou art, yet hapless must thou know
The toils of flight, or some severer woe !

Still as I haste, the Tartar shouts behind,

And shrieks and sorrows load the sadd’ning wind ;

In rage of heart, with ruin in his hand,

He blasts our harvests, and deforms our land.

Yon citron grove, whence first in fear we came,

Drops its fair honors to the conqu’ring flame ;

Far fly the swains, like us, in deep despair,

And leave to ruffian bands their fleecy care.

SECANDER.

Unhappy land ! whose blessings tempt the
sword ;

In vain, unheard, thou call’st thy Persian lord !

In vain thou court’st him, helpless, to thine aid,

To shield the shepherd and protect the maid !

Far off, in thoughtless indolence resign’d,

Soft dreams of love and pleasure soothe his mind :

Midst fair sultanas lost in idle joy,

No wars alarm him, and no fears annoy.

AGIB.

Yet these green hills, in summer’s sultry heat,
Have lent the monarch oft a cool retreat.

Sweet to the sight is Zebra’s flow’ry plain,

And once by maids and shepherds lov’d in vain !

No more the virgins shall delight to rove

By Sargis’ banks, or Irwan’s shady grove ;

On Tarkie’s mountain catch the cooling gale,

Or breathe the sweets of Aly’s flow’ry vale ;

Fair scenes ! but ah ! no more with peace possess’d,

With ease alluring, and with plenty bless’d.

No more the shepherd’s whit’ning tents appear,

Nor the kind products of a bounteous year ;

No more the date, with snowy blossoms crown’d ;

But ruin spreads her baleful fires around.

SECANDER.

In vain Circassia boasts her spicy groves,
For ever fam’d for pure and happy loves :

In

In vain she boasts her fairest of the fair,
Their eyes blue languish, and their golden hair.
Those eyes in tears their fruitless grief must send;
Those hairs the Tartars cruel hand shall rend.

AGIB.

Ye Georgian swains, that piteous learn from
Circassia's ruin, and the waste of war; [far
Some weightier arms than crooks and staves pre-
pare,

To shield your harvest, and defend your fair :
The Turk and Tartar like designs pursue,
Fix'd to destroy, and steadfast to undo.
Wild as his land, in native deserts bred,
By lust incited, or by malice led,
The villain Arab, as he prowls for prey,
Oft marks with blood and wasting flames the way;
Yet none so cruel as the Tartar foe,
To death inur'd, and nurs'd in scenes of woe.

He said; when loud along the vale was heard
A shriller shriek, and nearer fires appear'd :
Th' affrighted shepherds, thro' the dews of night,
Wide o'er the moon-light hills renew'd their
flight.

§ 28. *The Splendid Shilling.* J. PHILLIPS.

"—— Sing, heavenly Muse !

" Things unattempted yet, in prose or rhyme ;"

A Shilling, Breeches, and Chimeras dire.

HAPPY the man, who, void of care and strife,
In silken or in leathern purse retains
A Splendid Shilling. He nor hears with pain
New oysters cry'd, nor sighs for cheerful ale :
But with his friends, when nightly mists arise,
To Juniper's Magpye, or Town Hall repairs ;
Where, mindful of the nymph, whose wanton eye
Transfix'd his soul, and kindled amorous flames,
Chloe, or Phillis, he each circling glass
Wisheth her health and joy, and equal love.
Meanwhile he smokes, and laughs at merry tale,
Or pun ambiguous, or conundrum quaint.

But I, whom griping penury furrounds,
And hunger, sure attendant upon want,
With scanty offals, and small acid tiff
(Wretched repast !) my meagre course sustain ;
Then solitary walk, or doze at home
In garret vile, and with a warming puff
Regale chill fingers; or, from tube as black
As winter chimney, or well-polish'd jet,
Exhale Mundungus, ill-perfuming scent ;
Not blacker tube, nor of a shorter size,
Smokes Cambro-Britain (vers'd in pedigree,
Sprung from Cadwallader and Arthur, kings
Full famous in romantic tale) when he
O'er many a craggy hill and barren cliff,
Upon a cargo of fam'd Cestrian cheese,
High overshadowing rides, with a design
To vend his wares, or at th' Arvonian mart,
Or Maridunum, or the ancient town
Yclep'd Brechinia; or where Vaga's stream
Encircles Ariconium, fruitful soil,
Whence flow nectarous wines, that well may
With Massit, Setin, or renown'd Falern. [vie

Thus, while my joyless minutes tedious flow,
With looks demure and silent pace, a Dun,
Horrible monster ! hated by gods and men,
To my aerial citadel ascends :
With vocal heel thrice thund'ring at my gates,
With hideous accent thrice he calls ; I know
The voice ill-boding, and the solemn sound.
What should I do ? or whether turn ? Amaz'd,
Confounded, to the dark recess I fly
Of wood-hole ; straight my bristling hairs erect
Thro' sudden fear ; a chilly sweat bedews
My shudd'ring limbs, and (wonderful to tell !)
My tongue forgets her faculty of speech ;
So horrible he seems ! His faded brow [beard,
Entrench'd with many a frown, and conick
And spreading band, admir'd by modern saints,
Disastrous acts forebode ; in his right hand
Long scrolls of paper solemnly he waves,
With characters and figures dire inscrib'd,
Grievous to mortal eyes (ye gods, avert

Such

Such plagues from righteous men!): behind him
 Another monster, not unlike himself, [stalks
 Sullen of aspect, by the vulgar call'd
 A Catchpole, whose polluted hands the gods
 With force incredible, and magic charms,
 Erst have endu'd. If he his ample palm
 Should haply on ill-fated shoulder lay
 Of debtor, straight his body, to the touch
 Obsequious (as whilom knights were wont)
 To some enchanted castle is convey'd,
 Where gates impregnable, and coercive chains,
 In durance strict detain him, till, in form
 Of money, Pallas sets the captive free.

Beware, ye debtors! when ye walk beware,
 Be circumspect; oft with insidious ken
 This castrif eyes your steps aloof and oft,
 Lies perdue in a nook or gloomy cave,
 Prompt to enchant some inadvertent wretch
 With his unhallow'd touch. So (poets sing)
 Grimalkin, to domestic vermin sworn
 An everlasting foe, with watchful eye
 Lies nightly brooking o'er a chinky gap,
 Protending her fell claws, to thoughtless mice
 Sure ruin. So her disembowell'd web
 Arachne in a hall or kitchen spreads,
 Obvious to vagrant flies; she secret stands
 Within her woven cell! the humming prey,
 Regardless of their fate, rush on the toils
 Inextricable, nor will aught avail
 Their arts, or arms, or shapes of lovely hue!
 The wasp insidious, and the buzzing drone,
 And butterfly proud of expanded wings
 Distinct with gold, entangled in her snares,
 Useless resistance make: with eager strides,
 She tow'ring flies to her expected spoils;
 Then with envenom'd jaws the vital blood
 Drinks of reluctant foes, and to her cave
 Their bulky carcases triumphant drags.

So pass my days. But when nocturnal shades
 This world envelope, and th'inclement air
 Persuades men to repel benumbing frosts [wood;
 With pleasant wines, and crackling blaze of

Me lonely sitting, nor the glimmering light
 Or make-weight candle, nor the joyous talk
 Of loving friend, delights; distress'd, forlorn,
 Amidst the horrors of the tedious night,
 Darkling I sigh, and feed with dismal thoughts
 My anxious mind; or sometimes mournful verse
 Indite, and sing of groves and myrtle shades,
 Or desp'rate lady near a purling stream,
 Or lover pendent on a willow-tree.
 Meanwhile I labour with eternal drought,
 And restless wish and rave; my parched throat
 Finds no relief, nor heavy eyes repose:
 But if a slumber haply does invade
 My weary limbs, my fancy's still awake,
 Thoughtful of drink, and eager, in a dream,
 Tipples imaginary pots of ale,
 In vain—awake, I find the settled thirst
 Still gnawing, and the pleasant phantom curse.
 Thus do I live from Pleasure quite debarr'd,
 Nor taste the fruits that the sun's genial rays
 Mature john-apple, nor the downy peach,
 Nor walnut in rough-furrow'd coat secure,
 Nor medlar fruit delicious in decay.
 Afflictions great! yet greater still remain;
 My galligaskins, that have long withstood
 The winter's fury and encroaching frosts,
 By time subdu'd (what will not time subdue!)
 An horrid chasm disclose, with orifice
 Wide, discontinuous; at which the winds,
 Eurus and Auster, and the dreadful force
 Of Boreas, that congeals the Cronian waves,
 Tumultuous enter with dire chilling blasts,
 Portending agues. Thus a well-fraught ship,
 Long sail'd secure, or thro' th'Ægean deep,
 Or the Ionian, till cruising near
 The Lilybean shore, with hideous crush
 On Scylla, or Charybdis (dang'rous rocks)
 She strikes rebounding; whence the shatter'd oak,
 So fierce a shock unable to withstand,
 Admits the sea: in at the gaping side
 The crowding waves gush with impetuous rage,
 Resistless, overwhelming! Horrors seize

The

The mariners; death in their eyes appears;
They stare, they lave, they pump, they swear,
they pray:
(Vain efforts!) still the batt'ring waves rush in,
Implacable; till, delug'd by the foam,
The ship sinks found'ring in the vast abyss.

§ 29. *An Epistle to a Lady.* NUGENT.

CLARINDA, dearly lov'd, attend
The counsels of a faithful friend;
Who, with the warmest wishes fraught,
Feels all, at least, that friendship ought!
But since by ruling Heav'n's design,
Another's fate shall influence thine;
O! may these lines for him prepare
A bliss, which I would die to share!
Man may for wealth or glory roam;
But woman must be blest at home;
To this should all her studies tend,
This her great object and her end.
Distaste unmingled pleasures bring,
And use can blunt Affliction's sting:
Hence perfect bliss no mortals know,
And few are plung'd in utter woe;
While Nature, arm'd against Despair,
Gives pow'r to mend, or strength to bear;
And half the thought content may gain,
Which spleen employs to purchase pain.
Trace not the fair domestic plan
From what you would, but what you can!
Nor, peevish, spurn the scanty store,
Because you think you merit more!
Bliss ever differs in degree;
Thy share alone is meant for thee;
And thou shouldst think, however small,
That share enough, for 'tis thy all;
Vain scorn will aggravate distress,
And only make that little less.
Admit whatever trifles come;
Units compose the largest sum;

O! tell them o'er, and say how vain
Are those who form Ambition's train;
Which swell the Monarch's gorgeous state,
And bribe to ill the guilty great!
But thou, more blest, more wise than these,
Shalt build up happiness on ease.
Hail, sweet Content! where joy serene
Gilds the mild soul's unruffled scene;
And, with blith Fancy's pencil wrought,
Spreads the white web of flowing thought;
Shines lovely in the cheerful face,
And clothes each charm with native grace;
Effusion pure of bliss sincere,
A vestment for a god to wear.

Far other ornaments compose
The garb that shrouds dissembled woes,
Pierc'd out with motley dies and sorts,
Freaks, whimsies, festivals, and sports;
The troubled mind's fantastic dress,
Which madness titles Happiness:
While the gay wretch to revels bears
The pale remains of sighs and tears;
And seeks in crowds, like her undone,
What only can be found in one.

But chief, my gentle friend! remove
Far from thy couch seducing Love.
O! shun the false magician's art,
Nor trust thy yet unguarded heart!
Charm'd by his spells fair honor flies,
And thousand treach'rous phantoms rise;
Where Guilt, in Beauty's ray beguiles,
And Ruin lurks in Friendship's smiles.
Lo! where th'enchanted captive dreams
Of warbling groves and purling streams;
Of painted meads, of flow'rs that shed
Their odours round her fragrant bed,
Quick shifts the scene, the charm is lost,
She wakes upon a desert coast;
No friendly hand to lend its aid,
No guardian bow'r to spread its shade;
Expos'd to ev'ry chilling blast,
She treads th'inhospitable waste;

And down the drear decline of life,
Sinks a forlorn, dishonour'd wife.
Neglect not thou the voice of Fame,
But, clear from crime, be free from blame !
Tho' all were innocence within,
'Tis guilt to wear the garb of sin ;
Virtue rejects the foul disguise :
None merit praise who praise despise.
Slight not in supercilious strain,
Long practis'd modes as low or vain !
The world will vindicate their cause,
And claim blind faith in custom's laws.
Safer with multitudes to stray,
Than tread, alone, a fairer way :
To mingle with the erring throng,
Than boldly speak ten millions wrong.

Beware of the relentless train
Whom forms adore, whom forms maintain !
Left prudes demure, or coxcombs loud,
Accuse thee to the partial crowd ;
Foes who the laws of honour slight,
A judge who measures guilt by spite.
Behold the sage Aurelia stand,
Disgrace and fame at her command ;
As if Heav'n's delegate design'd
Sole arbiter of all her kind.
Whether she try some favour'd piece,
By rules devis'd in ancient Greece,
Or whether, modern in her slight,
She tells what Paris thinks polite :
For, much her talents to advance,
She study'd Greece, and travell'd France ;
There learn'd the happy art to please,
With all the charms of labour'd ease ;
Thro' looks and nods with meaning fraught,
To teach what she was never taught.
By her each latent spring is seen ;
The workings foul of secret spleen ;
The guilt that skulks in fair pretence,
Or folly, veil'd in specious sense.
And much her righteous spirit grieves
When worthlessness the world deceives ;

Whether the erring crowd commends
Some patriot sway'd by private ends ;
Or husband trust a faithless wife,
Secure in ignorance from strife.
Averse she brings their deeds to view,
But justice claims the rig'rous due ;
Humanely anxious to produce,
At least, some possible excuse.
O ne'er may virtue's dire disgrace
Prepare a triumph for the base !

Mere forms the fool implicit sway,
Which wtlings with contempt survey ;
Blind folly no defect can see ;
Half wisdom views but one degree.
The wise remoter uses reach,
Which judgment and experience teach.
Whoever would be pleas'd and please,
Must do what others do with ease.
Great precept, undefin'd by rule,
And only learn'd in Custom's school ;
To no peculiar form confin'd,
It spreads thro' all the human kind ;
Beauty, and wit, and worth supplies,
Yet graceful in the good and wise.
Rich with this gift, and none beside,
In Fashion's stream how many glide !
Secure from ev'ry mental woe,
From treach'rous friend or open foe ;
From social sympathy, that shares
The public loss or private cares ;
Whether the barb'rous foe invade,
Or Merit pine in Fortune's shade.

Hence, gentle Anna, ever gay,
The same to-morrow as to-day,
Save where, perchance, when others weep,
Her cheek the decent sorrow weep :
Save when, perhaps, a melting tale
O'er ev'ry tender breast prevail.
The good, the bad, the great, the small,
She likes, she loves, she honors all.
And yet, if stand'rous malice blame,
Patient she yields a sister's fame ;

Alike

Alike if satire or if praise,
 She says whate'er the circle says;
 Implicit does whate'er they do,
 Without one point in wish or view.
 Sure test of others, faithful glass
 Thro' which the various phantoms pass.
 Wide blank, unfeeling when alone;
 No care, no joy, no thought her own.

Not thus succeeds the peerless dame,
 Who looks, and talks, and acts for fame;
 Intent so wide her cares extend,
 To make the universe her friend.
 Now with the gay, in frolics shines;
 Now reasons deep with deep divines;
 With courtiers now extols the great;
 With patriots sighs o'er Britain's fate;
 Now breathes with zealots holy fires;
 Now melts in less refin'd desires.
 Doom'd to exceed in each degree,
 Too wise, too weak, too proud, too free;
 Too various for one single word,
 The high sublime of deep absurd.
 While ev'ry talent nature grants
 Just serves to shew how much she wants.

Altho' in ——— combine
 The virtues of our sex and thine:
 Her hand restrains the widow's tears;
 Her sense informs, and soothes, and cheers:
 Yet, like an angel in disguise,
 She shines but to some favour'd eyes;
 Nor is the distant herd allow'd
 To view the radiance thro' the cloud.

But thine is ev'ry winning art;
 Thine is the friendly honest heart;
 And should the gen'rous spirit flow
 Beyond where prudence fears to go;
 Such fallies are of nobler kind
 Than virtues of a narrow mind.

§ 30. *The Man of Sorrow.* GREVILLE.

AH! what avails the length'ning mead,
 By Nature's kindest bounty spread

Along the vale of flowers!
 Ah! what avails the dark'ning grove,
 Or Philomel's melodious love,
 That glads the midnight hours!

From me (alas!) the god of day
 Ne'er glitters on the hawthorn spray,
 Nor night her comfort brings:
 I have no pleasure in the rose;
 For me no vernal beauty blows,
 Nor Philomela sings.

See how the sturdy peasants stride
 Adown yon hillock's verdant side,
 In cheerful ignorance blest;
 Alike to them the rose or thorn,
 Alike arises every morn,
 By gay Contentment drest.

Content, fair daughter of the skies,
 Or gives spontaneous, or denies,
 Her choice divinely free:
 She visits oft the hamlet cot,
 When Want and Sorrow are the lot
 Of Avarice and me.

But see,—or is it Fancy's dream?
 Methought a bright celestial gleam
 Shot sudden thro' the groves;
 Behold, behold, in loose array,
 Euphrosyne, more bright than day,
 More mild than Paphian doves!

Welcome, O! welcome, Pleasure's queen!
 And see along the velvet green
 The jocund train advance:
 With scatter'd flow'rs they fill the air.
 The wood-nymph's dew-bespangled hair
 Plays in the sportive dance.

Ah! baneful giant of angry Heaven,
 When to the feeling wretch is given
 A soul alive to joy!
 Joys fly with ev'ry hour away,
 And leave th'unguarded heart a prey
 To cares, that peace destroy.

And

And see, with visionary haste
(Too soon the gay delusion past)
Reality remains !
Despair has seiz'd my captive soul,
And horror drives without controul,
And slackens still the reins.

Ten thousand beauties round me throng :
What beauties, say, ye nymphs belong
To the distemper'd soul ?
I see the lawn of hideous dye,
The tow'ring elm nods misery ;
With groans the waters roll.

Ye gilded roofs, Palladian domes,
Ye vivid tints of Persia's looms,
Ye were for misery made.—
'Twas thus the Man of Sorrow spoke ;
His wayward step then pensive took
Along th'unhallow'd shade.

§ 31. *Alexander's Feast, or the Power of Music.*
An Ode on St. Cecilia's Day. DRYDEN.

'T WAS at the royal feast, for Persia won,
By Philip's warlike son :
Aloft in awful state
The godlike hero sate
On his imperial throne :
His valiant peers were plac'd around,
Their brows with roses and with myrtle bound :
So should desert in arms be crown'd.
The lovely Thais by his side
Sat, like a blooming eastern bride,
In flow'r of youth and beauty's pride,
Happy, happy, happy pair ;
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair.

Timotheus plac'd on high
Amid the tuneful quire,
With flying fingers touch'd the lyre :
The trembling notes ascend the sky,
And heav'nly joys inspire.

The song began from Jove ;
Who left his blissful seats above,
Such is the pow'r of mighty love !
A dragon's fiery form bely'd the god :
Sublime on radiant spheres he rode,
When he to fair Olympia press'd,
And stamp'd an image of himself, a sov'reign of
the world.

The list'ning crowd admire the lofty sound ;
A present deity, the vaulted roofs rebound.
With ravish'd ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,

And seems to shake the spheres.
The praise of Bacchus then, the sweet musician
sung :

Of Bacchus ever fair, and ever young ;
The jolly god, in triumph comes ;
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums ;
Flush'd with a purple grace
He shews his honest face.

Now give the hautboys breath ; he comes, he
Bacchus, ever fair and young, [comes !
Drinking joys did first ordain :
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure ;
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure ;
Sweet is the pleasure after pain.

Sooth'd with the sound, the king grew vain ;
Fought all his battles o'er again ;
And thrice he routed all his foes ; and thrice he
slew the slain.

The master saw the madness rise ;
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes ;
And while he heav'n and earth defy'd,
Chang'd his hand, and check'd his pride,
He chose a mournful muse
Soft pity to infuse :
He sung Darius great and good,
By too severe a fate,

Fall'n,

Fall'n, fall'n, fall'n, fall'n,
 Fall'n from his high estate,
 And welt'ring in his blood ;
 Deserted at his utmost need,
 By those his former bounty fed,
 On the bare earth expos'd he lies,
 With not a friend to close his eyes.
 With downcast look the joyless victor fate,
 Revolving in his alter'd soul
 The various turns of fate below ;
 And now and then a sigh he stole ;
 And tears began to flow.

The mighty master smil'd, to see
 That love was in the next degree :
 'Twas but a kindred sound to move ;
 For pity melts the mind to love !
 Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
 Soon he sooth'd his soul to pleasures.
 War, he sung, his toil and trouble ;
 Honor but an empty bubble ;
 Never ending, still beginning,
 Fighting still, and still destroying :
 If the world be worth thy winning,
 Think, O, think it worth enjoying !
 Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
 Take the good the gods provide thee.—
 The many rend the skies with loud applause ;
 So love was crown'd, but music won the cause.
 The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
 Gaz'd on the fair
 Who caus'd his care,
 And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
 Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again :
 At length, with love and wine at once oppress'd,
 The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.
 Now strike the golden lyre again ;
 And louder yet, and yet a louder strain,
 Break his bands of sleep asunder,
 And rouse him like a rattling peal of thunder.

Hark, hark the horrid sound
 Has rais'd up his head ;
 As awak'd from the dead
 And amaz'd, he stares around.
 Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,
 See the furies arise,
 See the snakes that they rear,
 How they hiss in the air,
 And the sparkles that flash from their eyes !
 Behold a ghastly band,
 Each a torch in his hand,
 These are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were
 And unburied remain, [slain,
 Inglorious on the plain ;
 Give the vengeance due
 To the valiant crew :
 Behold how they toss their torches on high,
 How they point to the Persian abodes,
 And glitt'ring temples of their hostile gods !—
 The princes applaud with a furious joy ;
 And the King seiz'd a flambeau, with zeal to
 Thais led the way [destroy ;
 To light him to his prey,
 And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.

Thus, long ago,
 Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,
 While organs yet were mute,
 Timotheus to his breathing flute
 And sounding lyre
 Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
 At last divine Cecilia came,
 Inventress of the vocal frame ;
 The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
 Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
 And added length to sounds,
 With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown
 Let old Timotheus yield the prize, [before
 Or both divide the crown ;
 He rais'd a mortal to the skies ;
 She drew an angel down.

§ 32. *An Epistle from Mr. Phillips to the Earl of Dorset. Copenhagen, March 9, 1709.*

FROM frozen climes, and endless tracts of snow,
From streams that northern winds forbid to flow,

What present shall the Muse to Dorset bring,
Or how, so near the Pole, attempt to sing?
The hoary winter here conceals from sight
All pleasing objects that to verse invite.
The hills, and dales, and the delightful woods,
The flow'ry plains, and silver-streaming floods,
By snow disguis'd, in bright confusion lie,
And, with one dazzling waste, fatigue the eye;

No gentle breathing breeze prepares the spring,
No birds within the desert region sing.

The ships, unmov'd, the boist'rous wind defy,
While rattling chariots o'er the ocean fly.

The vast Leviathan wants room to play,
And spout his waters in the face of day.

The starving wolves along the main sea prowl,
And to the moon in icy vallies howl.

For many a shining league the level main
Here spreads itself into a glassy plain:

There solid billows, of enormous size,
Alps of green ice, in wild disorder rise.

And yet but lately have I seen, e'en here,
The winter in a lovely dress appear.

Ere yet the clouds let fall the treasur'd snow,
Or winds begun thro' hazy skies to blow,

At ev'ning a keen eastern breeze arose;
And the descending rain unsullied froze.

Soon as the silent shades of night withdrew,
The ruddy morn disclos'd at once to view

The face of nature in a rich disguise,
And brighten'd ev'ry object to my eyes:

For ev'ry shrub, and ev'ry blade of grass,
And ev'ry pointed thorn seem'd wrought in glass;

In pearls and rubies rich the hawthorns show,
While thro' the ice the crimson berries glow.

The thick-sprung reeds the wat'ry marshes yield,
Seem polish'd lances in a hostile field,

The flag, in limpid currents, with surprise
Sees crystal branches on his forehead rise.

The spreading oak, the beech, and tow'ring pine,
Glaz'd over, in the freezing æther shine.

The frightened birds the rattling branches shun,
That wave and glitter in the distant sun:

When, if a sudden gust of wind arise,
The brittle forest into atoms flies:

The crackling wood beneath the tempest bends,
And in a spangled show'r the prospect ends;

Or if a southern gale the region warm,
And, by degrees, unbind the wint'ry charm,

The traveller a minty country sees;
And journeys sad beneath the dropping trees.

Like some deluded peasant Merlin leads
Thro' fragrant bow'rs, and thro' delicious meads;

While here enchanted gardens to him rise,
And airy fabrics there attract his eyes,

His wond'ring feet the magic paths pursue;
And, while he thinks the fair illusion true,

The trackless scenes disperse in fluid air,
And woods, and wilds, and thorny ways, appear:

A tedious road the weary wretch returns,
And, as he goes, the transient vision mourns.

§ 33. *Monody to the Memory of a Young Lady.*
SHAW.

YET do I live! O how shall I sustain
This vast unutterable weight of woe?

This worse than hunger, poverty, or pain,
Or all the complicated ills below—

She, in whose life my hopes were treasur'd all,
Is gone—for ever fled—

My dearest Emma's dead;
These eyes, these tear-swoln eyes beheld her fall:

Ah no—she lives on some far happier shore,
She lives—but (cruel thought!) she lives for me

no more.

I, who the tedious absence of a day [sigh;
Remov'd, would languish for my charmer's

Would chide the ling'ring moments for delay,
And fondly blame the slow return of night;

How,

How, how shall I endure
(O misery past a cure!)

Hours, days, and years, successively to roll,
Nor ever more behold the comfort of my soul?

Was she not all my fondest wish could frame?

Did ever mind so much of heav'n partake?

Did she not love me with the purest flame?

And give up friends and fortune for my sake?

Though mild as ev'ning skies,

With downcast, streaming eyes,

Stood the stern frown of supercilious brows,
Deaf to their brutal threats, and faithful to her
vows.

Come then, some Muse, the saddest of the train

(No more your bard shall dwell on idle lays)

Teach me each moving melancholy strain,

And O discard the pageantry of phrase:

Fit suit the flower of speech with woes like mine!

Thus, haply, as I paint

The source of my complaint,

My soul may own th'impassion'd line;

A flood of tears may gush to my relief, [of grief.

And from my swelling heart discharge this load

Forbear, my fond officious friends, forbear

To wound my ears with the sad tales you tell;

"How good she was, how gentle, and how fair!"

In pity cease—alas! I know too well:

How in her sweet expressive face

Beam'd forth the beauties of her mind,

Yet heighten'd by exterior grace,

Of manners most engaging, most refin'd.

No piteous object could she see,

But her soft bosom shar'd the woe,

While smiles of affability

Endear'd whatever boon she might bestow.

Whate'er th'emotions of her heart,

Still shone conspicuous in her eyes,

Stranger to ev'ry female art,

Alike to feign or to disguise:

And O the boast how rare!

The secret in her faithful breast repos'd,
She ne'er with lawless tongue disclos'd,

In secret silence lodg'd inviolate there,
Of feeble words—unable to express
Her matchless virtues, or my own distress!

Relentless death! that, steel'd to human woe;

With murder's hands deals havock on man—

Why (cruel!) strike this deprecated blow, [kind;

And leave such wretched multitudes behind?

Hark! Groans come wing'd on ev'ry breeze!

The sons of grief prefer their ardent vow;

Oppress'd with sorrow, want, or dire disease,

And supplicate thy aid, as I do now:

In vain—Perverse, still on th'unweeeping head

'Tis thine thy vengeful darts to shed;

Hope's infant blossoms to destroy,

And drench in tears the face of joy.

But oh! fell tyrant! yet expect the hour

When Virtue shall renounce thy power;

When thou no more shalt blot the face of day,

Nor mortals tremble at thy rigid sway.

Alas! the day—where'er I turn my eyes,

Some sad memento of my loss appears;

I fly the fatal house—suppress my sighs,

Resolv'd to dry my unavailing tears:

But, ah! in vain—no change of time

The memory can efface [or place

Of all that sweetness, that enchanting air, [spair.

Now lost; and nought remains but anguish and de-

Where were the delegates of Heav'n, oh, where!

Appointed Virtue's children safe to keep!

Had Innocence or Virtue been their care,

She had not dy'd, nor had I liv'd to weep:

Mov'd by my tears, and by her patience mov'd,

To see her force th'endearing smile,

My sorrows to beguile,

When Torture's keenest rage she prov'd;

Sure they had ward'd that untimely dart,

Which broke her thread of life, and rent a hus-

band's heart.

How shall I e'er forget that dreadful hour,
When, feeling Death's resistless pow'r,
My hand she press'd, wet with her falling tears,
And thus, in falt'ring accents, spoke her fears:

" Ah, my lov'd lord, the transient scene is o'er,
" And we must part (alas!) to meet no more!
" But oh! if e'er thy Emma's name was dear,
" If e'er thy vows have charm'd my ravish'd
" ear;

" If, from thy lov'd embrace my heart to gain,
" Proud friends have frown'd, and Fortune
" smil'd in vain;

" If it has been my sole endeavour still
" To act in all, obsequious to thy will;
" To watch thy very smiles, thy wish to know,
" Then only truly blest when thou wert so;
" If I have doated with that fond excess,
" Nor love could add, nor Fortune make it less;
" If this I've done, and more—O then be kind
" To the dear lovely babe I leave behind.
" When time my once lov'd mem'ry shall efface,
" Some happier maid may take thy Emma's
" place;

" With envious eyes thy partial fondness see,
" And hate it for the love thou bore to me—
" My dearest Shaw, forgive a woman's fears;
" But one word more (I cannot bear thy tears)
" Promise—and I will trust thy faithful vow
" (Oft have I try'd, and ever found thee true)
" That to some distant spot thou wilt remove
" This fatal pledge of hapless Emma's love,
" Where safe, thy blandishments it may partake:
" And oh! be tender for its mother's sake.
" Wilt thou:—
" I know thou wilt—sad silence speaks assent;
" And in that pleasing hope thy Emma dies
" content."

I, who with more than manly strength have bore
The various ills impos'd by cruel Fate,
Sustain the firmness of my soul no more,
But sink beneath the weight;

Just Heav'n! (I cry'd) from Mem'ry's earliest
day

No comfort has thy wretched suppliant known;
Misfortune still, with unrelenting sway,
Has claim'd me for her own.

But O!—in pity to my grief, restore
This only source of bliss; I ask, I ask no more—
Vain hope—th'irrevocable doom is past;
Ev'n now she looks—she sighs her last—
Vainly I strive to stay her fleeting breath, [death.
And, with rebellious heart, protest against her

When the stern tyrant clos'd her lovely eyes,
How did I rave, untaught to bear the blow!
With impious wish to tear her from the skies;
How curse my fate in bitterness of woe!
But whither would this dreadful frenzy lead?

Fond man, forbear;
Thy fruitless sorrow spare; [creed;
Dare not to task what Heav'n's high will de-
In humble rev'rence kiss th'afflictive rod,
And prostrate bow to an offended God.

Perhaps kind Heaven in mercy dealt the blow,
Some saving truth thy roving soul to teach;
To wean thy heart from groveling views below,
And point out bliss beyond Misfortune's
reach:

To shew that all the flatt'ring schemes of joy,
Which tow'ring hope so fondly builds in air,
One fatal moment can destroy,

And plunge th'exulting maniac in despair.
Then O! with pious fortitude sustain
Thy present loss—haply thy future gain;
Nor let thy Emma die in vain;

Time shall administer its wonted balm, [calm.
And hush this storm of grief to no unpleasant

Thus the poor bird, by some disastrous fate,
Caught and imprison'd in a lonely cage,
Torn from its native fields, and dearer mate,
Flutters awhile, and spends its little rage:
But finding all its efforts weak and vain,
No more it pants and rages for the plain:

Moping

Moping a while in fullen mood
 Droops the sweet mourner—but ere long
 Prunes its light wings, and pecks its food,
 And meditates the song:
 Serenely sorrowing, breathes its piteous case,
 And with its plaintive warblings saddens all
 the place. [slow,
 Forgive me, Heaven!—yet—yet the tears will
 To think how soon my scene of bliss is past!
 My budding joys, just promising to blow,
 All nipt and wither'd by one envious blast!
 My hours, that laughing wont to fleet away,
 Move heavily along; [jocund song?
 Where's now the sprightly jest, the
 Time creeps unconscious of delight:
 How shall I cheat the tedious day!
 And O—the joyless night!
 Where shall I rest my weary head?
 How shall I find repose on a sad widow'd bed?
 Come, Theban drug †, the wretch's only aid,
 To my torn heart its former peace restore:
 Thy votary, wrapp'd in thy Lethean shade,
 A while shall cease his sorrows to deplore:
 Haply when lock'd in sleep's embrace,
 Again I shall behold my Emma's face:
 Again with transport hear
 Her voice oft whispering in my ear;
 May steal once more a balmy kiss,
 And taste at least of visionary bliss.
 But, ah! th'unwelcome morn's obtruding light
 Will all my shadowy schemes of bliss de-
 pose;
 Will tear the dear illusion from my sight,
 And wake me to the sense of all my woes!
 If to the verdant fields I stray,
 Alas! what pleasures now can these convey?
 Her lovely form pursues where'er I go,
 And darkens all the scene with woe.

By Nature's lavish beauties cheer'd no more,
 Sorrowing I rove
 Through valley, grot, and grove;
 Nought can their beauties or my loss restore;
 No herb, no plant can med'cine my disease,
 And my sad sighs are borne on ev'ry passing
 breeze.
 Sickness and sorrow hov'ring round my bed,
 Who now with anxious haste shall bring relief,
 With lenient hand support my drooping head,
 Assuage my pains, and mitigate my grief?
 Should worldly business call away,
 Who now shall in my absence fondly mourn,
 Count ev'ry minute of the loit'ring day,
 Impatient for my quick return:
 Should aught my bosom discompose,
 Who now, with sweet complacent air,
 Shall smooth the rugged brow of Care,
 And soften all my woes?
 Too faithful Memory—Cease, O cease—
 How shall I e'er regain my peace?
 (O to forget her!)—but how vain each art,
 Whilst ev'ry virtue lives imprinted on my heart!
 And thou, my little cherub, left behind,
 To hear a father's complaints, to share his woes,
 When Reason's dawn informs thy infant mind,
 And thy sweet lisping tongue shall ask the cause,
 How oft with sorrow shall mine eyes run o'er,
 When, twining round my knees, I trace
 Thy mother's smile upon thy face!
 How oft to my full heart shalt thou restore
 Sad mem'ry of my joys—ah, now no more!
 By blessings once enjoyed now more distressed,
 More beggar by the riches once possess'd,
 My little darling, dearer to me grown; [hear!]
 By all the tears thou'st caus'd—(O strange to
 Bought with a life yet dearer than thy own,
 Thy cradle purchas'd with thy mother's bier:

† Laudanum.

Who now shall seek with fond delight
 Thy infant steps to guide aright?
 She, who with doating eyes would gaze
 On all thy little artless ways,
 By all thy soft endearments blest,
 And clasp thee oft with transport to her breast,
 Alas! is gone—Yet shalt thou prove
 A father's dearest, tenderest love;
 And, O sweet senseless smiler (envy'd state!)
 As yet unconscious of thy hapless fate,
 When years thy judgment shall mature,
 And Reason shows those ills it cannot cure,
 Wilt thou a father's grief t'assuage,
 For virtue prove the Phoenix of the earth
 (Like her, thy mother dy'd to give thee birth)
 And be the comfort of my age?

When sick and languishing I lie,
 Wilt thou my Emma's wonted care supply?
 And oft as to thy list'ning ear,
 Thy mother's virtues and her fate I tell,
 Say, wilt thou drop the tender tear,
 Whilst on the mournful theme I dwell?
 Then fondly stealing to thy father's side,
 Whene'er thou seest the soft distress,
 Which I would vainly seek to hide,
 Say, wilt thou strive to make it less?
 To sooth my sorrows all thy cares employ,
 And in my cup of grief infuse one drop of joy?

§ 34. *An Evening Address to a Nightingale.*

SHAW.

SWEET bird! that kindly perching near,
 Pourest thy plaints melodious in my ear,
 Not, like base worldlings, tutor'd to forego
 The melancholy haunts of woe;
 Thanks for thy sorrow-soothing strain:—
 For surely thou hast known to prove,
 Like me, the pangs of hapless love;
 Else why so feelingly complain, [grove?
 And with thy piteous notes thus sadden all the

Say, dost thou mourn my ravish'd mate,
 That oft enamour'd on thy strains has hung?
 Or has the cruel hand of Fate
 Bereft thee of thy darling young?
 Alas, for both I weep!—

In all the pride of youthful charms,
 A beauteous bride torn from my circling arms!
 A lovely babe, that should have liv'd to bless
 And fill my doating eyes with frequent tears,
 At once the source of rapture and distress,
 The flattering prop of my declining years!
 In vain from death to rescue I essay'd,
 By every art that science could devise;
 Alas! it languish'd for a mother's aid,
 And wing'd its flight to seek her in the
 Then O our comforts be the same, [skies.—
 At ev'ning's peaceful hour,
 To shun the noisy paths of wealth and fame,
 And breathe our sorrows in this lonely bow'r.

But why, alas! to thee complain!
 To thee—unconscious of my pain!
 Soon shalt thou cease to mourn thy lot severe,
 And hail the dawning of a happier year:
 The genial warmth of joy renewing spring
 Again shall plume thy shatter'd wing;
 Again thy little heart shall transport prove,
 Again shall flow thy notes responsive to thy
 But O! for me in vain may seasons roll, [love.
 Nought can dry up the fountain of my tears;
 Deploing still the comfort of my soul,
 I count my sorrows by increasing years.

Tell me, thou Syren Hope, deceiver, say,
 Where is the promis'd period of my woes?
 Full three long lingering years have roll'd away,
 And yet I weep, a stranger to repose:
 "O what delusion did thy tongue employ!
 "That Emma's fatal pledge of love,
 "Her last bequest—with all a mother's care,
 "The bitterness of sorrow should remove,
 "Softens the horrors of despair,
 "And cheer a heart long lost to joy!"

How

How oft, when fondling in mine arms,
Gazing enraptur'd on its angel-face,
My soul the maze of Fate would vainly trace,
And burn with all a father's fond alarms !
And O what flatt'ring scenes had fancy feign'd !
How did I rave of blessings yet in store !
Till ev'ry aching sense was sweetly pain'd,
And my full heart could bear, nor tongue
could utter more.—

"Just Heav'n," I cry'd — with recent hopes
"elate, [dead—

"Yet will I live — will live though Emma's
"So long bow'd down beneath the storms of
"fate,

"Yet will I raise my woe-dejected head !

"My little Emma, now my all,

"Will want a father's care ;

"Her looks, her wants, my rash resolves recall,

"And for her sake the ills of life I'll bear :

"And oft together we'll complain, [know.

"Complaint, the only bliss my soul can

"From me my child shall learn the mournful

"And prattle tales of woe. [strain,

"And O! in that auspicious hour, [pow'r,

"When Fate resigns her persecuting

"With dutious zeal her hand shall close,

"No more to weep — my sorrow-streaming

"When death gives misery repose, [eyes,

"And opes a glorious passage to the skies."

Vain thought!—it must not be.—She too is

The flatt'ring scene is o'er, [dead—

My hopes for ever—ever fled—

And vengeance can no more—

Crush'd by misfortune—blasted by disease—

And none—none left to bear a friendly part !

To meditate my welfare, health, or ease,

Or sooth the anguish of an aching heart !

Now all one gloomy scene, till welcome Death,

With lenient hand (O falsely deem'd severe)

Shall kindly stop my grief-exhausted breath,

And dry up ev'ry tear,

Perhaps, obsequious to my will,

But ah! from my affections far remov'd !

The last sad office strangers may fulfil,

As if I ne'er had been belov'd ;

As if, unconscious of poetic fire,

I ne'er had touch'd the trembling lyre ;

As if my niggard hand ne'er dealt relief,

Nor my heart melted at another's grief.

Yet—while this weary life shall last,

While yet my tongue can form th'impas-
sion'd strain,

In piteous accents shall the Muse complain,

And dwell with fond delay on blessings past :

For Oh! how grateful to a wounded heart

The tale of misery to impart !

From others eyes bid art'less sorrows flow,

And raise esteem upon the base of woe !

Ev'n he*, the noblest of the tuneful throng,

Shall deign my love-lorn tale to hear,

Shall catch the soft contagion of my song, [tear.

And pay my pensive Muse the tribute of a

§ 35. *An Ode to Narcissa.* SMOLLET.

THY fatal shafts unerring move ;

I bow before thine altar, Love!

I feel thy soft resistless flame

Glide swift thro' all my vital frame !

For while I gaze my bosom glows,

My blood in tides impetuous flows ;

Hope, fear, and joy alternate roll,

And floods of transports overwhelm my soul !

My fault'ring tongue attempts in vain

In soothing murmurs to complain ;

My tongue some secret magic ties,

My murmurs sink in broken sighs !

* Lord Lyttleton.

Condemn'd to nurse eternal care,
And ever drop the silent tear,
Unheard I mourn, unknown I sigh,
Unfriended live, unpity'd die!

§ 36. *Elegy in Imitation of Tibullus.*

SMOLLET.

WHERE now are all my flatt'ring dreams of
joy?

Monimia, give my soul her wonted rest:
Since first thy beauty fix'd my roving eye,
Heart-gnawing cares corrode my pensive breast!

Let happy lovers fly where pleasures call,
With festive souls beguile the fleeting hour,
Lead beauty thro' the mazes of the ball,
Or press her wanton in love's roseate bow'r.

For me, no more I'll range th'empurpled mead,
Where shepherds pipe, and virgins dance around,
Nor wander thro' the woodbine's fragrant shade,
To hear the music of the grove resound.

I'll seek some lonely church, or dreary hall,
Where fancy paints the glimm'ring taper blue,
Where damps hang mould'ring on the ivy'd wall,
And sheeted ghosts drink up the midnight dew:

There, leagu'd with hopeless anguish and despair,
A while in silence o'er my fate repine:
Then, with a long farewell to love and care,
To kindred dust my weary limbs consign.

Wilt thou, Monimia, shed a gracious tear
On the cold grave where all my sorrows rest;
Strew vernal flow'rs, applaud my love sincere,
And bid the turf lie easy on my breast?

§ 37. *The Propagation of the Gospel in Greenland.*

COWPER.

AND still it spreads. See Germany send forth
Her † sons to pour it on the farthest north;

Fir'd with a zeal peculiar, they defy
The rage and rigour of a polar sky,
And plant successfully sweet Sharon's rose
On icy plains, and in eternal snows.

Oh! blest within th'inclosure of your rocks,
Nor herds have ye to boast, nor bleating flocks,
No fertilizing streams your fields divide,
That shew revers'd the villas on their side;
No groves have ye; no cheertul sound of bird,
Or voice of turtle, in your land is heard:
Nor grateful eglantine regales the smell
Of those that walk at ev'ning where ye dwell —
But Winter, arm'd with terrors here unknown,
Sits absolute on his unshaken throne;
Piles up his stores amidst the frozen waste,
And bids the mountains he has built stand fast;
Beckons the legions of his storms away
From happier scenes, to make your land a prey;
Proclaims the soil a conquest he has won,
And scorns to share it with the distant sun.
—Yet Truth is yours, remote unenvy'd isle,
And peace, the genuine offspring of her smile:
The pride of letter'd ignorance, that binds
In chains of error our accomplish'd minds;
That decks, with all the splendour of the true,
A false religion, is unknown to you.
Nature indeed vouchsafes for our delight
The sweet vicissitudes of day and night;
Soft airs and genial moisture feed and cheer
Field, fruit, and flow'r, and ev'ry creature here;
But brighter beams than his who fires the skies
Have rais'd at length on your admiring eyes,
That shoot into your darkest caves the day,
From which our nicer optics turn away.

§ 38. *On Slavery, and the Slave Trade.*

COWPER.

BUT ah! what wish can prosper, or what
pray'r,
For merchants rich in cargoes of despair,

† The Moravian Missionaries in Greenland. Vide Krantz.

Who

Who drive a loathsome traffic, gage and span,
And buy the muscles and the bones of man?
The tender ties of father, husband, friend,
All bonds of nature in that moment end,
And each endures, while yet he draws his breath,
A stroke as fatal as the scythe of death.
The fable warrior, frantic with regret
Of her he loves, and never can forget,
Loses in tears the far-receding shore,
But not the thought that they must meet no
more!

Depriv'd of her and freedom at a blow,
What has he left that he can yet forego?
Yes, to deep sadness sullenly resign'd,
He feels his body's bondage in his mind;
Puts off his gen'rous nature, and to suit
His manners with his fate, puts on the brute.
Oh most degrading of all ills that wait
On man, a mourner in his best estate!
All other sorrows virtue may endure,
And find submission more than half a cure;
Grief is itself a medicine, and bestow'd
T'improve the fortitude that bears the load;
To teach the wand'rer, as his woes increase,
The path of wisdom, all whose paths are peace.
But slav'ry!—Virtue dreads it as her grave;
Patience itself is meanness in a slave:
Or, if the will and sov'reignty of God
Bid suffer it a while and kiss the rod,
Wait for the dawning of a brighter day,
And snap the chain the moment when you may.
Nature imprints upon what'er we see
That has a heart and life in it, Be free!
The beasts are charter'd;—neither age nor force
Can quell the love of freedom in a horse:
He breaks the cord that held him at the rack,
And, conscious of an unincumber'd back,
Snuffs up the morning air, forgets the rein,
Loose fly his forelock and his ample mane;
Responsive to the distant neigh he neighs,
Nor stops till, overleaping all delays,
He finds the pasture where his fellows graze.

§ 39. *On Liberty, and in Praise of Mr. Howard.*
COWPER.

OH, could I worship aught beneath the skies
That earth hath seen, or fancy could
devise,

Thine altar, sacred Liberty, should stand,
Built by no mercenary vulgar hand,
With fragrant turf, and flow'rs as wild and fair
As ever dress'd a bank, or scented summer air.
Duly as ever on the mountain's height
The peep of morning shed a dawning light;
Again, when Evening in her sober vest
Drew the grey curtain of the fading West,
My soul should yield the willing thanks and
praise

For the chief blessings of my fairest days:
But that were sacrilege—praise is not thine,
But his who gave thee, and preserves thee mine:
Else I would say, and as I spake bid fly
A captive bird into the boundless sky,
This triple realm adores thee:—thou art come
From Sparta hither, and art here at home;
We feel thy force still active, at this hour
Enjoy immunity from priestly pow'r,
While Conscience happier than in ancient years,
Owns no superior but the God she fears.
Propitious spirit! yet expunge a wrong
Thy rights have suffer'd, and our land, too long;
Teach mercy to ten thousand hearts that share
The fears and hopes of a commercial care:
Prisons expect the wicked, and were built
To bind the lawless, and to punish guilt;
But shipwreck, earthquake, battle, fire, and
flood,

Are mighty mischiefs not to be withstood;
And honest merit stands on slipp'ry ground,
Where covert guile and artifice abound:
Let just restraint, for public peace design'd,
Chain up the wolves and tigers of mankind,
The foe of virtue has no claim to thee,
But let insolvent innocence go free.

Patron of else the most despis'd of men,
 Accept the tribute of a stranger's pen;
 Verse, like the Laurel, its immortal meed,
 Should be the guerdon of a noble deed:
 I may alarm thee, but I fear the shame
 (Charity chosen as my theme and aim)
 I must incur, forgetting Howard's name.
 Blest with all wealth can give thee, to resign
 Joys doubly sweet to feelings quick as thine,
 To quit the bliss thy rural scenes bestow,
 To seek a nobler amidst scenes of woe; [home,
 To traverse seas, range kingdoms, and bring
 Not the proud monuments of Greece or Rome,
 But knowledge—such as only dungeons teach!
 And only sympathy like thine could reach!
 That grief, sequester'd from the public stage,
 Might smooth her feathers and enjoy her cage,
 Speaks a divine ambition, and a zeal
 The boldest patriot might be proud to feel.
 Oh that the voice of clamour and debate,
 That pleads for peace till it disturbs the state,
 Were hush'd in favour of thy gen'rous plea,
 The poor thy clients, and Heav'n's smile thy fee!

§ 40. *On Domestic Happiness as the Friend of
 Virtue, and of the false Good-nature of the Age.*

COWPER.

DOMESTIC happiness, thou only bliss
 Of Paradise that has surviv'd the fall!
 Tho' few now taste thee unimpair'd and pure,
 Or, tasting, long enjoy thee; too infirm,
 Or too incautious, to preserve thy sweets
 Unmixt with drops of bitter, which neglect
 Or temper sheds into thy crystal cup,
 Thou art the nurse of virtue. In thine arms
 She smiles, appearing, as in truth she is,
 Heaven-born, and destin'd to the skies again.
 They art not known where Pleasure is ador'd,
 That reeling goddess, with the zoneless waist
 And wand'ring eyes, still leaning on the arm
 Of novelty, her sickle, frail support:

For thou art meek and constant, hating change,
 And finding in the calm of truth-ty'd love
 Joys that her stormy raptures never yield.
 Forsaking thee, what shipwreck have we made,
 Of honour, dignity, and fair renown,
 Till prostitution elbows us aside
 In all our crowded streets, and senates seem
 Conven'd for purposes of empire less,
 Than to release th'adulteress from her bond!
 Th'adulteress! what a theme for angry verse,
 What provocation to th'indignant heart
 That feels for injur'd love! but I disdain
 The nauseous task to paint her as she is,
 Cruel, abandon'd, glorying in her shame.
 No. Let her pass, and, chariotted along
 In guilty splendor, shake the public ways;
 The frequency of crimes has wash'd them white;
 And verse of mine shall never brand the wretch,
 Whom matrons now of character unfinish'd
 And chaste themselves, are not ashamed to own.
 Virtue and Vice had bound'ries in old time
 Not to be pass'd; and she that had renounc'd
 Her sex's honour, was renounc'd herself
 By all that priz'd it; not for Prudery's sake,
 But Dignity's, resentful of the wrong.
 'Twas hard, perhaps, on here and there a wail
 Desirous to return, and not receiv'd;
 But was an wholesome rigour in the main,
 And taught th'unblemish'd to preserve with care
 That purity, whose loss was loss of all.
 Men too were nice of honour in those days,
 And judg'd offenders well; and he that shar'd
 And pocketted a prize by fraud obtain'd, (field
 Was mark'd and shunn'd as odious. He that
 His country, or was slack when she requir'd
 His ev'ry nerve in action and at stretch,
 Paid with the blood that he had basely spar'd
 The price of his default. But now, yes, now,
 We are become so candid and so fair,
 So lib'ral in construction, and so rich
 In Christian charity, a good-natur'd age!
 That they are safe, sinners of either sex

Transgress

Transgress what laws they may. Well dress'd,
 well bred,
 Well equipag'd, is ticket good enough
 To pass us readily thro' ev'ry door!
 Hypocrisy, detest her as we may
 (And no man's hatred ever wrong'd yer yet)
 May claim this merit still, that she admits
 The worth of what she mimics with such care,
 And thus gives virtue indirect applause;
 But she has burnt her masks not needed here,
 Where Vice has such allowance, that her shifts
 And specious semblances have lost their use.

§ 41. *On the Employments of what is called an
 Idle Life.* COWPER.

HOW various his employments whom the world
 Calls idle, and who justly in return
 Esteems that busy world an idler too!
 Friends, books, a garden, and perhaps his pen,
 Delightful industry enjoy'd at home,
 And nature in her cultivated trim
 Dress'd to his taste, inviting him abroad—
 Can he want occupation who has these?
 Will he be idle who has much to enjoy?
 Me therefore, studious of laborious ease,
 Not slothful; happy to deceive the time,
 Not waste it; and aware that human life
 Is but a loan to be repaid with use,
 When he shall call his debtors to account,
 From whom are all our blessings, bus'ness finds
 Ev'n here. While sedulous I seek to improve,
 At least neglect not, or leave unemploy'd
 The mind he gave me; driving it, tho' slack
 Too oft, and much impeded in its work
 By causes not to be divulg'd in vain,
 To its just point—the service of mankind.
 He that attends to his interior self,
 That has a heart and keeps it; has a mind
 That hungers, and supplies it; and who seeks
 A social, not a dissipated life,
 Has bus'ness: feels himself engag'd to achieve

No unimportant, tho' a silent task.
 A life all turbulence and noise may seem
 To him that leads it wise, and to be prais'd;
 But wisdom is a pearl with most success
 Sought in still water, and beneath clear skies.
 He that is ever occupy'd in storms,
 Or dives not for it, or brings up instead,
 Vainly industrious, a disgraceful prize.

§ 42. *The Post comes in—The News-paper is
 read—The World contemplated at a Distance.*
 COWPER.

HARK! 'tis the twanging horn! o'er yonder
 bridge
 That with its wearisome but needful length
 Besrides the wint'ry flood, in which the moon
 Sees her unwrinkled face reflected bright;
 He comes, the herald of a noisy world, [locks,
 With spatter'd boots, strapp'd waist, and frozen
 News from all nations lumb'ring at his back.
 True to his charge, the close pack'd load behind,
 Yet careless what he brings, his one concern
 Is to conduct it to the destin'd inn;
 And having dropp'd th'expected bag—pass on.
 He whistles as he goes, light-hearted wretch,
 Cold and yet cheerful: messenger of grief
 Perhaps to thousands, and of joy to some;
 To him indifferent whether grief or joy.
 Houses in ashes, and the fall of stocks,
 Births, deaths, and marriages, epistles wet
 With tears that trickled down the writer's cheeks;
 Fast as the periods from his fluent quill,
 Or charg'd with am'rous sighs of absent swains,
 Or nymphs responsive, equally affect
 His horse and him, unconscious of them all.
 But oh th'important budget! usher'd in
 With such heart-shaking music, who can say
 What are its tidings? Have our troops awak'd!
 Or do they still, as if with opium drugg'd,
 Snore to the murmurs of th'Atlantic wave?
 Is India free? and does she wear her plum'd

And jewell'd turban with a smile of peace,
Or do we grind her still? the grand debate,
The popular harangue, the tart reply,
The logic, and the wisdom, and the wit,
And the loud laugh—I long to know them all;
I burn to set th'imprison'd wranglers free,
And give them voice and utterance once again.

Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
And while the bubbling and loud hissing urn
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups,
That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,
So let us welcome peaceful ev'ning in.
Not such his ev'ning who, with shining face,
Sweats in the crowded theatre, and, squeez'd
And bor'd with elbow-points thro' both his sides,
Outcolds the ranting actor on the stage:
Nor his who patient stands till his feet throb
And his head thumps, to feed upon the breath
Of patriots burfing with heroic rage;
Or placemen, all tranquillity and smiles.
This folio of four pages, happy work!
Which not ev'n critics criticise, that holds
Inquisitive attention while I read,
Fast bound in chains of silence, which the fair,
Tho' eloquent themselves, yet fear to break,
What is it but a map of busy life,
Its fluctuations, and its vast concerns?
Here runs the mountainous and craggy ridge
That tempts ambition. On the summit, see,
The seals of office glitter in his eyes; [heels,
He climbs, he pants, he grasps them. At his
Close at his heels, a demagogue ascends,
And with a dext'rous jerk soon twists him down,
And wins them—but to loose them in his turn.
Here rills of oily eloquence in soft
Meanders lubricate the course they take:
The modest speaker is aham'd and griev'd
T'engross a moment's notice, and yet begs,
Begg a propitious ear for his poor thoughts,
However trivial all that he conceives.
Sweet bashfulness! it claims at least this praise,

The dearth of information and good-sense
That it foretells us, always comes to pass.
Cataracts of declamation thunder here:
There forests of no meaning spread the page
In which all comprehension wanders lost,
While fields of pleasantry amuse us there,
With merry descants on a nation's woes.
The rest appears a wilderness of strange
But gay confusion—roses for the cheeks
And lilies for the brows of faded age,
Teeth for the toothless, ringlets for the bald,
Heav'n, earth, and ocean, plunder'd of their
Nectareous essences, Olympian dews, [sweets,
Sermons and city feasts, and fav'rite airs,
Æthereal journies, submarine exploits,
And Katterfelto, with his hair on end
At his own wonders, wond'ring for his bread.
'Tis pleasant thro' the loop-holes of retreat
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd;
To hear the roar she sends thro' all her gates
At a safe distance, where the dying sound
Falls a soft murmur on th'uninjur'd ear.
Thus sitting, and surveying thus at ease
The globe and its concerns, I seem advanc'd
To some secure and more than mortal height,
That lib'rates and exempts me from them all.
It turns submitted to my view, turns round
With all its generations: I behold
The tumult and am still. The sound of war
Has lost its terrors ere it reaches me;
Grieves, but not alarms me. I mourn the pride
And av'rice that makes man a wolf to man;
Hear the faint echo of these brazen throats
By which he speaks the language of his heart,
And sigh, but never tremble at the sound.
He travels and expatiates; as the bee
From flow'r to flow'r, so he from land to land;
The manners, customs, policy of all
Pay contribution to the store he gleans;
He sucks intelligence in ev'ry clime,
And spreads the honey of his deep research

At

At his return, a rich repast for me.
He travels and I too. I tread his deck,
Ascend his topmast, thro' his peering eyes
Discover countries, with a kindred heart
Suffer his woes, and share in his escapes;
While fancy, like the finger of a clock,
Runs the great circuit, and is still at home.

§ 43. *A Fragment.* MALLET.

FAIR morn ascends: fresh zephyrs breath
Blows lib'ral o'er yon bloomy heath;
Where sown profusely, herb and flow'r,
Of balmy finell, of healing pow'r,
Their souls in fragrant dews exhale,
And breathe fresh life in ev'ry gale.
Here spreads a green expanse of plains,
Where, sweetly pensive, Silence reigns:
And there, at utmost stretch of eye,
A mountain fades into the sky;
While, winding round, diffus'd and deep,
A river rolls with sounding sweep.
Of human art no traces near,
I seem alone with nature here!

Here are thy walks, O sacred health!
The monarch's bliss, the Beggar's wealth;
The seas'ning of all good below,
The sov'reign friend in joy or woe.
O Thou, most courted, most despis'd:
And but in absence duly priz'd!
Pow'r of the soft and rosy face!
The vivid pulse, the vermil grace,
The spirits, when they gayest shine,
Youth, beauty, pleasure, all are thine!
O son of life; whose heav'nly ray
Lights up and cheers our various day,
The turbulence of hopes and fears,
The storm of fate, the cloud of years,
Till nature, with thy parting light,
Reposes late in Death's calm night:
Fled from the trophy'd roofs of state,
Abodes of splendid pain and hate;

Fled from the couch, where, in sweet sleep,
Hot Riot would his anguish sleep,
But tosses thro' the midnight shade,
Of death, of life, alike afraid;
For ever fled to shady cell,
Where Temp'rance, where the Muses dwell;
Thou oft art seen, at early dawn,
Slow-pacing o'er the breezy lawn:
Or on the brow of mountain high,
In silence feasting ear and eye,
With song and prospect which abound
From birds and woods, and waters round,
But when the sun, with noon-tide ray,
Flames forth intolerable day;
While Heat sits fervent on the plain,
With thirst and Languor in his train
(All nature sick'ning in the blaze)
Thou, in the wild and woody maze
That clouds the vale with umbrage deep,
Impendent from the neighb'ring steep,
Wilt find betimes a calm retreat,
Where breathing Coolness has her seat.

There, plung'd amid the shadows brown,
Imagination lays him down;
Attentive, in his airy mood,
To ev'ry murmur of the wood:
The bee in yonder flow'ry nook,
The chidings of the headlong brook,
The green leaf quiv'ring in the gale,
The warbling hill, the lowing vale,
The distant woodman's echoing stroke,
The thunder of the falling oak.
From thought to thought in vision led,
He holds high converse with the dead;
Sages or poets. See, they rise!
And shadowy skim before his eyes.
Hark! Orpheus strikes the lyre again,
That soften'd savages to men:
Lo! Socrates, the Sent of Heav'n,
To whom its moral will was giv'n.
Fathers and Friends of human kind!
They form'd the nations, or refin'd,

With all that mends the head and heart,
Enlight'ning truth, adorning art.

Thus musing in the solemn shade,
At once the sounding breeze was laid:
And nature, by the unknown law,
Shook deep with reverential awe;
Dumb silence grew upon the hour;
A browner night involv'd the bow'r:
When, issuing from the inmost wood,
Appear'd fair Freedom's Genius good.
O Freedom! sov'reign boon of Heav'n:
Great Charter with our being giv'n;
For which the patriot and the sage
Have plann'd, have bled thro' ev'ry age!
High privilege of human race,
Beyond a mortal monarch's grace:
Who could not give, who cannot claim,
What but from God immediate came!

* * * * *

§ 44. *Ode to Evening.* Dr. JOSEPH WARTON.

HAIL, meek-eyed maiden, clad in sober grey,
Whose soft approach the weary wood-man
loves;

As homeward bent, to kiss his prattling babes,
Jocund, he whistles thro' the twilight groves.

When Phœbus sinks behind the gilded hills,
You lightly o'er the misty meadows walk,
The drooping daisies bathe in dulcet dews,
And nurse the nodding violet's tender stalk.

The panting Dryads, that in day's fierce heat,
To inmost bow'rs and cooling caverns ran,
Return to trip in wanton ev'ning dance;
Old Sylvan too returns, and laughing Pan.

To the deep wood the clam'rous rooks repair,
Light skims the swallow o'er the war'ry scene;
And from the sheep-cote and fresh-furrow'd field,
Stout plowmen meet to wrestle on the green.

The swain that artless sings on yonder rock,
His supping sheep and length'ning shadow spies,
Pleas'd with the cool, the calm refreshing hour,
And with hoarse humming of unnumber'd flies.

Now ev'ry passion sleeps: desponding Love,
And pining Envy, ever-restless Pride;
And holy Calm creeps o'er my peaceful soul,
Anger and mad Ambition's forms subside.

O modest Evening! oft let me appear
A wand'ring vot'ry in thy pensive train;
List'ning to ev'ry wildly-warbling note
That fills with farewell sweet thy dark'ning plain.

§ 45. *Epistolary Verses to George Colman, Esq.*
written in the Year 1756.

ROBERT LLOYD.

YOU know, dear George, I'm none of those
That condescend to write in prose:
Inspir'd with pathos and sublime,
I always soar—in doggrel rhyme,
And scarce can ask you how you do,
Without a jingling rhyme or two.
Besides, I always took delight in
What bears the name of easy writing:
Perhaps the reason makes it please
Is, that I find its writ with ease.

I vent a notion here in private,
Which public taste can ne'er connive at,
Which thinks no wit or judgment greater
Than Addison and his Spectator;
Who says (it is no matter where,
But that he says it I can swear)
With easy verse most bards are finiten,
Because they think 'tis easy written;
Whereas the easier it appears,
The greater marks of care it wears;
Of which, to give an explanation,
Take this by way of Illustration:
The fam'd Mat. Prior, it is said,
Oft bit his nails and scratch'd his head,

And

And chang'd a thought a hundred times,
Because he did not like the rhymes :
To make my meaning clear, and please ye,
In short, he labour'd to write easy ;
And yet, no Critic e'er defines
His poems into labour'd lines.
I have a simile will hit him ;
His verse, like clothes, was made to fit him,
Which (as no taylor e'er deny'd)
The better fit the more they're try'd.

Tho' I have mention'd Prior's name,
Think not I aim at Prior's fame :
'Tis the result of admiration,
To spend itself in imitation ;
If imitation may be said,
Which is in me by nature bred,
And you have better proofs than these,
That I'm idolater of Ease.

Who but a madman would engage
A Poet in the present age ?
Write what we will, our works bespeak us,
Imitatores, servum pecus.

Tale, Elegy, or lofty Ode,
We travel in the beaten road,
The proverb still sticks closely by us,
Nil dictum, quod non dictum prius.
The only comfort that I know
Is, that 'twas said an age ago,
Ere Milton soar'd in thought sublime,
Ere Pope refin'd the chink of rhyme,
Ere Coleman wrote in style so pure,
Or the great Two the Connoisseur ;
Ere I burlesqu'd the rural cit,
Proud to hedge in my scraps of wit,
And happy in the close connection,
T'acquire some name from their reflection ;
So (the similitude is trite)
The moon still shines with borrow'd light,
And, like the race of modern beaux,
Ticks with the sun for her lac'd clothes.

Methinks, there is no better time
To shew the use I make of rhyme

Than now, when I, who, from beginning,
Was always fond of couplet-finning,
Presuming on good-nature's score,
Thus lay my bantling at your door.

The first advantage which I see
Is, that I ramble loose and free :
The bard indeed full oft complains,
That rhymes are fetters, links, and chains ;
And, when he wants to leap the fence,
Still keeps him pris'ner to the sense.
Howe'er in common-place he rage,
Rhyme's like your fetters on the stage.
Which when the player once hath wore,
It makes him only strut the more,
While, raving in pathetic strains,
He shakes his legs to clank his chains.

From rhyme, as from a handsome face,
Nonsense acquires a kind of grace ;
I therefore give it all its scope,
That sense may unperceiv'd elope :
So M——rs of basest tricks
(I love a sting at politics)
Amuse the nation, court, and king,
With breaking F—kes, and hanging Byng ;
And make each puny rogue a prey,
While they, the greater, sink away.
This simile perhaps would strike,
If match'd with something more alike ;
Then take it, dress'd a second time,
In Prior's Ease, and *my* Sublime.
Say, did you never chance to meet
A mob of people in the street,
Ready to give the robb'd relief.
And all in haste to catch a thief,
While the sly rogue, who filch'd the prey,
Too close beset to run away,
Stop thief! stop thief! exclaims aloud,
And so escapes among the crowd?
So Ministers, &c.

O England, how I mourn thy fate!
For sure thy losses now are great ;

Two such what Briton can endure,
Minorca and the Connoisseur!

To-day *, or ere the sun goes down,
Will die the *Censor*, Mr. Town!
He dies, whoe'er takes pains to con him,
With blushing honours thick upon him;
O may his name these verses save,
Be these inscrib'd upon his grave!

* Know, Reader, that on Thursday dy'd
* The Connoisseur, a Suicide!
* Yet think not that his soul is fled,
* Nor rank him 'mongst the vulgar dead;
* Howe'er defunct you set him down,
* He's only going out of *Town*. *

§ 46. Ode † to Arthur Onslow, Esq.

THIS goodly frame what virtue so approves,
And testifies the pure æthereal spirit,
As mild Benevolence?

She, with her sister Mercy, still awaits
Beside th' eternal throne of Jove,
And measures forth, with unwithdrawing hand,
The blessings of the various year,
Sunshine or show'r, and chides the madding
tempest.

With her the heav'n-bred nymph meek Charity,
Shall fashion Onslow forth in fairest portrait;

And with recording care [claims.

Weave the fresh wreath that flow'ring Virtue

But oh, what Muse shall join the band?

He long has sojourn'd in the sacred haunts,

And knows each whispering grove and
glade

Trod by Apollo and the light-foot Graces.

How then shall awkward gratitude
And the presumption of untutor'd duty
Attune my numbers, all too rude?
Little he recks the meed of such a song;
Yet will I stretch aloof,
And when I tell of Courtesy,
Of well-attemper'd Zeal,
Of awful Prudence soothing fell Contention,
Where shall the lineaments agree
But in thee, Onslow? You your wonted leave
Indulge me, nor misdeem a soldier's bold em-
prize;

Who in the dissonance of barb'rous war,
Long-train'd, revisits oft the sacred treasures
Of antique memory;
Or where sage Pindar reins his fiery car,
Thro' the vast vaults of heav'n, secure;
Or what the Attic Muse that Homer fill'd,
Her other son, thy Milton, taught;
Or range the flow'ry fields of gentle Spenser.

And ever as I go, allurements vain
Cherish a feeble fire, and feed my idle
Fancy: O could I once
Charm to their melody my shrilling reeds!
To Henries and to Edwards old,
Dread names! I'd meditate the faithful song;
Or tell what time Britannia,
Whilom the fairest daughter of old Ocean,
In loathly disarray, dull eyes,
And faded cheek, wept o'er her abject sons:
Till William, great deliverer,
Led on the comely train, gay Liberty,
Religion, matron staid,
With all her kindred goddesses;
Justice with steady brow,

* September 20th, 1756, when Mr. Town, author of the *Connoisseur*, a periodical Essay, took leave of his readers with an humorous account of himself.

† This elegant Poem was written by a gentleman well known in the learned world, as a token of gratitude for favours conferred on his father during the last war, whose character he has therein assumed.

Trim Plenty, laureat Peace, and green-hair'd
Commerce,

In flowing vest of thousand hues.

Fain would I shadow out old Bourbon's pile,
Tott'ring with doubtful weight, and threat'ning
cumb'rous fall;

Or trace our navy, where, in tow'ring pride
O'er the wide-swelling waste it rolls avengful.

As when collected clouds

Forth from the gloomy south in deep array,
Athwart the dark'ning landscape throng,
Fraught with loud Storm's, and Thunder's
dreadful peal,

At which the murd'rer stands aghast,
And wasting Riot ill dissembles terror.

How headlong Rhone and Ebro, erst disdain'd
With Moorish carnage, quakes through all her
branches!

Soon shall I greet the morn [name

When, Europe sav'd, Britain and George's

Shall sound o'er Flandria's level field,

Familiar in domestic merriment;

Or by the jolly mariner

Be carol'd loud adown the echoing Danube.

The just memorial of fair deeds

Still flourishes, and, like th'untainted soul,

Blossoms in freshest age, above

The weary flesh, and Envy's rankling wound.

Such after years mature

In full account shall be thy meed.

O! may your rising hope

Well principled in ev'ry virtue bloom!

Till a fresh-springing stock implore

With infant hands a grandfire's pow'rful
pray'r, [sports pursue.

Or round your honour'd couch their prattling

§ 47. *Epistle to a young Gentleman, on his
leaving Eton School.* By Dr. ROBERTS.

SINCE now a nobler scene awakes thy care,
Since manhood, dawning to fair Granta's towers,

Where once in life's gay spring I lov'd to roam,
Invites thy willing steps, accept, dear youth,
This parting strain; accept the fervent prayer
Of him, who loves thee with a passion pure
As ever friendship dropp'd in human heart
The prayer, That he who guides the hand of youth
Thro' all the puzzled and perplexed round
Of life's meandering path, upon thy head
May show'r down ev'ry blessing, ev'ry joy, [give]
Which health, which virtue, and which fame can

Yet think not I will deign to flatter thee:
Shall he, the guardian of my faith and truth,
The guide, the pilot of thy tender years,
Teach thy young heart to feel a spurious glow
At undeserved praise? Perish the slave
Whose venal breath in youth's unpractis'd ear
Pours poison'd flattery, and corrupts the soul
With vain conceit; whose base ungenerous art
Fawns on the vice which some with honest hand
Have torn for ever from the bleeding breast.

Say, gentle youth, remember'st thou the day
When o'er thy tender shoulders first I hung
The golden lyre, and taught thy trembling hand
To touch th'accordant strings? From that blest
I've seen thee panting up the hill of fame; [hour
Thy little heart beat high with honest praise,
Thy cheek was flush'd, and oft thy sparkling eye
Shot flames of young ambition. Never quench
That generous ardour in thy virtuous breast.

Sweet is the concord of harmonious sounds,
When the soft lute or pealing organ strikes
The well-attemper'd ear; sweet is the breath
Of honest love, when nymph and gentle swain
Waft sighs alternate to each other's heart;
But nor the concord of harmonious sounds,
When the soft lute or pealing organ strikes
The well-attemper'd ear; nor the sweet breath
Of honest love, when nymph and gentle swain
Waft sighs alternate to each other's heart,
So charm with ravishment the raptur'd sense,
As does the voice of well-deserv'd report
Strike with sweet melody the conscious soul.

On

On ev'ry object thro' the giddy world
Which fashion to the dazzled eye presents,
Fresh is the gloss of newness; look, dear youth,
Oh look, but not admire: O let not these
Rise from thy noble heart the fair records
Which youth and education planted there:
Let not affection's full impetuous tide,
Which riots in thy generous breast, be check'd
By selfish cares: nor let the idle jeers
Of laughing fools make thee forget thyself.
When didst thou hear a tender tale of woe
And feel thy heart at rest? Have I not seen
In thy swoln eye the tear of sympathy,
The milk of human kindness? When didst thou
With envy rankling, hear a rival prais'd?
When didst thou slight the wretched? When
The modest humble suit of poverty? [despise
These virtues still be thine; nor ever learn
To look with cold eye on the charities
Of brother, or of parents; — think on those
Whose anxious care thro' childhood's slippery
path
Sustain'd thy feeble steps; whose every wish
Is wasted still to thee: remember those,
Even in thy heart while memory holds her seat:
And oft as to thy mind thou shalt recal
The sweet companions of thy earliest years,
Mates of thy sport, and rivals in the strife
Of every generous art, remember me.

§ 48. *Hymn to Contentment.* PARNELL.

LOVELY, lasting peace of mind!
Sweet delight of human kind!
Heav'nly born, and bred on high,
To crown the fav'rites of the sky
With more of happiness below
Than victors in a triumph know!
Whither, O whither art thou fled,
To lay thy meek contented head?
What happy region dost thou please
To make the seat of calms and ease?

Ambition searches all its sphere
Of pomp and state, to meet thee there:
Encreasing avarice would find
Thy presence in its gold inshrin'd:
The bold advent'rer ploughs his way
Through rocks, amidst the foaming sea,
To gain thy love; and then perceives
Thou wert not in the rocks and waves:
The silent heart which grief assails,
Treads soft and lonesome o'er the vales,
Sees daisies open, rivers run,
And seeks (as I have vainly done)
Amusing thought; but learns to know
That Solitude's the nurse of woe.
No real happiness is found
In trailing purple o'er the ground:
Or in a soul exalted high,
To range the circuit of the sky,
Converse with stars above, and know
All Nature in its forms below;
The rest it seeks, in seeking dies;
And doubts at last for knowledge rise:
Lovely, lasting Peace, appear;
This world itself, if thou art here,
Is once again with Eden blest,
And man contains it in his breast.

'Twas thus, as under shade I stood,
I sung my wishes to the wood,
And, lost in thought, no more perceiv'd
The branches whisper as they wav'd;
It seem'd as all the quiet place
Confess'd the presence of his grace,
When thus she spoke—Go rule thy will,
Bid thy wild passions all be still,
Know God—and bring thy heart to know
The joys which from religion flow:
Then ev'ry grace shall prove its guest,
And I'll be there to crown the rest.

Oh! by yonder mossy seat,
In my hours of sweet retreat,
Might I thus my soul employ,
With sense of gratitude and joy;

Rais'd

Rais'd as ancient prophets were,
In heav'nly vision, praise, and pray'r,
Pleasing all men, hurting none,
Pleas'd and blest'd with God alone;
Then while the gardens take my sight,
With all the colours of delight!
While silver waters glide along,
To please my ear and court my song,
I'll lift my voice and tune my string,
And thee, Great Source of Nature, sing.

The sun that walks his airy way,
To light the world, and give the day;
The moon that shines with borrow'd light;
The stars that gild the gloomy night;
The seas that roll unnumber'd waves;
The wood that spreads its shady leaves;
The field, whose ears conceal the grain,
The yellow treasure of the plain;
All of these, and all I see,
Should be sung, and sung by me:
They speak their Maker as they can,
But want and ask the tongue of man.

Go search among your idle dreams,
Your busy or your vain extremes!
And find a life of equal bliss,
Or crown the next begun in this.

§ 49. *An Address to Winter.* COWPER.

OH Winter! ruler of th'inverted year,
The scatter'd hair with fleet like ashes fill'd,
Thy breath congeal'd upon thy lips, thy cheeks
Fring'd with a beard made white with other
snows

Than those of age; thy forehead wrap'd in clouds,
A leafless branch thy sceptre, and thy throne
A sliding car indebted to no wheels,
But urg'd by storms along its slipp'ry way;
I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st,
And dreaded as thou art. Thou hold'st the sun
A pris'ner in the yet undawning East,
Short'ning his journey between morn and noon,

And hurrying him, impatient of his stay,
Down to the rosy West. But kindly still
Compensating his loss with added hours
Of social converse and instructive ease,
And gathering at short notice in one group
The family dispers'd, and fixing thought
Not less dispers'd by daylight and its cares,
I crown thee King of intimate delights,
Fire-side enjoyments, home-born happiness,
And all the comforts that the lowly roof
Of undisturb'd retirement, and the hours
Of long uninterrupted evening know.
No rattling wheels stop short before these gates;
No powder'd pert proficient in the art
Of sounding an alarm, assaults these doors
Till the street rings. No stationary steeds
Cough their own knell, while heedless of the
found

The silent circle fan themselves, and quake;
But here the needle plies its busy task.
The pattern grows, the well-depicted flow'r,
Wrought patiently into the snowy lawn,
Unfolds its bosom, buds, and leaves, and springs,
And curling tendrills, gracefully dispos'd,
Follow the nimble finger of the fair,
A wreath that cannot fade, of flow'rs that blow
With most success when all besides decay.
The poet's or historian's page, by one
Made vocal for th'amusement of the rest;
The sprightly lyre, whose treasure of sweet
founds [out;

The touch from many a trembling chord shakes
And the clear voice symphonious, yet distinct,
And in the charming strife triumphant still,
Beguile the night, and set a keener edge
On female industry; the threaded steel
Flies swiftly, and unfelt the task proceeds.
The volume clos'd, the customary rites
Of the last meal commence: a Roman meal,
Such as the mistress of the world once found
Delicious, when her patriots of high note,
Perhaps by moon-light at their humble doors,
And

And under an old oak's domestic shade
 Enjoy'd, spare feast! a radish and an egg.
 Discourse ensues, not trivial, yet not dull,
 Nor such as with a frown forbids the play
 Of fancy, or prescribes the sound of mirth.
 Nor do we madly, like an impious world,
 Who deem religion frenzy, and the God
 That made them an intruder on their joys,
 Start at his awful name, or deem his praise
 A jarring note. Themes of a graver tone
 Exciting oft our gratitude and love,
 While we retrace with mem'ry's pointing wand,
 That calls the past to our exact review,
 The dangers we have 'scap'd, the broken snare,
 The disappointed foe, deliverance found
 Unlook'd for, life preserv'd and peace restor'd,
 Fruits of omnipotent eternal love.
 Oh evenings worthy of the Gods' exclaim'd
 The Sabine bard. Oh evenings, I reply,
 More to be priz'd and coveted than yurs,
 As more illumin'd and with nobler truths,
 That I and Mine, and those we love, enjoy.

§ 50. *Description of a Poet.* COWPER.

I KNOW the mind that feels indeed the fire
 The muse imparts, and can command the
 lyre,
 Acts with a force, and kindles with a zeal,
 What'er the theme, that others never feel.
 If human woes her soft attention claim,
 A tender sympathy pervades the frame:
 She pours a sensibility divine
 Along the nerve of ev'ry feeling line.
 But if a deed not tamely to be borne,
 Fire indignation and a sense of scorn,
 The strings are swept with such a pow'r, so loud,
 The storm of music shakes th'astonish'd crowd.
 So when remote futurity is brought
 Before the keen enquiry of her thought,
 A terrible sagacity informs
 The Poet's heart, he looks to distant storms,

He hears the thunder ere the tempest lows,
 And, arm'd with strength, surpassing human
 pow'rs,
 Seizes events as yet unknown to man,
 And darts his soul into the dawning plan.
 Hence, in a Roman mouth, the graceful name
 Of Prophet and of Poet was the same;
 Hence British poets too the priesthood shar'd,
 And ev'ry hallow'd druid was a bard.

§ 51. *Great Cities, and London in particular, allowed their due Praise.* COWPER.

BUT tho' true worth and virtue, in the mild
 And genial soil of cultivated life
 Thrive most, and may perhaps thrive only there,
 Yet not in critics oft. In proud and gay
 And gain-devoted cities: thither flow,
 As to a common and most noisome sewer,
 The dregs and scum of ev'ry land,
 In cities foul example on most minds
 Begets its likeness. Rank abundance breeds
 In gross and pamper'd cities sloth and lust,
 And wantonness and gluttonness excess.
 In cities, vice is hidden with most ease,
 Or seen with least reproach; and virtue, taught
 By frequent lapse, can hope no triumph there
 Beyond th'achievement of successful flight.
 I do confess them nurs'ries of the arts,
 In which they flourish most; where, in the beams
 Of warm encouragement, and in the eye
 Of public note, they reach their perfect size.
 Such London is, by taste and wealth proclaim'd
 The fairest capital of all the world,
 By riot and incontinence the worst.
 There, touch'd by Reynolds, a dull blank be-
 A lucid mirror, in which Nature sees [comes
 All her reflected features. Bacon there
 Gives more than female beauty to a stone,
 And Chatham's eloquence to marble lips.
 Nor does the chissell occupy alone
 The pow'rs of sculpture, but the style as much:
 Each

Each province of her art her equal care.
 With nice incision of her guided steel
 She ploughs a brazen field, and clothes a soil
 So sterile with what charms so'er she will,
 The richest scenery and the loveliest forms.
 Where finds philosophy her eagle eye
 With which she gazes at yon burning disk
 Undazzled, and detects and counts his spots
 In London. Where her implements exact,
 With which she calculates, computes, and scans,
 All distance, motion, magnitude, and now
 Measures an atom, and now girds a world?
 In London. Where has commerce such a mart,
 So rich, so throng'd, so drain'd, and so supply'd
 As London, opulent, enlarg'd, and still
 Increasing London? Babylon of old
 Not more the glory of the earth, than she
 A more accomplish'd world's chief glory now.

She has her praise. Now mark a spot or two
 That so much beauty would do well to purge;
 And shew this queen of cities, that so fair
 May yet be foul, so witty, yet not wise.
 It is not seemly, nor of good report,
 That she is slack in discipline: more prompt
 To avenge than to prevent the breach of law.
 That she is rigid in denouncing death
 On petty robbers, and indulges life
 And liberty, and oft-times honor too,
 To peculators of the public gold,
 That thieves at home must hang; but he that puts
 Into his overgor'd and bloated purse
 The wealth of Indian provinces, escapes.
 Nor is it well, nor can it come to good,
 That, through profane and infidel contempt
 Of holy writ, she has presum'd to annul
 And abrogate, as roundly as she may,
 The total ordinance and will of God;
 Advancing fashion to the post of truth,
 And cent'ring all authority in modes
 And customs of her own, till Sabbath rites
 Have dwindled into unrespected forms,
 And knees and hassocks are well-nigh divorc'd.

God made the country, and man made the town,
 What wonder then that health and virtue, gifts
 That can alone make sweet the bitter draught
 That life holds out to all, should most abound,
 And least be threaten'd in the fields and groves?
 Possess ye therefore, ye who, borne about
 In chariots and sedans, know no fatigue
 But that of idleness, and taste no scenes
 But such as art contrives, possess ye still
 Your element; there only ye can shine;
 There only minds like yours can do harm.
 Our groves were planted to console at noon
 The pensive wand'rer in their shades. At eve
 The moon-beam, sliding softly in between
 The sleeping leaves, is all the light they wish,
 Birds warbling all the music. We can spare
 The splendour of your lamps; they but eclipse
 Our softer satellite. Your songs confound
 Our more harmonious notes. The thrush departs
 Scar'd, and th'offended nightingale is mute:
 There is a public mischief in your mirth,
 It plagues your country. Folly such as yours,
 Grac'd with a sword, and worthier of a fan,
 Has made, which enemies could ne'er have done,
 Our arch of empire, steadfast but for you,
 A mutilated structure soon to fall.

§ 52. *The Want of Discipline in the English Universities.* COWPER.

IN colleges and halls in ancient days,
 When learning, virtue, piety, and truth,
 Were precious and inculcated with care,
 There dwelt a sage call'd Discipline. His head
 Not yet by Time completely silver'd o'er,
 Bespoke him past the bounds of freakish youth,
 But strong for service still, and unimpair'd.
 His eye was meek and gentle, and a smile
 Play'd on his lips, and in his speech was heard
 Paternal sweetness, dignity, and love.
 The occupation dearest to his heart
 Was to encourage goodness. He would stroke

The

The head of modest and ingenuous worth
That blush'd at its own praise, and press the
youth [grew,

Close to his side that pleas'd him. Learning
Beneath his care, a thriving vigorous plant;
The mind was well inform'd, the passions held
Subordinate, and diligence was choice.
If e'er it chag'd, as sometimes chance it must,
That one among so many overleap'd
The limits of controul, his gentle eye
Grew stern, and darted a severe rebuke;
His frown was full of terror, and his voice
Shook the delinquent with such fits of awe,
As left him not, till penitence had won
Lost favour back again, and clos'd the breach.
But Discipline, a faithful servant long,
Declin'd at length into the vale of years:
A pally struck his arm, his sparkling eye
Was quench'd in rheums of age, his voice un-
strung,

Grew tremulous, and mov'd derision more
Than rev'rence in perverse rebellious youth.
So colleges and halls neglected much
Their good old friend; and Discipline at length,
O'erlook'd and unemploy'd, fell sick and died.
Then Study languish'd, Emulation slept,
And Virtue fled. The schools became a scene
Of solemn farce, where Ignorance in stilts,
His cap well lin'd with logic not his own,
With parrot-tongue perform'd the Scholar's part,
Proceeding soon a graduated Dunce.
Then Compromise had place, and Scrutiny
Became stone-blind, Precedence went in truck,
And he was competent whose purse was fo.
A dissolution of all bonds ensu'd;
The curbs invented for the muleish mouth
Of headstrong youth were broken; bars and bolts
Grew rusty by disuse, and massy gates
Forgot their office, op'ning with a touch;

Till gowns at length are found mere masquerade;
The tassell'd cap and the spruce band a jest,
A mock'ry of the world. What need of these
For gamesters, jockies, brothellers impure,
Spendthrifts, and booted sportmen, oftener seen
With belted waist and pointers at their heels,
Than in the bounds of duty? What was learn'd,
If aught was learn'd in childhood is forgot;
And such expence as pinches parents blue,
And mortifies the lib'ral hand of love,
Is squander'd in pursuit of idle sports
And vicious pleasures; buys the boy a name
That sits a stigma on his father's house.
And cleaves through life inseparably close
To him that wears it. What can after-games
Of riper joys, and commerce with the world,
The lewd vain world that must receive him soon,
Add to such erudition thus acquir'd,
Where science and where virtue are profess'd?
They may confirm his habits, rivet fast
His folly, but to spoil him is a task
That bids defiance to th'united pow'rs
Of fashion, dissipation, taverns, stews.
Now, blame we most the nurrling or the nurse?
The children crook'd, and twisted, and deform'd
Through want of care, or her whose winking eye
And slumb'ring oscitancy mars the brood?
The nurse no doubt. Regardless of her charge,
She needs herself correction; needs to learn
That it is dang'rous sporting with the world,
With things so sacred as a nation's trust,
The nurture of her youth, her dearest pledge.

§ 53. *Ad Amicos.* †. R. WEST.

YES, happy youths, on Camus' sedgey side,
You feel each joy that friendship can divide;
Each realm of science and of art explore,
And with the ancient blend the modern lore.

† Almost all Tibullus's Elegy is imitated in this little piece, from whence his transition to Mr. Pope's letter is very artfully contriv'd, and bespeaks a degree of judgment much beyond Mr. West's years.

Studious alone to learn whate'er may tend
To raise the genius, or the heart to mend;
Now pleas'd along the cloister'd walk you rove,
And trace the verdant mazes of the grove,
Where social oft, and oft alone, ye chuse
To catch the zephyr, and to court the Muse.
Meantime at me (while all devoid of art
These lines give back the image of my heart)
At me the pow'r that comes or soon or late,
Or aims, or seems to aim, the dart of fate,
From you remote, methinks, alone I stand,
Like some sad exile in a desert land:
Around no friends their lenient care to join
In mutual warmth, — and mix their heart with
mine.

Or real pains, or those which fancy raise, —
For ever blot the sunshine of my days;
To sickness still, and still to grief a prey,
Wealth turns from me her rosy face away.

Just Heav'n! — what sin, ere life begins to
bloom, —

Devotes my head untimely to the tomb;
Did e'er this hand ainst a brother's life [knife?
Drug the dire bowl, — or point the murd'rous
Did e'er this tongue the sland'rer's tale proclaim,
Or madly violate my Maker's name?
Did e'er this heart betray a friend or foe,
Or know a thought but all the world might
As yet just started from the lists of time, [know?
My growing years have scarcely told their prime;
Useless, as yet, through life I've idly run,
No pleasures tasted, and few duties done.
Ah, whō, ere autumn's mellowing suns appear,
Would pluck the promise of the vernal year;
Or, ere the grapes their purple hue betray,
Tear the crude cluster from the mourning spray?
Stern power of Fate, whose ebon-sceptre rules
The Stygian deserts and Cimmerian pools,
Forbear, nor rashly smite my youthful heart,
A victim yet unworthy of thy dart;
Ah, stay till age shall blast my withering face,
Shake in my head, and falter in my pace;

Then aim the shaft, then meditate the blow,
And to the dead my willing shade shall go.

How weak is Man to Reason's judging eye!
Born in this moment, in the next we die;
Part mortal clay, and part ethereal fire,
Too proud to creep, too humble to aspire.
In vain our plans of happiness we raise,
Pain is our lot, and patience is our praise;
Wealth, lineage, honors, conquest, or a throne,
Are what the wise would fear to call their own.
Health is at best a vain precarious thing,
And fair-fac'd youth is ever on the wing:
'Tis like the stream, beside whose wat'ry bed
Some blooming plant exalts his flow'ry head;
Nurs'd by the wave the spreading branches rise,
Shade all the ground, and flourish to the skies;
The waves the while beneath in secret flow,
And undermine the hollow bank below:
Wide and more wide the waters urge their way,
Bare all the roots, and on their fibres prey.
Too late the plant bewails his foolish pride,
And sinks, untimely, in the whelming tide.

But why repine, does life deserve my sigh!
Few will lament my loss whene'er I die.
For those, the wretches I despise or hate,
I neither envy nor regard their fate. [spread
For me, whene'er all-conquering Death shall
His wings around my unrepining head,
I care not, though this face be seen no more,
The world will pass as cheerful as before;
Bright as before the day-star will appear,
The fields as verdant, and the skies as clear;
Nor storms nor comets will my doom declare,
Nor signs on earth, nor portents in the air;
Unknown and silent will depart my breath,
Nor nature e'er take notice of my death.
Yet some there are (ere spent my vital days)
Within whose breasts my tomb I wish to raise;
Lov'd in my life, lamented in my end, [mend:
Their praise would crown me, as their precepts
To them may these fond lines my name endear,
Not from the Poet, but the Friend sincere.

Flapp

§ 4. *Happy the Freedom of the Man whom Grace makes free—His relish of the Works of God—Address to the Creator.* COWPER.

HE is the freeman whom the truth makes free,
And all are slaves beside. There's not a chain
That hellish foes confed'rate for his harm
Can wind around him, but he casts it off
With as much ease as Samson his green withes.
He looks abroad into the varied field
Of Nature, and tho' poor, perhaps, compar'd
With those whose mansions glitter in his sight,
Calls the delightful scenery all his own.
His are the mountains, and the vallies his,
And the resplendent rivers; his t'enjoy
With a propriety that none can feel,
But who with filial confidence inspir'd,
Can list to Heav'n an unpresumptuous eye,
And smiling say—My Father made them all:
Are they not his by a peculiar right;
And by an emphasis of int'rest his,
Whose eye they fill with tears of holy joy,
Whose heart with praise, and whose exalted mind
With worthy thoughts of that unwearied love
That plann'd, and built, and still upholds a world,
So cloth'd with beauty, for rebellious man?
Yes—ye may fill your garners, ye that reap
The loaded soil, and ye may waste much good
In senseless riot; but ye will not find
In feast or in the chase, in song or dance,
A liberty like his, who, unimpeach'd
Of usurpation, and to no man's wrong,
Appropriates nature as his Father's work,
And has a richer use of yours than you.
He is indeed a freeman; free by birth
Of no mean city, plann'd or ere the hills
Were built, the fountains open'd, or the sea
With all his roaring multitude of waves.
His freedom is the same in ev'ry state,
And no condition of this changeful life,
So manifold in cares, whose ev'ry day
Brings its own evil with it, makes it less:

For he has wings that neither sickness, pain,
Nor penury, can cripple or confine;
No nook so narrow but he spreads them there
With ease, and is at large. Th'oppressor holds
His body bound, but knows not what a range
His spirit takes, unconscious of a chain;
And that to bind him is a vain attempt,
Whom God delights in, and in whom he dwells.
Acquaint thyself with God, if thou wouldst taste
His works. Admitted once to his embrace,
Thou shalt perceive that thou wast blind before;
Thine eye shall be instructed, and thine heart,
Made pure, shall relish with divine delight,
Till then unfelt, what hands divine have wrought.
Brutes graze the mountain-top with faces prone,
And eyes intent upon the scanty herb
It yields them, or recumbent on its brow,
Ruminate heedless of the scene outspread
Beneath, beyond, and stretching far away
From inland regions to the distant main.
Man views it and admires, but rests content
With what he views. The landscape has his
praise;

But not its Author! Unconcern'd who form'd
The paradise he sees, he finds it such,
And such well pleas'd to find it, asks no more.
Not so the mind that has been touch'd from
Heav'n,

And in the school of sacred wisdom taught
To read his wonders, — in whose thought the
Fair as it is, existed ere it was: [world,
Not for its own sake merely, but for his
Much more who fashion'd it, he gives it praise;
Praise that, from earth resulting as it ought,
To earth's acknowledg'd Sovereign, finds at once
Its only just proprietor in Him.
The soul that sees him, or receives sublim'd
New faculties, or learns at least, t'employ
More worthily the pow'rs she own'd before,
Discerns in all things, what with stupid gaze
Of ignorance till then she overlook'd,
A ray of heav'nly light gilding all forms

Terrestrial.

Terrestrial, in the vast and the minute,
 The unambiguous footsteps of the God
 Who gives its lustre to an insect's wing,
 And wheels his throne upon the rolling worlds.
 Much conversant with Heav'n, the often holds
 With those fair ministers of light to man,
 That fill the skies nightly with silent pomp,
 Sweet conference; enquires what strains were they
 With which Heav'n rang, — when ev'ry star in
 To gratulate the new-created earth, [haste]
 Sent forth a voice, and all the sons of God
 Shouted for joy—" Tell me, ye shining hosts,
 " That navigate a sea, that knows no storms
 " Beneath a vault unfully'd with a cloud,
 " If from your elevation, whence ye view
 " Distinctly scenes invisible to man,
 " And systems of whose birth no tidings yet
 " Have reach'd this nether world, ye spy a race
 " Favour'd as ours, transgressors from the womb,
 " And hasting to a grave, yet doom'd to rise,
 " And to possess a brighter heav'n than yours?
 " As one who, long detain'd on foreign shores
 " Pants to return, and when he sees afar [rocks
 " His country's weather-bleach'd and batter'd
 " From the green wave emerging, darts an eye
 " Radiant with joy towards the happy land;
 " So I with animated hopes behold,
 " And many an aching wish, your beamy fires,
 " That shew like beacons in the blue abyss,
 " Ordain'd to guide th'embodied spirit home
 " From toilsome life to never-ending rest.
 " Love kindles as I gaze. I feel desires
 " That give assurance of their own success,
 " And that, infus'd from heav'n, must thither
 " tend."

So reads he nature whom the lamp of truth
 Illuminates; thy lamp, mysterious word!
 Which whoso sees no longer wanders lost,
 With intellects bemaz'd, in endless doubt,
 But runs the road of wisdom. Thou hast built,
 With means that were not till by thee employ'd,
 Worlds that had never been, hadst thou in strength

Been less, or less benevolent than strong.
 They are thy witnesses, who speak thy pow'r
 And goodness infinite, but speak in ears
 That hear not, or receive not their report.
 In vain thy creatures testify of thee
 Till thou proclaim thyself. Theirs is indeed
 A teaching voice; but 'tis the praise of thine,
 That whom it teaches it makes prompt to learn,
 And with the boon gives talents for its use.
 Till thou art heard, imaginations vain
 Possess the heart, and fables false as hell,
 Yet deem'd oracular, lure down to death
 The uninform'd and heedless sons of men.
 We give to chance, blind chance, ourselves as
 blind,

The glory of thy work, which yet appears
 Perfect and unimpeachable of blame,
 Challenging human scrutiny, and prov'd
 Then skilful most when most severely judg'd.
 But chance is not; or is not where thou reign'st:
 Thy providence forbids that sickle pow'r
 (If pow'r she be that works but to confound)
 To mix her wild vagaries with thy laws.
 Yet thus we doat, refusing while we can
 Instruction, and inventing to ourselves
 Gods such as guilt makes welcome, — Gods that
 Or disregard our follies, or that fit [sleep]
 Amus'd spectators of this bustling stage.
 Thee we reject, unable to abide
 Thy purity, till pure as thou art pure,
 Made such by thee, we love thee for that cause
 For which we shunn'd and hated thee before.
 Then we are free: then liberty like day
 Breaks on the soul, and by a flash from Heav'n
 Fires all the faculties with glorious joy.
 A voice is heard that mortal ears hear not
 Till thou hast touch'd them: — 'tis the voice of
 songs,

A loud Hosanna sent from all thy works,
 Which he that hears it with a shout repeats,
 And adds his rapture to the gen'ral praise.
 In that blest moment, Nature throwing wide

Her veil opaque, discloses with a smile
 The Author of her beauties, who, retir'd
 Behind his own creation, works unseen
 By the impure, and hears his pow'r deny'd.
 Thou art the source and centre of all minds,
 Their only point of rest, Eternal Word!
 From thee, departing, they are lost, and rove
 At random, without honor, hope, or peace.
 From thee is all that soothes the life of man,
 His high endeavour, and his glad success,
 His strength to suffer, and his will to serve.
 But, oh! thou bounteous Giver of all good,
 Thou art of all thy gifts thyself the crown!
 Give what thou canst, without thee we are poor,
 And with thee rich, take what thou wilt away.

§ 55. *That Philosophy which stops at Secondary Causes, reproved.* COWPER.

HAPPY the man who sees a God employ'd
 In all the good and ill that chequer life!
 Resolving all events, with their effects
 And manifold results, into the will
 And arbitration wise of the Supreme.
 Did not his eye rule all things, and intend
 The least of our concerns (since from the least
 The greatest oft originate) could chance
 Find place in his dominion, or dispose
 One lawless particle to thwart his plan,
 Then God might be surpris'd, an unforeseen
 Contingence might alarm him, and disturb
 The smooth and equal course of his affairs.
 This truth, philosophy, though eagle-eyed
 In nature's tendencies, oft overlooks,
 And having found his instrument, forgets
 Or disregards, or, more presumptuous still,
 Denies the pow'r that wields it. God proclaims
 His hot displeasure against foolish men
 That live an atheist life; involves the heav'n
 In tempests; quits his grasp upon the winds,
 And gives them all their fury; bids a plague
 Kindle a fiery bile upon the skin,

And putrify the breath of blooming health.
 He calls for famine,—and the meagre fiend
 Blows mildew from between his shrivell'd lips,
 And taints the golden ear: he springs his mines,
 And desolates a nation at a blast.
 Forth steps the spruce philosopher, and tells
 Of homogeneal and discordant springs
 And principles; of causes, how they work
 By necessary laws their sure effects;
 Of action and re-action. He has found
 The source of the disease that Nature feels,
 And bids the world take heart and banish fear.
 Thou fool! will thy discovery of the cause
 Suspend th'effect or heal it? Has not God
 Still wrought by means since first he made the
 world?

And did he not of old employ his means
 To drown it? What is his creation less
 Than a capacious reservoir of means
 Form'd for his use, and ready at his will?
 Go, dress thine eyes with eye-salve, ask of him,
 Or ask of whomsoever he has taught,
 And learn, tho' late, the genuine cause of all.

§ 56. *Rural Sounds as well as Sights delightful.*
 COWPER

NOR rural sights alone, but rural sounds
 Exhilarate the spirit, and restore
 The tone of languid Nature. Mighty winds,
 That sweep the skirt of some far-spreading wood
 Of ancient growth, make music not unlike
 The dash of ocean on his winding shore,
 And lull the spirit while they fill the mind,
 Unnumber'd branches waving in the blast,
 And all their leaves fast fluttering, all at once.
 Nor less composure waits upon the roar
 Of distant floods, or on the softer voice
 Of neighb'ring fountains, or of rills that slip
 Through the cleft rock, and chiming as they fall
 Upon loose pebbles, lose themselves at length
 In matted grass, that with a livelier green
 Betrays

Betrays the secret of their silent course.
 Nature inanimate employs sweet sounds,
 But animated nature sweeter still,
 To sooth and satisfy the human ear.
 Ten thousand warblers cheer the day, and one
 The live-long night: — nor these alone, whose
 Nice-finger'd art must emulate in vain, [notes
 But cawing rooks, and kites that swim sublime
 In still repeated circles, screaming loud,
 The jay, the pie, and e'en the boding owl
 That hails the rising moon, have charms for me.
 Sounds inharmonious in themselves and harsh,
 Yet heard in scenes where peace for ever reigns,
 And only there, please highly for their sake.

§ 57. *The Wearisomeness of what is commonly called a Life of Pleasure.* COWPER.

THE spleen is seldom felt where Flora reigns;
 The lowring eye, the petulance, the frown,
 And sullen sadness that o'ershade, distort
 And mar the face of beauty, when no cause
 For such immeasurable woe appears;
 These Flora banishes, and gives the fair [own.
 Sweet smiles and bloom, less transient than her
 It is the constant revolution, stale
 And tasteless of the same repeated joys,
 That palls and fatiaries, and makes languid life
 A pedlar's pack, that bows the bearer down.
 Health suffers, and the spirits ebb; the heart
 Recoils from its own choice—at the full feast
 Is famish'd—finds no music in the song,
 No smartness in the jest, and wonders why.
 Yet thousands still desire to journey on,
 Though halt and weary of the path they tread.
 The paralytic, who can hold her cards,
 But cannot play them, borrows a friend's hand
 To deal and shuffle, to divide and sort
 Her mingled suits and sequences, and sits
 Spectatress both and spectacle, a sad
 And silent cypher, while her proxy plays.
 Others are dragg'd into the crowded room

Between supporters; and, once seated, sit,
 Through downright inability to rise,
 Till the stout bearers lift the corpse again.
 These speak a loud memento. Yet even these
 Themselves love life, and cling to it, as he
 That overhangs a torrent to a twig.
 They love it, and yet loathe it; fear to die,
 Yet scorn the purposes for which they live.
 Then wherefore not renounce them? No—the
 dread,

The slavish dread of solitude that breeds
 Reflection and remorse, the fear of shame,
 And their invet'rate habits, all forb'd.

Whom call we gay? That honor has been long
 The boast of mere pretenders to the name.
 The innocent are gay—the lark is gay
 That dries his feathers, saturate with dew,
 Beneath the rosy cloud, while yet the beams
 Of day-spring overhooit his humble nest.
 The peasant too, a witness of his song,
 Himself a songster, is as gay as he.
 But save me from the gaiety of those
 Whose head-achs nail them to a noon-day bed;
 And save me too from theirs whose haggard eyes
 Flash desperation, and betray their pangs
 For property stripp'd off by cruel chance;
 From gaiety that fills the bones with pain,
 The mouth with blasphemy, the heart with woe.

§ 58. *Satirical Review of our Trips to France.*

COWPER.

NOW hoist the sail, and let the streamers float
 Upon the wanton breezes; strew the deck
 With lavender, and sprinkle liquid sweets,
 That no rude favour maritime invade
 The nose of nice nobility. Breathe soft,
 Ye clarionets, and softer still ye flutes,
 That winds and waters, lull'd by magic sounds,
 May bear us smoothly to the Gallic shore.
 True, we have lost an empire—let it pass.
 True, we may thank the perfidy of France.

That pick'd the jewel out of England's crown,
 With all the cunning of an envious shrew.
 And let that pass—'twas but a trick of state.
 A brave man knows no malice, but at once
 Forgets, in peace, the injuries of war,
 And gives his direst foe a friend's embrace.
 And, sham'd as we have been, to the very beard
 Brav'd and defy'd, and in our own sea prov'd
 Too weak for those decisive blows, that once
 Insur'd us mast'ry there, we yet retain
 Some small pre-eminence; we justly boast
 At least superior jockeyship, and claim
 The honors of the turf as all our own.
 Go then, well worthy of the praise ye seek,
 And show the same ye might conceal at home,
 In foreign eyes!—be grooms, and win the plate,
 Where once your nobler fathers won a crown!

§ 59. *Imitations of Horace.* POPE.

EPISTLE VII.

Imitated in the manner of Dr. Swift.

TIS time, my Lord, I gave my word
 I would be with you, June the third;
 Chang'd it to August, and in short,
 Have kept it—as you do at court.
 You humour me when I am sick,
 Why not when I am splenetic?
 In town, what objects could I meet?
 The shops shut up in ev'ry street,
 And fun'erals black'ning all the doors,
 And yet more melancholy whores!
 And what a dust in ev'ry place!
 And a thin court that wants your face,
 And fevers raging up and down,
 And W* and A** both in town!
 “The dog-days are no more the case.”
 'Tis true, but winter comes apace:
 Then southward let your bard retire,
 Hold out some months 'twixt sun and fire,
 And you shall see the first warm weather,
 Me and the butterflies together.

My Lord, your favours well I know,
 'Tis with distinction you bestow;
 And not to ev'ry one that comes,
 Just as a Scotiman does his plums.
 ‘Pray take them, Sir, enough's a feast:
 ‘Eat some, and pocket up the rest’—
 What, rob your boys? those pretty rogues!
 ‘No, Sir, you'll leave them to the hogs.’
 Thus fools with compliments besiege ye,
 Contriving never to oblige ye.
 Scatter your favours on a fop,
 Ingratitude's the certain crop;
 And 'tis but just, I'll tell you wherefore,
 You give the things you never care for.
 A wise man always is or shou'd
 Be mighty ready to do good;
 But makes a difference in his thought
 Betwixt a guinea and a groat.

Now this I'll say, you'll find in me
 A safe companion, and a free;
 But if you'd have me always near—
 A word, pray, in your Honour's ear:
 I hope it is your resolution
 To give me back my constitution!
 The sprightly wit, the lively eye,
 Th'engaging smile, the gaiety,
 That laugh'd down many a summer sun,
 And kept you up so oft till one:
 And all that voluntary vein,
 As when Belinda rais'd my strain.

A weazel once made shift to sink
 In at a corn-lost thro' a chink;
 But having amply stuff'd his skin,
 Could not get out as he got in:
 Which one belonging to the house
 ('Twas not a man, it was a mouse)
 Observing, cry'd, ‘You 'scape not so,
 ‘Lean as you came, Sir, you must go.’
 Sir, you may spare your application,
 I'm no such beast, nor his relation;
 Nor one that temperance advance,
 Cramm'd to the throat with ortolans.

Extremely

Extremely ready to resign
 All that may make me none of mine.
 South-Sea subscriptions take who please,
 Leave me but liberty and ease:
 'Twas what I said to Craggs and Child,
 Who prais'd my modesty, and smil'd.
 Give me, I cry'd (enough for me)
 My bread, and independency!
 So bought an annual-rent or two,
 And liv'd—just as you see I do;
 Near fifty, and without a wife,
 I trust that sinking fund, my life.
 Can I retrench? Yes, mighty well,
 Shrink back to my paternal cell,
 A little house, with trees a row,
 And, like its master, very low.
 There dy'd my father, no man's debtor;
 And there I'll die, nor worse nor better.

To set this matter full before ye,
 Our old friend Swift will tell his story.
 "Harley, the nation's great support,"—
 But you may read it, I stop short.

SATIRE VI.

The first part imitated in the year 1714, by Dr. Swift; the latter part added afterwards.

I'VE often wish'd that I had clear
 For life, six hundred pounds a year,
 A handsome house to lodge a friend,
 A river at my garden's end,
 A terras-walk, and have a rood
 Of land, set out to plant a wood.

Well, now I have all this and more,
 I ask not to increase my store;
 'But here a grievance seems to lie,
 'All this is mine but till I die;
 'I can't but think 'twould sound more clever,
 'To me and to my heirs for ever."
 'If I ne'er got or lost a groat
 'By any trick or any fault;
 'And if I pray by reason's rules,
 'And not like forty other fools,

'As thus: "Vouchsafe, oh gracious Maker!
 "To grant me this and t'other acre:
 "Or if it be thy will and pleasure,
 "Direct my plough to find a treasure:"
 'But only what my station fits,
 'And to be kept in my right wits:
 'Preserve, Almighty Providence!
 'Just what you gave me, competence:
 'And let me in these shades compose
 'Something in verse as true as prose;
 'Remov'd from all th'ambitious scene,
 'Nor puff'd by pride, nor sunk by spleen.'

In short, I'm perfectly content,
 Let me but live on this side Trent;
 Nor cross the Channel twice a year,
 To spend six months with statelinen here.

I must by all means come to town,
 'Tis for the service of the Crown.

"Lewis, the Dean will be of use;
 "Send for him up, take no excuse."
 The toil, the danger of the seas,
 Great Ministers ne'er think of these;
 Or let it cost five hundred pound,
 No matter where the money's found;
 It is but so much more in debt;
 And that they ne'er consider'd yet.

"Good Mr. Dean, go change your gown,
 "Let my Lord know you're come to town."
 I hurry me in haste away,
 Not thinking it is levee-day;
 And find his Honour in a pound,
 Hemm'd by a triple circle round,
 Chequer'd with ribbons blue and green:
 How should I thrust myself between?
 Some wag observes me thus perplex'd,
 And, smiling, whispers to the next,
 "I thought the Dean had been too proud
 "To jostle here among a crowd."

Another, in a surly fit,
 Tells me I have more zeal than wit:
 "So eager to express your love,
 "You ne'er consider whom you shove,

"But rudely prefs before a Duke."
I own I'm pleas'd with this rebuke,
And take it kindly, meant to show
What I desire the world should know.

I get a whisper, and withdraw;
When twenty fools I never saw
Come with petitions fairly penn'd,
Desiring I would stand their friend.

This humbly offers me his case—
That begs my int'rest for a place—
A hundred other mens affairs,
Like bees, are humming in my ears.
"To-morrow my appeal comes on;
"Without your help the cause is gone—"
The Duke expects my Lord and you
About some great affairs, at two—
"Put my Lord Bolingbroke in mind,
"To get my warrant quickly sign'd:
"Consider, 'tis my first request."
Be satisfi'd, I'll do my best:
Then presently he falls to teize,
"You may for certain, if you please;
"I doubt not, if his Lordship knew—
"And, Mr. Dean, one word from you—"

'Tis (let me see) three years and more,
(October next it will be four)
Since Harley bid me first attend,
And chose me for an humble friend;
Would take me in his coach to chat,
And question me of this and that;
As, 'What's o'clock?' and, 'How's the wind?'
• Whose chariot's that we left behind?
Or gravely try to read the lines
Writ underneath the country signs;
Or, "Have you nothing new to-day
"From Pope, from Parnell, or from Gay?"
Such rattle often entertains
My Lord and me as far as Staines;
As once a week we travel down
To Windsor, and again to Town;
Where all that passes *inter nos*
Might be proclaim'd at Charing-Cross.

Yet some I know with envy swell,
Because they see me us'd so well:
"How think you of our friend the Dean?"
"I wonder what some people mean;
"My Lord and he are grown so great,
"Always together *tete-a-tete*.
"What, they admire him for his jokes—
"See but the fortune of some folks!"
There flies about a strange report
Of some express arriv'd at court:
I'm stopp'd by all the fools I meet,
And catechis'd in ev'ry street.
"You, Mr. Dean, frequent the great;
"Inform us, will the Emp'ror treat?
"Or do the prints and papers lie?"
Faith, Sir, you know as much as I.
"Ah, Doctor, how you love to jest?"
"Tis now no secter"—I protest
'Tis one to me—"Then tell us, pray,
"When are the troops to have their pay?"
And, tho' I solemnly declare
I know no more than my Lord Mayor,
They stand amaz'd, and think me grown
The closest mortal ever known.

Thus, in a sea of folly tost,
My choicest hours of life are lost;
Yet always wishing to retreat,
Oh, could I see my country-seat!
There, leaning near a gentle brook,
Sleep, or peruse some ancient book;
And there in sweet oblivion drown
Those cares that haunt the court and town.
O charming noons, and nights divine!
Or when I sup, or when I dine,
My friends above, my folks below,
Chatting and laughing all a-row;
The beans and bacon set before 'em,
The grace-cup serv'd with all decorum:
Each willing to be pleas'd, and please,
And ev'n the very dogs at ease!
Here no man prates of idle things,
How this or that Italian sings,

A neigh-

A neighbour's madness, or his spouse's,
Or what's in either of the houses:
But something much more our concern,
And quite a scandal not to learn:
Which is the happier, or the wiser,
A man of merit, or a miser?
Whether we ought to choose our friends
For their own worth, or our own ends?
What good, or better, we may call?
And what, the very best of all?

Our friend Dan Prior told (you know)
A tale extremely *a-propos*:
Name a town-life, and in a trice,
He had a story of two mice.—
Once on a time, so runs the fable,
A country mouse, right hospitable,
Receiv'd a town-mouse at his board,
Just as a farmer might a lord.
A frugal mouse, upon the whole,
Yet lov'd his friend, and had a soul;
Knew what was handsome, and would do't,
On just occasion, *coute qui coute*.
He brought him bacon (nothing lean);
Pudding that might have pleas'd a dean;
Cheese, such as men in Suffolk make,
But with'd it Stilton for his sake;
Yet, to his guest tho' no way sparing,
He eat himself the rind and paring.
Our courtier scarce would touch a bit,
But show'd his breeding and his wit;
He did his best to seem to eat,
And cry'd, "I vow you're mighty neat.
"But lord, my friend, this savage scene!
"For God's sake, come, and live with men:
"Consider, mice, like men, must die,
"Both small and great, both you and I;
"Then spend your life in joy and sport.—
"This doctrine, friend, I learn'd at court."

The veriest hermit in the nation
May yield, God knows, to strong temptation.
Away they come, thro' thick and thin,
To a tall house near Lincoln's Inn:

'Twas on the night of a debate,
When all their lordships had sat late.
Behold the place, where if a poet
Shin'd in description, he might throw it;
Tell how the moon-beam trembling falls,
And tips with silver all the walls;
Palladian walls, Venetian doors,
Grottesco roofs, and stucco floors:
But let it, in a word, be said,
The moon was up, and men a-bed,
The napkins white, the carpet red: }
The guests withdrawn, had left the treat,
And down the mice sat, *tele-a-tete*.

Our courtier walks from dith to dith,
Tastes for his friend of fowl and fish;
Tells all their names, lays down the law,
"*Que ca est bon! Ah goûtez ça!*
"That jelly's rich, this malinscy healing;
"Pray dip your whiskers and your tail in."
Was ever such a happy twain?
He stuffs and swills, and stuffs again.
"I'm quite ashamed—'tis mighty rude
"To eat so much—but all's so good!
"I have a thousand thanks to give—
"My lord alone knows how to live."
No sooner said, but from the hall
Rush chaplain, butler, dogs, and all:
"A rat! a rat! clap too the door!"
The cat comes bouncing on the floor!
O for the heart of Homer's mice,
Or gods to save them in a trice!
(It was by Providence they think,
For your damn'd Stucco has no chink.)
"An't please your honour," quoth the peasant,
"This same desert is not so pleasant:
"Give me again my hollow tree,
"A crust of bread, and liberty!"

ODE I. BOOK IV.

To Venus.

AGAIN, new tumults in my breast?
Ah spare me, Venus! let me, let me rest!

I am not now, alas! the man
 As in the gentle reign of my queen Anne.
 Ah found as more thy soft alarms,
 Nor circle sober fifty with thy charms!
 Mother too fierce of dear desires;
 Turn, turn to willing hearts your wanton fires.
 To number five direct your doves, [loves;
 There spread round Murray all your blooming
 Noble and young, who strikes the heart
 With ev'ry sprightly, ev'ry decent part;
 Equal, the injur'd to defend,
 To charm the mistress, or to fix the friend.
 He, with an hundred arts refin'd,
 Shall stretch thy conquests over half the kind:
 To him each rival shall submit,
 Make but his riches equal to his wit.
 Then shall thy form the marble grace
 (Thy Grecian form) and Chloe lend the face:
 His house embosom'd in the grove,
 Sacred to social life and social love,
 Shall glitter o'er the pendent green,
 Where Thames reflects the visionary scene:
 Thither the silver sounding lyres
 Shall call the smiling loves and young desires;
 There, ev'ry grace and muse shall throng,
 Exalt the dance, or animate the song;
 There youths and nymphs, in concert gay,
 Shall hail the rising, close the parting day.
 With me, alas! those joys are o'er;
 For me the vernal garlands bloom no more.
 Adieu, fond hope of mutual fire!
 The still-believing, still-renew'd desire;
 Adieu! the heart-expanding bowl,
 And all the kind deceivers of the soul?
 But why? Ah tell me, ah too dear!
 Steals down my cheek th'involuntary tear?
 Why words so flowing, thoughts so free,
 Stop, or turn nonsense, at one glance of thee?
 Thee, dress'd in fancy's airy beam,
 Absent I follow thro' th'extended dream;
 Now, now I cease, I clasp thy charms,
 And now you burst (ah cruel!) from my arms;

And swiftly shoot along the mall,
 Or softly glide by the canal;
 Now shown by Cynthia's silver ray,
 And now on rolling waters snatch'd away.

Part of the Ninth Ode of the Fourth Book.

A FRAGMENT.

LEST you should think that verse shall die,
 Which sounds the silver Thames along,
 Taught on the wings of truth to fly,
 Above the reach of vulgar song;
 Tho' daring Milton sits sublime,
 In Spencer native musses play;
 Nor yet shall Waller yield to time,
 Nor pensive Cowley's moral lay—
 Sages and chiefs long since had birth
 Ere Cæsar was, or Newton nam'd;
 These rais'd new empires o'er the earth,
 And those, new heav'ns and systems fram'd.
 Vain was the chief's, the sage's pride!
 They had no poet, and they dy'd:
 In vain they schem'd, in vain they bled!
 They had no poet, and are dead.

§ 60. *Mac Flecknoe.* DRYDEN.

ALL human things are subject to decay; [obey.
 And, when Fate summons, monarchs must
 This Flecknoe found, who, like Augustus, young
 Was call'd to empire, and had govern'd long;
 In prose and verse was own'd, without dispute,
 Thro' all the realms of Nonsense, absolute.
 This aged prince, now flourishing in peace,
 And bleis'd with issue of a large increase,
 Worn out with bus'ness, did at length debate
 To settle the succession of the state;
 And pond'ring which, of all his sons, was fit
 To reign, and wage immortal war with Wit,
 Cry'd, 'Tis resolv'd; for Nature pleads, that he
 Should only rule who most resembles me.

Sh—,

Sh——, alone, my perfect image bears,
Mature in dulness from his tender years:
Sh——, alone, of all my sons, was he,
Who stands confirm'd in full stupidity.
The rest, to some faint meaning make pretence;
But Sh—— never deviates into sense.
Some beams of wit on other souls may fall,
Strike thro', and make a lucid interval;
But Sh——'s genuine night admits no ray;
His rising fogs prevail upon the day.
Besides, his goodly fabric fills the eye,
And seems design'd for thoughtless majesty:
Thoughtless as monarch oaks, that shade the plain,
And, spread in solemn state, supinely reign.
Heywood and Shirley were but types of thee,
Thou last great prophet of Tautology.
Ev'n I, a dunce of more renown than they,
Was sent before but to prepare thy way;
And, coarsely clad in Norwich druggut, came
To teach the nations in thy greater name.
My warbling lute, the lute I whilom strung,
When to king John of Portugal I sung,
Was but the prelude to that glorious day,
When thou on silver Thames didst cut thy way,
With well-tim'd oars, before the royal barge,
Swell'd with the pride of thy celestial charge;
And, big with hymn, commander of an host,
The like was ne'er in Epsom blankets tost.
Methinks I see the new Arion sail,
The lute still trembling underneath thy nail.
At thy well-sharpen'd thumb, from shore to shore,
The trebles squeak for fear, the baxes roar:
Echoes from Pissing-Alley Sh—— call,
And Sh—— they resound from Aston-Hall.
About thy boat the little fishes throng,
As at the morning toast that floats along.
Sometimes, as prince of thy harmonious band,
Thou wield'st thy papers in thy threshing hand.
St. Andre's feet ne'er kept more equal time,
Not e'en the feet of thine own Psyche's rhyme:
Though they in number as in sense excel;
So just, so like Tautology they fell,

That, pale with envy, Singleton forswore
The lute and sword, which he in triumph bore,
And vow'd he ne'er would act Villerius more. }
Here stopt the good old fire, and wept for joy,
In silent raptures of the hopeful boy.
All arguments, but most his plays, persuade,
That for anointed dulness he was made.
Close to the walls which fair Augusta bind
(The fair Augusta, much to fears inclin'd)
An ancient fabric, rais'd t'inform the sight,
There stood of yore, and Earbian its height:
A watch-tow'r once; but now, so fate ordains,
Of all the pile an empty name remains:
From its old ruins brothel-houses rise,
Scenes of lewd loves, and of polluted joys,
Where their vast courts the mother-strumpets
keep,
And, undisturb'd by watch, in silence sleep.
Near these a nursery erects its head,
Where queens are form'd, and future heroes bred;
Where unfledg'd actors learn to laugh and cry,
Where infant punks their tender voices try, }
And little Maximins the gods defy.
Great Fletcher never treads in buskins here,
Nor greater Jonson dares in socks appear;
But gentle Simkin just reception finds
Amidst this monument of vanish'd minds:
Pure clinches the suburban muse affords,
And Panton waging harmless war with words,
Here Flecknoe, as a place to fame well known,
Ambitiously design'd his Sh——'s throne:
For ancient Decker prophecy'd, long since, }
That in this pile should reign a mighty prince,
Born for a scourge of Wit, and flail of sense;
To whom true dulness should some Psyches owe;
But worlds of Misers from his pen should flow;
Humorists and Hypocrites it should produce;
Whole Raymond families, and tribes of Bruce.
Now empress Fame had publish'd the renown
Of Sh——'s coronation thro' the town.
Rouz'd by report of Fame, the nations meet,
From near Bun-hill, and distant Watling-street;
I 5 No

No Persian carpets spread th'inperial way,
 But scatter'd limbs of mangled poets lay :
 From dusty shops neglected authors come,
 Martyrs of pyes, and reliques of the burn.
 Much Heywood, Shirley, Ogleby, there lay ;
 But loads of Sh—— almost choak'd the way.
 Bilk'd stationers for yeomen stood prepar'd,
 And H—— was captain of the guard.
 The hoary prince in majesty appear'd,
 High on a throne of his own labours rear'd.
 At his right hand our young Afcanius fat,
 Rome's other hope, and pillar of the state;
 His brows thick fegs, instead of glories, grace,
 And lambent Dulness play'd around his face.
 As Hannibal did to the alms come,
 Sworn by his fire a mortal foe to Rome,
 So Sh—— swore, nor should his vow be vain,
 That he, till Death, true dulness would maintain;
 And, in his father's right, and realm's defence,
 Ne'er to have peace with wit, nor truce with sense.

The king himself the sacred unction made,
 As king by office, and as priest by trade.
 In his sinister hand, instead of ball,
 He plac'd a mighty mug of potent ale;
 Love's kingdom to his right he did convey,
 At once his sceptre, and his rule of sway ; [young,
 Whose righteous lore the prince had practis'd
 And from whose loins recorded Psyche sprung :
 His temples last, with poppies were o'erspread,
 That, nodding, seem'd to consecrate his head.
 Just at the point of time, if fame not lye,
 On his left hand twelve rev'rend owls did fly.
 So Romulus, 'tis sung, by Tiber's brook,
 Prefige of sway from twice six vultures took.
 Th' admiring throng loud acclamations make,
 And opens of his future empire take.
 The fire then shook the honors of his head,
 And from his brows damps of oblivion shed
 Full on the filial dulness; long he stood,
 Repelling from his breast the raging god;
 At length burst out in this prophetic mood :

' Heav'n's blest my son, — from Ireland let
 him reign,
 To far Barbadoes on the western main ;
 Of his dominion may no end be known,
 And greater than his father's be his throne ;
 Beyond Love's kingdom let him stretch his
 pen ! —

He paus'd ; and all the people cry'd, Amen.
 Then thus continu'd he : ' My son, advance
 Still in new impudence, new ignorance.
 Success let others teach, learn thou, from me,
 Pangs without birth, and fruitless industry.
 Let Virtue's in five years be writ ;
 Yet not one thought accuse thy toil of wit.
 Let gentle George in triumph tread the stage,
 Make Dorimant betray, and Loveit rage ;
 Let Cully, Cockwood, Fopling, charm the pit,
 And, in their folly, shew the writer's wit.
 Yet still thy Fools shall stand in thy defence,
 And justify their author's want of sense.
 Let 'em be all by thy own model made
 Of dulness, and desire no foreign aid ;
 That they to future ages may be known,
 Not copies drawn, but issue of thy own.
 Nay, let thy men of wit too be the same ;
 All full of thee, and differing but in name.
 But let no alien S——d——p interpose,
 To lard with wit thy hungry Epsom prose.
 And, when false flow'rs of Rhet'ric thou would'st
 Trust Nature, do not labour to be dull ; [cull,
 But write thy best, and top ; and, in each line,
 Sir Formal's oratory will be thine :
 Sir Formal, though unsought, attends thy quill,
 And does thy Northern Dedications fill.
 Nor let false friends seduce thy mind to fame,
 By arrogating Jonson's hostile name.
 Let father Flecknoe fire thy mind with praise,
 And uncle Ogleby thy envy raise.
 Thou art my blood, where Jonson has no part :
 What share have we in nature or in art ?
 Where did his wit on Learning fix a brand,
 And rail at arts he did not understand ?

Where

Where made he love in Prince Nicander's vein,
Or swept the dust in Psyche's humble strain?
Where sold he bargains, — whip-stitch, — kiss
my arse;

Promis'd a play, and dwindl'd to a farce?
When did his muse from Fletcher scenes purloin,
As thou whole Eth'ridge dost transfuse to thine?
But so transfus'd, as oil and waters flow;
His always floats above, thine sinks below.
This is thy province, this thy wond'rous way,
New humours to invent for each new play:
This is that boasted bias of thy mind,
By which, one way, to dulcets 'tis inclin'd;
Which makes thy writings lean on one side still,
And, in all changes, that way bends thy will.
Nor let thy mountain-belly make pretence
Of likeness; thine's a tympany of sense.
A tun of man in thy large bulk is writ;
But sure thou'rt but a kilderkin of wit.
Like mine, thy gentle numbers feebly creep;
Thy tragic muse gives smiles; thy comic, sleep.
With whate'er gall thou sett'st thyself to write,
Thy inoffensive satires never bite.
In thy felonious heart though venom lies,
It does but touch thy Irish pen, and dies.
Thy genius calls thee not to purchase fame
In keen Iambics, but mild Anagram.
Leave writing plays, and chuse for thy command
Some peaceful province in Acrostic land.
There thou may'st wings display, and altars raise,
And torture one poor word a thousand ways.
Or if thou would'st thy different talents suit,
Set thy own songs, and sing them to thy lute.
He said; but his last words were scarcely
heard;
For Bruce and Longvil had a trap prepar'd;
And down they sent the yet declaiming bard.
Sinking, he left his drugged robe behind,
Borne upwards by a subterranean wind.
The mantle fell to the young prophet's part,
With double portion of his father's art.

§ 61. *A Letter from Italy to the Right Honour-
able Charles Lord Halifax, in the Year 1701.*

ADDISON.

WHILE you, my Lord, the rural shades admire,
And from Britannia's public posts retire,
Nor longer, her ungrateful sons to please,
For their advantage sacrifice your ease;
Me into foreign realms my fate conveys,
Thro' nations fruitful of immortal lays,
Where the soft season and inviting clime
Conspire to trouble your repose with rhyme;
For wherefoe'er I turn my ravish'd eyes,
Gay gilded scenes and shining prospects rise,
Poetic fields encompass me around,
And still I seem to tread on classic ground;
For here the Muse so oft her harp has strung,
That not a mountain rears its head unsung;
Renown'd in verse each shady thicket grows,
And ev'ry stream in heav'nly numbers flows.
How am I pleas'd to search the hills and woods
For rising springs and celebrated floods!
To view the Nar, tumultuous in his course,
And trace the smooth Clitumnus to his source!
To see the Mincio draw his wat'ry store
Thro' the long windings of a fruitful shore,
And hoary Albula's infected tide
O'er the warm bed of smoking sulphur glide!
Fir'd with a thousand raptures I survey
Eridanus thro' flow'ry meadows stray,
The king of floods! that rolling o'er the plains,
The tow'ring Alps of half their moisture drains,
And proudly swoln with a whole winter's snows,
Distributes wealth and plenty where he flows.
Sometimes, misguided by the tuneful throng,
I look for streams immortaliz'd in song,
That lost in silence and oblivion lie [dry]
(Dumb are their fountains, — and their channels
Yet run for ever by the Muse's skill,
And in the smooth description murmur still.
Sometimes to gentle Tiber I retire,
And the fam'd river's empty shore admire,

That, destitute of strength, derives its course
 From thrifty urns and an unfruitful source;
 Yet sung so often in poetic lays,
 With scorn the Danube and the Nile surveys;
 So high the deathless muse exalts her theme!
 Such was the Boyne, a poor inglorious stream,
 That in Hibernian vales obscurely stray'd,
 And, unobserv'd, in wild meanders play'd;
 Till, by your lines and Nassau's sword renown'd,
 Its rising billows thro' the world resound;
 Where'er the Hero's godlike acts can pierce,
 Or where the fame of an immortal verse.

Oh could the Muse my ravish'd breast inspire
 With warmth like yours, — and raise an equal
 fire,

Unnumber'd beauties in my verse shall shine,
 And Virgil's Italy should yield to mine!
 See how the golden groves around me smile,
 That shun the coast of Britain's stormy isle,
 Or, when transplanted and preserv'd with care,
 Curse the cold clime, and starve in northern air.
 But kindly warmth their mounting juice fer-
 ments

To nobler tastes and more exalted scents;
 Ev'n the rough rocks with tender myrtle bloom,
 And trodden weeds send out a rich perfume.
 Bear me, some god, to Bana's gentle seats,
 Or cover me in Umbria's green retreats;
 Where western gales eternally reside,
 And all the seasons lavish all their pride;
 Blossoms, and fruits, and flow'rs together rise;
 And the whole year in gay confusion lies.

Immortal glories in my mind revive,
 And in my soul a thousand passions strive,
 When Rome's exalted beauties I descry,
 Magnificent in piles of ruin lie.
 An amphitheatre's amazing height
 Here fills my eye with terror and delight,
 That on its public shews unpeopled Rome,
 And held uncrowded nations in its womb;
 Here pillars rough with sculpture pierce the skies;
 And here the proud triumphal arches rise,

Where the old Romans deathless acts display'd,
 Their base degenerate progeny upbraid;
 Whole rivers here forsake the fields below,
 And,—wond'ring at their height,—through airy
 channels flow.

Still to new scenes my wand'ring Muse retires;
 And the dumb show of breathing rocks admires;
 Where the smooth chisel all its force has shown,
 And soften'd into flesh the rugged stone.
 In solemn silence, a majestic band,
 Heroes, and gods, and Roman consuls, stand;
 Stern tyrants, whom their cruelties renown,
 And emperors, in Parian marble frown; [su'd,
 While the bright dames to whom they humbly
 Still shew the charms that their proud hearts sub-
 du'd.

Fain would I Raphael's godlike art rehearse,
 And show th'immortal labours in my verse, [light,
 Where, from the mingled strength of shade and
 A new creation rises to my sight,
 Such heav'nly figures from his pencil flow,
 So warm with life his blended colours glow,
 From theme to theme with secret pleasure tost,
 Amidst the soft variety I'm lost;
 Here pleasing airs my ravish'd soul confound
 With circling notes and labyrinths of sound;
 Here domes and temples rise in distant views,
 And op'ning palaces invite my Muse.

How has kind Heav'n adorn'd the happy land,
 And scatter'd blessings with a wasteful hand!
 But what avail her unexhausted stores,
 Her blooming mountains, and her sunny shores,
 With all the gifts that Heav'n and earth impart,
 The smiles of nature, and the charms of art,
 While proud Oppression in her vallies reigns,
 And Tyranny usurps her happy plains?
 The poor inhabitant beholds in vain
 The redd'ning orange and the swelling grain;
 Joyless he sees the growing oils and vines,
 And in the myrtle's fragrant shade repines;
 Starves, in the midst of nature's bounty curst,
 And in the laden vineyard dies for thirst.

Oh Liberty! thou goddess heav'nly bright,
 Profuse of bliss, and pregnant with delight!
 Eternal pleasures in thy presence reign,
 And smiling Plenty leads thy wanton train;
 Eas'd of her load, Subjection grows more light,
 And Poverty looks cheerful in thy sight;
 Thou mak'st the gloomy face of Nature gay,
 Giv'st beauty to the Sun, and pleasure to the Day.

Thee, goddess, thee Britannia's isle adores;
 How has she oft exhausted all her stores,
 How oft, in fields of death, thy presence sought,
 Nor thinks the mighty prize too dearly bought!
 On foreign mountains may the sun refine
 The grape's soft juice, and mellow it to wine,
 With citron groves adorn a distant soil,
 And the fat olive swell with floods of oil;
 We envy not the warmer clime, that lies
 In ten degrees of more indulgent skies,
 Nor at the coarseness of our haven repine,
 Tho' o'er our heads the frozen Pleiads shine:
 'Tis Liberty that crowns Britannia's isle,
 And makes her barren rocks and her bleak
 mountains smile. [sight,

Others with tow'ring piles may please the
 And in their proud aspiring domes delight;
 A nicer touch to the stretch'd canvass give,
 Or teach their animated rocks to live;
 'Tis Britain's care to watch o'er Europe's fate,
 And hold in balance each contending state;
 To threaten bold presumptuous kings with war,
 And answer her afflicted neighbour's pray'r.
 The Dane and Swede, rous'd up by fierce alarms,
 Bless the wise conduct of her pious arms;
 So soon as her fleets appear, their terrors cease,
 And all the northern world lies hush'd in peace.

Th'ambitious Gaul beholds, with secret dread,
 Her thunder aim'd at his aspiring head,
 And fain her godlike sons would disunite
 By foreign gold, or by domestic spire;
 But strives in vain to conquer or divide,
 Whom Nassau's arms defend, and counsels guide.

Fir'd with the name, which I so oft have found,
 The distant climes and different tongues resound,
 I bridle in my struggling muse with pain,
 That longs to launch into a bolder strain.

But I've already troubled you too long,
 Nor dare attempt a more advent'rous song.
 My humble verse demands a softer theme,
 A painted meadow, or a purling stream;
 Unfit for heroes, whom immortal lays, [praise.
 And lines like Virgil's, or like your's should

§ 62. *An Allegory on Man.* PARNELL.

A THOUGHTFUL being, long and spare,
 Our race of mortals call him Care
 (Were Homer living, well he knew
 What name the gods have call'd him too);
 With fine mechanic genius wrought,
 And lov'd to work, tho' no one bought.
 This being, by a model bred
 In Jove's eternal fable head,
 Contriv'd a shape impower'd to breathe,
 And be the worldling here beneath.

The man rose staring, like a stake,
 Wond'ring to see himself awake!
 Then look'd so wise, before he knew
 The bus'ness he was made to do;
 That, pleas'd to see with what a grace
 He gravely shew'd his forward face,
 Jove talk'd of breeding him on high,
 An under-something of the sky.

But ere he gave the mighty nod,
 Which ever binds a Poet's God
 (For which his curls ambrosial shake,
 And mother Earth's oblig'd to quake)
 He saw old mother Earth arise;
 She stood confess'd before his eyes;
 But not with what we read she wore,
 A castle for a crown before,
 Nor with long streets and longer roads
 Dangling behind her, like commodores:

As yet with wreaths alone she drest,
And trail'd a landkip-painted vest.
Then thrice she rais'd, as Ovid said,
And thrice she bow'd her weighty head.

Her honors made, Great Jove, she cry'd,
This thing was fashon'd from my side:
His hands, his heart, his head, are mine;
Then what hast thou to call him thine?

Nay, rather ask, the Monarch said,
What boots his hand, his heart, his head?
Were what I gave remov'd away,
Thy part's an idle shape of clay.

Halves, more than halves! cry'd honest Care,
Your pleas would make your titles fair;
You claim the body, you the soul;
But I who join'd them, claim the whole.

Thus with the Gods debate began,
On such a trivial cause as Man.
And can celestial tempers rage
(Quoth Virgil) in a latter age?

As thus they wrangled, Time came by
(There's none that paint him such as I;
For what the fabling ancients sung
Makes Saturn old when Time was young);

As yet his winters had not shed
Their silver honours on his head;
He just had got his pinions free
From his old fire, Eternity.

A serpent girdled round he wore,
The tail within the mouth, before;
By which our almanacs are clear
That learned Egypt meant the year.

A staff he carry'd, where on high
A glass was fix'd to measure by,
As amber boxes made a show
For heads of canes an age ago.
His vest, for day and night, was py'd;
A bending fickle arm'd his side;
And spring's new month his train adorn!
The other Seasons were unborn.

Known by the gods, as near he draws,
They make him umpire of the cause.

O'er a low trunk his arm he laid,
Where since his hours a dial made;
Then, leaning, heard the nice debate,
And thus pronounc'd the words of Fate:

Since body from the parent Earth,
And soul from Jove receiv'd a birth,
Return they where they first began;
But since their union makes the man,
Till Jove and Earth shall part these two,
To Care who join'd them, man is due.

He said, and sprung with swift career
To trace a circle for the year;
Where ever since the Seasons wheel,
And tread on one another's heel.

'Tis well, said Jove; and for consent,
Thund'ring, he shook the firmament.
Our umpire Time shall have his way;
With Care I let the creature stay:
Let bus'ness vex him, av'rice blind,
Let doubt and knowledge rack his mind,
Let error act, opinion speak,
And want afflict, and sickness break,
And anger burn, dejection chill,
And joy distract, and sorrow kill;
Till, arm'd by Care, and taught to mow,
Time draws the long destructive blow;
And wasted man, whose quick decay
Comes hurrying on before his day,
Shall only find by this decree,
The soul flies sooner back to me.

§ 63. *The Book-Worm.* PARNELL.

COME hither, boy, we'll hunt to-day;
The Book-worm, rav'ning beast of prey,
Produc'd by parent Earth, at odds,
As fame reports it with the Gods.
Him frantic hunger wildly drives
Against a thousand authors lives:
Thro' all the fields of wit he flies;
Dreadful his wit with clust'ring eyes,
With horns without, and tusks within,
And scales to serve him for a skin.

Observe

Observe him nearly, lest he climb
To wound the Bards of ancient time,
Or down the vale of Fancy go,
To tear some modern wretch below.
On ev'ry corner fix thine eye,
Or ten to one he slips thee by.
See where his teeth a passage eat:
We'll rouse him from the deep retreat.
But who the shelter's forc'd to give?
'Tis sacred Virgil, as I live!
From leaf to leaf, from song to song,
He draws the tadpole form along;
He mounts the gilded edge before;
He's up, he scuds the cover o'er;
He turns, he doubles, there he past;
And here we have him, caught at last.

Insatiate brute! whose teeth abuse
The sweetest servants of the Muse.
(Nay, never offer to deny,
I took thee in the fact to fly.)
His roses nipt in ev'ry page,
My poor Anacreon mourns thy rage;
By thee my Ovid wounded lies;
By thee my Lestria's sparrow dies;
Thy rabid teeth have half destroy'd
The work of love in Biddy Floyd;
They rend Belinda's locks away,
And spoil'd the Blouzelind of Gay.
For all, for ev'ry single deed,
Relentless Justice bids thee bleed.
Then fall a victim to the Nine,
Myself the priest, my desk the shrine.

Bring Homer, Virgil, Tasso near,
To pile a sacred altar here.
Hold, boy, thy hand out-runs thy wit,
You reach'd the plays that Dennis writ;
You reach'd me Philips' rustic strain;
Pray take your mortal bards again.

Come, bind the victim,—there he lies,
And here between his num'rous eyes
This venerable dust I lay,
From manuscripts just swept away.

The goblet in my hand I take
(For the libation's yet to make)
A health to poets! all their days
May they have bread, as well as praise;
Sense may they seek, and less engage
In papers fill'd with party-rage.
But if their riches spoil their vein,
Ye Muses, make them poor again!

Now bring the weapon, yonder blade,
With which my tuneful pens are made.
I strike the scales that arm thee round,
And twice and thrice I print the wound;
The sacred altar floats with red,
And now he dies, and now he's dead.

How like the son of Jove I stand,
This Hydra stretch'd beneath my hand!
Lay bare the monster's entrails here,
To see what dangers threat the year:
Ye Gods! what sonnets on a wench!
What lean translations out of French!
'Tis plain, this lobe is so unsound,
S—— prints before the months go round.

But hold, before I close the scene,
The sacred altar should be clean.
Oh had I Shadwell's second bays,
Or, Tate, thy pert and humble lays!
(Ye pair, forgive me, when I vow
I never mis'd your works till now)
I'd tear the leaves to wipe the shrine
(That only way you please the Nine);
But since I chance to want these two,
I'll make the songs of Dursley do.

Rent from the corps, on yonder pin,
I hang the scales that brac'd it in;
I hang my studious morning gown,
And write my own Inscription down.

' This trophy from the Python won,
' This robe in which the deed was done,
' These, Parnell, glorying in the feat,
' Hung on these shelves, the Muse's seat.
' Here ignorance and hunger found
' Large realms of wit to ravage round:

' Here

- * Here ignorance and hunger fell:
- * Two foes in one I sent to hell.
- * Ye poets, who my labours see,
- * Come share the triumph all with me!
- * Ye Critics! born to vex the Muse,
- * Go mourn the grand ally you lose.*

§ 64. *Love of Fame the Universal Passion.*
YOUNG.

SATIRE I.

To his Grace the Duke of Dorset.

—Tanto major Famæ sitis est quam
Virtutis. Juv. Sat. 10.

MY verse is Satire; Dorset, lend your ear,
And patronize a Muse you cannot fear;
To Poets sacred is a Dorset's name;
Their wonted passport thro' the gates of fame;
It bribes the partial reader into praise,
And throws a glory round the shelter'd lays;
The dazzled judgment fewer faults can see,
And gives applause to B—e, or to me.
But you decline the mistress we pursue;
Others are fond of Fame, but Fame of you.
Instructive Satire, true to virtue's cause!
Thou shining supplement of public laws!
When flatter'd crimes of a licentious age
Reproach our silence, and demand our rage;
When purchas'd follies from each distant land,
Like arts, improve in Britain's skilful hand;
When the law shews her teeth, but dares not bite,
And South-Sea treasures are not brought to light;
When churchmen scripture for the classics quit,
Polite apostates from God's grace to wit;
When men grow great from their revenue spent,
And fly from bailiffs into parliament;
When dying sinners, to blot out their score,
Bequeath the church the leavings of a whore;
To chafe our spleen when themes like these in-
Shall panegyric reign, and censure cease! [crease,

Shall poesy, like the law, turn wrong to right,
And dedications wash an Æthiop white,
Set up each senseless wretch for nature's boast,
On whom praise shines as trophies on a post?
Shall fun'ral eloquence her colours spread,
And scatter roses on the wealthy dead?
Shall authors smile on such illustrious days,
And satirize with nothing—but their praise?

Why slumbers Pope, who leads the tuneful
train,

Nor hears that virtue, which he loves, complain?
Donne, Dorset, Dryden, Rochester are dead,
And guilt's chief foe in Addison is fled;
Congreve, who, crown'd with laurels fairly won,
Sits smiling at the goal while others run,
He will not write; and (more provoking still)
Ye Gods! he will not write, and Mævius will.

Doubly distressed, what author shall we find
(Discreetly daring and severely kind)
The courtly† Roman's shining path to tread,
And sharply smile prevailing folly dead?
Will no superior genius snatch the quill,
And save me, on the brink, from writing ill?
Tho' vain the strife, I'll strive my voice to raise.
What will not men attempt for sacred praise!

The love of praise, howe'er conceal'd by art,
Reigns more or less, and glows in ev'ry heart.
The proud, to gain it, toils on toils endure;
The modest shun it, but to make it sure.
O'er globes and sceptres, now on thrones it swells,
Now trims the midnight lamp in college-cells.
'Tis Tory, Whig;—it plots, prays, preaches,
pleads,—

Harangues in senates, squeaks in masquerades:
Here, to S—e's humour makes a bold pretence;
There, bolder aims at Pultney's eloquence.
It aids the dancer's heel, the writer's head,
And heaps the plain with mountains of the dead;
Nor ends with life; but nods in fable plumes,
Adorns our hearse, and flatters on the tombs.

What is not proud! The pimp is proud to see
So many like himself in high degree:

The whore is proud; her beauties are the dread
Of peevish virtue and the marriage-bed;
And the brib'd cuckold, like crown'd victims born
To slaughter, glories in his gided horn.

Some go to church, proud humbly to repent,
And come back much more guilty than they went:
One way they look, another way they steer,
Pray to the gods; but would have mortals hear;
And when their sins they set sincerely down,
They'll find that their religion has been one.

Others, with wishful eyes on glory look,
When they have got their picture t'wards a book.
Or pompous title, like a gaudy sign,
Meant to betray dull sots to wretched wine.
If at his title T—— had dropt his quill,
T—— might have past for a great genius still;
But T—— alas! (excuse him, if you can)
Is now a scribbler, who was once a man.

Imperious, some a classic fame demand,
For heaping up, with a laborious hand,
A waggon-load of meanings for one word,
While A's depos'd, and B with pomp restor'd.

Some, for renown, on scraps of learning doat,
And think they grow immortal as they quote.
To patchwork learn'd quotations are allay'd;
Both strive to make our poverty our pride.

On glass how witty is a noble Peer!
Did ever diamond cost a man so dear?

Polite diseases make some idiots vain,
Which, if unfortunately well, they feign.
On death-beds some in conscious glory lie,
Since of the doctor in the mode they die;
Whose wond'rous skill is, headman-like, to know
For better pay to give a surer blow.

Of folly, vice, disease, men proud we see;
And (stranger still) of blockheads flattery,
Whose praise defames; as if a fool should mean,
By spitting on your face, to make it clean!

Nor is't enough all hearts are swoln with pride,
Her pow'r is mighty, as her realm is wide,

What can she not perform? The love of Fame
Made bold Alphonfus his Creator blame;
Empedocles hurl'd down the burning steep;
And stranger still, made Alexander weep.
Nay, it holds Delia from a second bed, [dead!
Tho' her lov'd lord has four half months been

This passion with a pimple have I seen
Retard a cause, and give a judge the spleen.
By this inspir'd (O! ne'er to be forgot)
Some lords have learnt to spell, and some to knot.
It makes Globose a speaker in the house;
He hems, and is deliver'd of his mouse.
It makes dear self on well-bred tongues prevail,
And I the little hero of each tale.

Sick with the love of fame what throngs pour
Unpeople court, and leave the senate thin! [in,
My growing subject seems but just begun,
And, chariot-like, I kindle as I run.

Aid me, great Homer! with thy epic rules,
To take a catalogue of British fools.
Satire! had I thy Dorset's force divine,
A knave or fool should perish in each line;
Tho' for the first all Westminster should plead;
And for the last all Gresham intercede.

Begin. Who first the catalogue shall grace?
To quality belongs the highest place.
My lord comes forward; forward let him come!
Ye vulgar! at your peril give him room;
He stands for fame on his forefathers feet,
By heraldry prov'd valiant, or discreet.
With what a decent pride he throws his eyes
Above the man by three descents less wise!
If virtues at his noble hand you crave,
You bid him raise his fathers from the grave.
Men should press forward in Fame's glorious
chace;

Nobles look backward, and so lose the race.

Let high birth triumph! What can be more
great?

Nothing—but merit in a low estate.
To Virtue's humblest son let none prefer
Vice, tho' descended from the conqueror.

Shall

Shall men, like figures, pass for high or base,
Slight or important, only by their place?
Titles are marks of honest men, and wise;
The fool or knave that wears a title lies.

They that on glorious ancestors enlarge,
Produce their debt, instead of their discharge.
Dorset, let these who proudly boast their line,
Like thee, in worth hereditary, shine.

Vain as false greatness is, the Muse must own
We want not fools to buy that Bristol-stone.
Mean sons of Earth, who on a South-Sea tide
Of full success swim into wealth and pride,
Knock with a purse of gold at Anstis' gate,
And beg to be descended from the great.

When men of infamy to grandeur soar,
They light a torch to shew their shame the more.
Those governments which curb not evils, cause;
And a rich knave's a libel on our laws.

Belus with solid glory will be crown'd;
He buys no phantom, no vain empty sound,
But builds himself a name; and to be great,
Sinks in a quarry an immense estate;
In cost and grandeur Chandos he'll outdo;
And Burlington, thy taste is not so true;
The pile is finish'd, ev'ry toil is past,
And full perfection is arriv'd at last;
When lo! my lord to some small corner runs,
And leaves state-rooms to strangers and to duns.

The man who builds, and wants wherewith to
Provides a home, from which to run away. [pay,
In Britain what is many a lordly seat,
But a discharge in full for an estate?

In smaller compass lies Pygmalion's fame;
Not domes, but antic statues are his flame.
Not F—t—n's self more Parian charms has known;
Nor is good Pembroke more in love with stone.
The bailiffs come (rude men, profanely bold!)
And bid him turn his Venus into gold.

"No, sirs," he cries, "I'll sooner rot in jail!
"Shall Grecian arts be truck'd for English bail?"

Such heads might make their very Bustos laugh;
His daughter starves, but *Cleopatra's safe.

Men overloaded with a large estate
May spill their treasure in a nice conceit;
The rich may be polite, but oh! 'tis sad
To say you're curious, when we swear you're mad.
By your revenue measure your expence,
And to your funds and acres join your sense:
No man is blest by accident, or guess;
True wisdom is the price of happiness;
Yet few without long discipline are sage;
And our youth only lay up sighs for age.

But how, my Muse, canst thou refuse so long
The bright temptation of the courtly throng,
Thy most inviting theme? the court affords
Much food for Satire; it abounds in lords.
"What lords are those saluting with a grin?"
One is just out, and one is lately in.

"How comes it then to pass we see preside
"On both their brows an equal share of pride?"
Pride, that impartial passion, reigns thro' all,
Attends our glory, nor deserts our fall:
As in its home, it triumphs in high place,
And frowns a haughty exile in disgrace.
Some lords it bids admire their wands so white,
Which bloom,—like Aaron's,—to their ravisht
fight:

Some lords it bids resign, and turns their wands,
Like Moses', into serpents in their hands.
These sink, as divers, for renown! and boast
With pride inverted of their honors lost.
But against reason, sure 'tis equal sin
To boast of merely being out or in.

What numbers here,—thro' odd ambition,—
strive

To seem the most transported things alive!
As if by joy desert was understood,
And all the fortunate were wise or good.
Hence aching bosoms were a visage gay,
And stifled groans frequent the ball and play.

* A famous statue.

Completely drest by † Monteucl, and grimace,
They take their birth-day suit, and public face;
Their smiles are only part of what they wear,
Put off at night with lady B——'s hair.
What bodily fatigue is half so bad?
With anxious care thy labour to be glad.

What numbers here would into fame advance,
Conscious of merit in the coxcomb's dance!
The tavern! park! assembly! mask! and play!
Those dear destroyers of the tedious day!
That wheel of fops! that saunter of the town;
Call it diversion, and the pill goes down;
Fools grin on fools, and, Stoic-like, support,
Without one sigh, the pleasures of a court.
Courts can give nothing to the wise and good,
But scorn of pomp and love of solitude.
High stations tumults, but not bliss create;
None think the great unhappy, but the great;
Fools gaze and envy; envy darts a sting,
Which makes a swain as wretched as a king.

I envy none their pageantry and show;
I envy none the gilding of their woe.
Give me, indulgent gods! with mind serene
And guiltless heart, to range the sylvan scene.
No splendid poverty, no smiling care,
No well-bred hate, or servile grandeur there;
There pleasing objects useful thoughts suggest,
The scene is ravish'd, and the soul is blest;
On ev'ry thorn delightful wisdom grows,
In ev'ry rill a sweet instruction flows:
But some, untaught, o'erhear the whispering rill,
In spite of sacred leisure, blockheads still;
Nor shoots up folly to a nobler bloom
In her own native soil, the drawing-room.

The 'squire is proud to see his courser strain,
Or well-breath'd beagles sweep along the plain.
Say, dear Hippolitus (whose drink is ale,
Whose erudition is a Christmas-tale,
Whose mistress is saluted with a smack,
And friend receiv'd with thumps upon the back)

When thy sleek gelding nimbly leaps the mound,
And Ringwood opens on the tainted ground,
Is that thy praise? let Ringwood's fame alone,
Just Ringwood leaves each animal his own,
Nor envies when a gipsy you commit,
And shake the clumsy bench with country wit;
When you the dullest of dull things have said,
And then ask pardon for the jest you made.

Here breathe, my Muse! and then thy task renew,
Ten thousand fools unsung are still in view.
Fewer lay-artheists made by church-debates;
Fewer great beggars fam'd for large estates;
Ladies, whose love is constant as the wind;
Cits, who prefer a guinea to mankind!
Fewer grave lords to Scroope discreetly bend;
And fewer shocks a statesman gives his friend.

Is there a man of an eternal vein,
Who lulls the town in winter with his strain,
At Bath in summer chants the reigning lass,
And sweetly whistles as the waters pass?
Is there a tongue, like Delia's o'er her cup,
That runs for ages without winding up?
Is there whom his tenth Epic mounts to Fame?
Such, and such only, might exhaust my theme;
Nor would these heroes of the task be glad;
For who can write so fast as men run mad?

§ 65. *Love of Fame the Universal Passion.*

YOUNG.

SATIRE II.

To the Right Honourable the Earl of Scarborough.

MY Muse, proceed, and reach thy destin'd end,
Tho' toil and danger the bold task attend.
Heroes and gods make other poems fine,
Plain Satire calls for sense in ev'ry line;
Then, to what swarms thy faults dare I expose?
All friends to vice and folly are thy foes;
When such the foe, a war eternal wage,
'Tis most ill-nature to repress thy rage;

And if these strains some nobler Muse excite,
I'll glory in the verse I did not write.

So weak are human kind by nature made,
Or to such weakness by their vice betray'd,
Almighty Vanity! to thee they owe
Their zest of pleasure, and their balm of woe.
Thou, like the sun, all colours dost contain,
Varying, like rays of light on drops of rain;
For ev'ry soul finds reasons to be proud,
Tho' hiss'd and hooted by the pointing crowd.

Warm in pursuit of foxes and renown,
Hippolitus * demands the Sylvan crown;
But Florio's fame, the product of a show'r,
Grows in his garden an illustrious flow'r!
Why teems the earth? why melt the vernal skies?
Why shines the sun? To make† Paul Diack rise.
From morn to night has Florio gazing stood,
And wonder'd how the gods could be so good.
What shape! what hue! was ever nymph so fair?
He doats! he dies! he too is rooted there.
O solid bliss! which nothing can destroy
Except a cat, bird, snail, or idle boy.

In Fame's full bloom lies Florio down at night,
And wakes next day a most inglorious wight;
The tulip's dead! see thy fair sister's fate,
O C——! and be kind ere 'tis too late.

Nor are those enemies I mention'd all;
Beware, O Florists, thy ambition's fall.
A friend of mine indulg'd this noble flame;
A Quaker serv'd him, Adam was his name.
To one lov'd tulip oft the master went,
Hung o'er it, and whole days in rapture spent;
But came, and mist it one ill-fated hour:
He rag'd, he roar'd; "what Dæmon cropt my
flow'r?"

Serene, quoth Adam, 'Lo! 'twas crush'd by me;
'Fall'n is the Baal to which thou bow'st thy
'knee.'

"But all men want amusement, and what crime
"In such a Paradise to fool their time?"

None; — but why proud of this? to Fame they
soar?

We grant they're idle, if they'll ask no more.

We smile at Florists, we despise their joy,
And think their hearts enamour'd of a toy;
But are those wiser whom we most admire,
Survey with envy, and pursue with fire?
What's he who sighs for wealth, or fame, or
Another Florio doating on a show'r, [pow'r!
A short-liv'd flow'r, and which has often sprung
From sordid arts, as Florio's out of dung.

With what, O Codrus! is thy fancy smit?
The show'r of learning, and the bloom of wit.
Thy gaudy shelves with crimson bindings glow,
And Epictetus is a perfect beau.

How fit for thee bound up in crimson too,
Gilt, and, like them, devoted to the view!
Thy books are furniture. Methinks 'tis hard
That science should be purchas'd by the yard,
And Tonson, turn'd upholsterer, send home
The gilded leather to fit up thy room!

If not to some peculiar end assign'd,
Study's the specious trifling of the mind;
Or is at best a secondary aim,
A chace for sport alone, and not for game;
If so, sure they who the mere volume prize,
But love the thicket where the quarry lies.

On buying books Lorenzo long was bent,
But found at length that it reduc'd his rent;
His farms were flown; when lo! a sale comes on,
A choice collection! what is to be done?
He sells his last, for he the whole will buy;
Sells e'en his house, nay wants whereon to lye;
So high the gen'rous ardor of the man
For Romans, Greeks, and Orientals ran.
To make the purchase he gives all his store,
Except one darling diamond that he wore.
For what a mistress gave, 'tis death to pawn;
Yet when the terms were fix'd, and writings
drawn,

* This refers to the first Satire.

† The name of a Tulip.

The sight so ravish'd him, he gave the clerk
Love's sacred pledge, and sign'd them with his
Unlearned men of books assume the care, [mark;
As eunuchs are the guardians of the fair.

Not in his author's liveries alone
Is Codrus' Erudite ambition shown?
Editions various, at high prices bought,
Inform the world what Codrus would be thought;
And, to this cast, another must succeed,
To pay a sage, who says that he can read,
Who titles knows, and indexes have teen;
But leaves to — what lies between:
Of pompous books who shuns the proud expence,
And humbly is contented with their sense.

O Lumley, whose accomplishments make good
The promise of a long-illustrious blood;
In arts and manners eminently grac'd,
The strictest honor, and the finest taste!
Accept this verse; if Satire can agree
With so consummate an humanity.
But know, my lord, if you resent the wrong,
That on candour I obtrude my song;
'Tis Satire's just revenge on that fair name,
Which all their malice cannot make her theme,

By your example would Hilario mend,
How would it grace the talents of my friend,
Who with the charms of his own genius finit,
Conceives all virtues are compriz'd in wit!
But time his fervent petulance may cool;
For though he is a wit, he is no fool.
In time he'll learn to use, not waste his sense,
Nor make a frailty of an excellence.
His brisk attack on blockheads we should prize,
Were not his jest as flippant with the wise.
He spares nor friend nor foe; but calls to mind,
Like dooms-day, all the faults of all mankind.

What tho' wit tickles? tickling is unsafe,
If still 'tis painful while it makes us laugh.
Who, for the poor renown of being smart,
Would leave a sting within a brother's heart?

Parts may be prais'd, good-nature is ador'd;
Then draw your wit as seldom as your sword,
And never on the weak; or you'll appear
As there no hero, no great genius here.
As in smooth oil the razor best is whet,
So wit is by politeness sharpest set;
Their want of edge from their offence is seen;
Both pain us least when exquisitely keen.
The same men give is for the joy they find;
Dull is the jester, when the joke's unkind.

Since Marcus, doubtless, thinks himself a wit,
To pay my compliment what place so fit?
His most facetious * Letters came to hand,
Which my first Satire sweetly reprimand.
If that a just offence to Marcus gave,
Say, Marcus, which art thou, a fool or knave?
For all but such with caution I forbore;
That thou wast either, I ne'er knew before.
I know thee now, both what thou art, and who;
No mask so good but Marcus must shine through;
False names are vain, thy lines their author tell;
Thy best concealment had been writing well;
But thou a brave neglect of Fame hast shown,
Of others fame, great genius! and thy own.
Write on unheeded, and this maxim know;
The man who pardons, disappoints his foe.

In malice to proud wits, some proudly lull
Their peevish reason, vain of being dull; [souls,
When some home-joke has stung their solemn
In vengeance they determine—to be fools;
Thro' spleen, that little nature gave, make less,
Quite zealous in the ways of heaviness;
To lumps inanimate a fondness take,
And disinherit sons that are awake. [spit,
These, when their utmost venom they would
Most barbarously tell you—"he's a wit."
Poor Negroes, thus, to shew their burning spite,
To Cacodemus say, they're devilish white.

Lampridius, from the bottom of his breast,
Sighs o'er one child, but triumphs in the rest.

* Letters sent to the Author, signed Marcus.

How just his grief? one carries in his head
 A less proportion of the father's lead;
 And is in danger, without special grace,
 To rise above a Justice of the Peace.
 The dunghill-breed of men a diamond scorn,
 And feel a passion for a grain of corn;
 Some stupid, plodding, money-loving wight,
 Who wins their hearts by knowing black from white;

Who with much pains, exerting all his sense,
 Can range aright his shillings, pounds, and pence.
 The booby-father craves a booby-son,
 And by Heav'n's blessing thinks himself undone.
 Wants of all kinds are made to Fame a plea;
 One learns to lisp, another not to see;
 Miss D——, tottering, catches at your hand.
 Was ever thing so pretty born to stand?
 Whilst these what nature gave disown, through
 Others affect what nature has deny'd; [pride,
 What nature has deny'd fools will pursue,
 As apes are ever walking upon two.

Craſſus, a grateful sage, our awe, and sport!
 Supports grave forms, for forms the sage support;
 He hems, and cries with an important air,
 "If yonder clouds withdraw, it will be fair!"
 Then quotes the Stagyrice to prove it true,
 And adds, "The learn'd delight in something
 "new."

Is't not enough the blockhead scarce can read,
 But must he wisely look, and gravely plead?
 As far a formalist from wisdom sits
 In judging eyes, as libertines from wits.
 Nay, of true wisdom there too much may be;
 The gen'rous mind delights in being free;
 Your men of parts an over-care despise;
 Dull rogues have nought to do but to be wise.
 Horace has said, and that decides the case,
 'Tis sweet to trifle in a proper place.
 Yet subtle wights (so blind are mortal men,
 Tho' Satire couch them with her keenest pen)
 For ever will hang out a solemn face,
 To put off nonsense with a better grace;

As pedlars with some hero's head make bold,
 Illustrious mark! where pins are to be sold.
 What's the bent brow, or neck in thought reclin'd?
 The body's wisdom to conceal the mind.
 A man of sense can artifice disdain,
 As men of wealth may venture to go plain;
 And be this truth eternal ne'er forgot,
 Solemnity's a cover for a sot.
 I find the fool, when I behold the screen;
 For 'tis the wise man's int'rest to be seen.
 Hence Scarborough, that openness of heart,
 And just disdain for that poor mimic, art;
 Hence (manly praise!) that manner nobly free,
 Which all admire, and I commend in thee.

With gen'rous scorn how oft hast thou survey'd
 Of court and town the noon-tide masquerade,
 Where swarms of knaves the vizor quite disgrace,
 And hide secure behind a naked face?
 Where nature's end of language is declin'd,
 And men talk only to conceal the mind;
 Where gen'rous hearts the greatest hazard run;
 And he who trusts a brother is undone!
 My brother swore it, therefore it is true;
 O strange induction! and at court quite new.
 As well thou might'st aver, thou simple swain,
 "'Tis just, and therefore I my cause shall gain."
 With such odd maxims to thy flocks retreat,
 Nor furnish mirth for ministers of state.

Some master-spirits far beyond the throng
 Refin'd in ill, more rightly bent on wrong,
 With exquisite discernment play their game,
 More nice of conduct, and more fair of fame.
 The neatly injur'd thinks his thanks are due,
 Robb'd of his right, and good opinion too:
 False honor, pride's first-born, this clap controls,
 Who wisely part with nothing but their souls.
 Albertus hugs himself in ravish'd thought,
 And a peerage is so cheaply bought.

These all their care expend on outward show
 For wealth and fame; for fame alone the beau.
 Of late, at White's was young Florello seen,
 How blank his look! how discompos'd his mien!

So

So hard it proves in grief sincere to feign!
Sunk were his spirits; for his coat was plain.

Next day his breast regain'd its wonted peace;
His health was mended with a silver lace.

A curious artist, long inur'd to toils
Of gentler sort, with combs, and fragrant oils,
Whether by chance, or by some god inspir'd,
So touch'd his curls, his mighty soul was fir'd,
The well-swoln ties an equal homage claim,
And either shoulder has its share of fame;
His sumptuous watch-case, tho' conceal'd it lies,
Like a good conscience, solid joy supplies.
He only thinks himself (so far from vain!)
Stanhope in wit; in breeding, Deloraine.

Whene'er by seeming chance he throws his eye
On mirrors flushing with his Tyrian dye,
With how sublime a transport leaps his heart!
But fate ordains that dearest friends must part.
In active measures brought from France, he
wheels

And triumphs, conscious of his learned heels.

So have I seen on some bright summer's day
A calf of genius, debonnair and gay,
Dance on the bank, as if inspir'd by fame,
Fond of the pretty fellow in the stream.

Morose is sunk with shame, whene'er surpriz'd
In linen clean, or peruke undisguis'd.
No sublunary chance his vestments fear,
Valu'd like leopards, as their spots appear.
A fam'd furtout he wears, which once was
blue,

And his foot swims in a capacious shoe.
One day his wife (for who can wives reclaim?)
Levell'd her barb'rous needle at his fame;
But open force was vain; by night she went,
And, while he slept, surpriz'd the darling rent;
Where yawn'd the frize is now become a doubt,
And glory at one entrance quite shut out.

He scorns Florello, and Florello him:
This hates the filthy creature, that the prim;

Thus in each other both these fools despise
Their own dear selves, with undiscerning eyes;
Their methods various, but alike their aim:
The sloven and the fopling are the same.

Ye Whigs and Tories! thus it fares with you,
When party-rage too warmly you pursue;
Then both club nonsense and impetuous pride,
And folly joins whom sentiments divide.
You vent your spleen as monkeys when they pass,
Scratch at the mimic-monkey in the glass,
While both are one; and henceforth be it known,
Fools of both sides shall stand for fools alone.

"But who art thou?" methinks Florello cries:
"Of all thy species art thou only wise?"
Since smallest things can give our sins a twitch,
As crossing straws retard a passing witch,
Florello, thou my monitor shall be;
I'll conjure thus some profit out of thee.

O thou myself! abroad our counsels roam,
And, like ill husbands, take no care at home.
Come from thyself, and a by-stander be;
With other eyes thy own deportment see;
And while their ails thou dost with pity view,
Conceive, hard task, that thou art mortal too.
Thou too art wounded with the common dart,
And love of fame lies throbbing at thy heart;
And what wise means to gain it hast thou chose?
Know, Fame and Fortune both are made of prose.
Is thy ambition sweating for a rhyme,
Thou unambitious fool, at this late time?
This noon of life! the seasons mend their pace,
And with a nimbler step the seasons chace;
While I a moment name, a moment's past;
I'm nearer death in this verse than the last;
What then is to be done? Be wise with speed;
A fool at forty is a fool indeed!

And what so foolish as the chace of Fame?
How vain the prize! how impotent our aim!
For what are men who grasp at praise sublime,
But bubbles on the rapid stream of time,

That rise and fall, that swell, and are no more,
 Born and forgot, ten thousand in an hour!
 Should this verse live, O Lumley! may it be
 A monument of gratitude to thee!
 Whose early favour I must own with shame,
 So long my patron, and so late my theme.

§ 66. *Love of Fame the Universal Passion.*

YOUNG.

SATIRE III.

To the Right Honourable Mr. Dodington.

LONG, Dodington, in debt, I long have sought
 To ease the burden of my grateful thought;
 And now a poet's gratitude you see,
 Grant him two favours, and he'll ask for three;
 For whose the present glory or the gain?
 You give protection, I a worthless strain.
 You love, and feel the poet's sacred flame,
 And know the basis of a solid fame;
 Tho' prone to like, yet cautious to commend,
 You read with all the malice of a friend;
 Nor favour my attempts that way alone,
 But more to raise my verse, conceal your own.

An ill-tim'd modesty! turn ages o'er,
 When wanted Britain bright examples more?
 Her learning and her genius too decays,
 And dark and cold are her declining days;
 As if men now were of another cast,
 They meanly live on alms of ages past.
 Men still are men, and they who boldly dare,
 Shall triumph o'er the sons of cold Despair;
 Or, if they fail, they justly still rake place
 Of such who run in debt for their disgrace:
 Who borrow much, then fairly make it known,
 And damn it with improvements of their own.
 We bring some new materials, and what's old
 New-cast with care, and in no borrow'd mold;
 Late times the verse may read, if these refuse,
 And from four critics vindicate the muse.

"Your work is long," the critics cry: 'tis true,
 And lengthens still, to take in fools like you;

Shorten my labour, if its length you blame,
 For, grow but wise, you rob me of my game;
 As hunted hags, who, while the dogs pursue,
 Renounce their four legs, and start up on two.

Like the bold bird upon the banks of Nile,
 That picks the teeth of the dire crocodile,
 Will I enjoy (dread feast!) the critic's rage,
 And with the fell destroyer feed my page.
 For what ambitious fools are more to blame
 Than those who thunder in the critic's name?
 Good authors damn'd, have their revenge in this,
 To see what wretches gain the praise they miss.

Balbutius, muffled in his sable cloke,
 Like an old Druid from his hollow oak,
 As ravens solemn, and as boding, cries,
 Ten thousand worlds for the three unities!
 Ye doctors sage, who thro' Parnassus teach,
 Or quit the tub, or practise what you preach.

One judges, as the weather dictates, right
 The poem is at noon, and wrong at night;
 Another judges by a surer gauge,
 An author's principles or parentage;
 Since his great ancestors in Flanders fell,
 The poem, doubtless, must be written well;
 Another judges by the writer's look;
 Another judges, for he bought the book;
 Some judge, their knack of judging wrong to keep;
 Some judge, because it is too soon to sleep.
 Thus all will judge, and with one single aim,
 To gain themselves, not give the writer fame.
 The very best ambitiously advise,
 Half to serve you, and half to pass for wise;
 None are at leisure others to reward;
 They scarce will damn, but out of self-regard.

Critics on verse, as squibs on triumphs wait,
 Proclaim the glory, and augment the state;
 Hot, envious, noisy, proud, the scribbling fry
 Burn, hiss, and bounce, waste paper, stink and die.
 Rail on, my friends! what more my verse can crown
 Than Compton's simile, and your obliging frown?

Nor all on books their criticism waste;
 The genius of a dish some justly taste,

And

And eat their way to fame! with anxious thought
The salmon is refus'd, the turbot bought.
Impatient Art rebukes the sun's delay,
And bids December yield the fruits of May.
Their various cares in one great point combine
The bus'ness of their lives, that is—to dine;
Half of their precious day they give the feast,
And, to a kind digestion, spare the rest.
Apicius here, the taster of the town,
Feeds twice a-week, to settle their renown.

These worthies of the palate guard with care
The sacred annals of their bills of fare;
In thote choice books their panegyrics read,
And scorn the creatures that for hunger feed;
If man, by feeding well, commences great,
Much more the worm, to whom that man is meat.
To glory some advance a lying claim,
Thieves of renown, and pilferers of fame!
Their front supplies what their ambition lacks;
They know a thousand lords behind their backs.
Cottil is apt to wink upon a peer,
When turn'd away, with a familiar leer;
And Hervey's eyes, unmercifully keen,
Have murder'd sops, by whom she ne'er was seen;
Niger adopts stray libels, wisely prone
To covet shame still greater than his own;
Bathyllus, in the winter of threescore,
Belies his innocence, and keeps a whore!
Absence of mind Brabantio turns to fame,
Learns to mistake, nor knows his brother's name;
Has words and thoughts in nice disorder set,
And takes a memorandum to forget.
Thus vain, nor knowing what adorns or blots,
Men forge the patents that create them sots.

As love of pleasure into pain betrays,
So most grow infamous thro' love of praise.
But whence for praise can such an ardor rise,
When those, who bring that incense, we despise?
For such the vanity of great and small,
Contempt goes round, all men laugh at all.

Nor can ev'n Satire blame them, for 'tis true,
They most have ample cause for what they do.

O! fruitful Britain! doubtless thou wast meant
A nurse of fools to stock the Continent.
Tho' Phœbus and the Nine for ever mow
Rank folly underneath the scythe will grow;
The plenteous harvest calls me forward still,
Till I surpass in length my lawyer's bill,
A Welch descent, which well-paid heralds damn,
Or, longer still, a Dutchman's epigram.
When cloy'd, in fury I throw down my pen,
In comes a coxcomb, and I write agen.
See! Tityrus, with merriment possess'd,
Is burst with laughter ere he hears the jest;
What need he stay? for when the joke is o'er,
His teeth will be no whiter than before.
Is there of these, ye fair! so great a dearth,
That you need purchase monkeys for your mirth?

Some, vain of paintings, bid the world admire;
Of houses some, nay, houses that they hire;
Some (perfect wisdom!) of a beauteous wife,
And boast, like Cordeliers, a scourge for life.

Sometimes, thro' pride, the sexes change their
airs;

My lord has vapours, and my lady swears!
Then, stranger still, on turning of the wind,
My lord wears breeches, and my lady's kind!

To shew the strength and infamy of pride,
By all 'tis follow'd, and by all deny'd.
What numbers are there, who at once pursue
Praise, and the glory to condemn it, too!
Vincenna knows self-praise betrays to shame,
And therefore lays a stratagem for fame;
Makes his approach in modesty's disguise
To win applause, and takes it by surprise.

"To err," says he, "in small things is my fate."

You know your answer, He's exact in great.

"My stile," says he, "is rude, and full of faults."

But O! what sense! what energy of thoughts!

That he wants algebra he must confess;

But not a soul to give our arms success.

"Ah! that's a hit indeed," Vincenna cries;

"But who, in heat of blood, was ever wise?"

K

"I own

"I own 'twas wrong, when thousands call'd me
"back,

"To make that hopeless, ill-advis'd attack;
"All say 'twas madness, nor dare I deny;
"Sure never fool so well deserv'd to die."
Could this deceive in others, to be free,
It ne'er, Vincenna, could deceive in thee,
Whose conduct is a comment to thy tongue
So clear, the dullest cannot take thee wrong.
Thou in one suit wilt thy revenue wear,
And haunt the court, without a prospect there.
Are these expedients for renown? Confess
Thy little self, that I may scorn thee less.

Be wise, Vincenna, and the court forsake;
Our fortunes there, nor thou nor I shall
make.

Ev'n men of merit, ere their point they gain,
In hardy service make a long campaign,
Most manfully besiege the patron's gate,
And oft repuls'd, as oft attack the great
With painful art, and application warm,
And take at last some little place by storm;
Enough to keep two shoes on Sunday clean,
And starve upon discreetly in Shire-lane.
Already this thy fortune can afford,
Then starve without the favour of my lord.
'Tis true, great fortunes some great men confer;
But often, ev'n in doing right, they err:
From caprice, not from choice, their favours come;
They give, but think it toil to know to whom:
The man that's nearest, yawning they advance:
'Tis inhumanity to bless by chance.

If merit sues, and greatness is so loth
To break its downy trance, I pity both.

I grant at court, Philander, at his need
(Thanks to his lovely wife) finds friends indeed.
Of ev'ry charm and virtue she's possess.
Philander! thou art exquisitely blest;
The public envy! now then, 'tis allow'd,
The man is found who may be justly proud;
But, see! how sickly is ambition's taste!
Ambition feeds on trash, and loaths a feast!

For lo! Philander, of reproach afraid,
In secret loves his wife, but keeps her maid.

Some nymphs sell reputation, others buy,
And love a market where the rates run high.
Italian music's sweet, because 'tis dear;
Their vanity is tickl'd, not their ear;
Their tastes would lessen if the prices fell,
And Shakespear's wretched stuff do quite as well;
Away the disenchant'd fair would throng,
And own, that English is their mother-tongue.

To shew how much our northern tastes refine,
Imported nymphs our peeresses outshine;
While tradesmen starve these Philomels are gay;
For gen'rous lords had rather give than pay.
O lavish land, for sound at such expence!
But then she saves it in her bills for sent.

Music I passionately love, 'tis plain,
Since for its sake such dramas I sustain.
An opera, like a pillory, may be said
To nail our ears down, but expose our head.

Behold the masquerade's fantastic scene!
The legislature join'd with Drury-lane!
When Britain calls, th'embroider'd patriots run,
And serve their country—if the dance is done.
"Are we not then allow'd to be polite?"
Yes, doubtless; but first set your notions right.
Worth of politeness is the needful ground;
Where that is wanting, this can ne'er be found.
Triflers not ev'n in trifles can excel;
'Tis solid bodies only polish well.

Great, chosen prophet! for these latter days,
To turn a willing world from righteous ways,
Well, Heideger, dost thou my master serve;
Well has he seen his servant should not starve;
Thou to his name hast splendid temples rais'd,
In various forms of worship seen him prais'd;
Gaudy devotion, like a Roman, shown,
And sung sweet anthems in a tongue unknown,
Inferior off'rings to thy god of vice
Are duly paid in fiddles, cards, and dice;
Thy sacrifice supreme an hundred maids!
That solemn rite of midnight masquerades!

If maids the quite exhausted town denies,
An hundred head of cuckolds must suffice.
Thou smil'st, well-pleas'd with the converted
land,

To see the fifty churches at a stand.

And, that thy minister may never fail,
But what thy hand has planted still prevail,
Of minor prophets a succession sure
The propagation of thy zeal secure.

See commons, peers, and ministers of state,
In solemn council met, and deep debate!
What godlike enterprize is taking birth?
What wonder opens on th'expecting earth?
'Tis done! with loud applause the council rings!
Fixt is the fate of whores and fiddle-strings!

Though bold these truths, thou Muse, with
truths like these,

Wilt none offend, whom 'tis a praise to please;
Let others flatter to be flatter'd, thou,
Like just tribunals, bend an awful brow.
How terrible it were to common sense,
To write a Satire which gave none offence!
And, since from life I take the draughts you see,
If men dislike them, do they censure me?
On then, my muse! and fools and knaves expose,
And, since thou can'st not make a friend, make foes.
The fool and knave 'tis glorious to offend,
And godlike an attempt the world to mend;
The world, where lucky throws to blockheads
fall,

Knives know the game, and honest men pay all.

How hard for real worth to gain its price!
A man shall make his fortune in a trice,
If blest with pliant, tho' but slender sense,
Feign'd modesty, and real impudence.
A supple knee, smooth tongue, an easy grace,
A curse within, a smile upon his face,
A beauteous sister, or convenient wife,
Are prizes in the lottery of life;
Genius and virtue they will soon defeat,
And lodge you in the bosom of the great.

To merit is but to provide a pain
From mens refusing what you ought to gain.

May, Dodington, this maxim fail in you,
Whom my presaging thoughts already view
By Walpole's conduct fir'd, and friendship grac'd,
Still higher in your prince's favour plac'd;
And lending, here, those awful councils aid,
Which you, abroad, with such success obey'd,
Bear this from one who holds your friendship dear;
What most we wish, with ease we fancy near.

§ 67. *Love of Fame the Universal Passion.*

YOUNG.

SATIRE IV.

To the Right Honourable Sir Spencer Compton.

ROUND some fair tree th'ambitious woodbine
grows,

And breathes her sweets on the supporting boughs:
So sweet the verse, th'ambitious verse, should be
(O! pardon mine) that hopes support from thee;
Thee, Compton, born o'er senates to preside,
Their dignity to raise, their councils guide,
Deep to discern, and widely to survey,
And kingdoms fates, without ambition, weigh;
Of distant virtues nice extremes to blend,
The crown's assenter, and the people's friend:
Nor dost thou scorn, amid sublimer views,
To listen to the labours of the Muse;
Thy smiles protect her, while thy talents fire;
And 'tis but half thy glory to inspire.

Vext at a public fame so justly won,
The jealous Chremes is with spleen undone.
Chremes, for airy pensions of renown,
Devotes his service to the state and crown;
All schemes he knows, and knowing, all improves,
Tho' Britain's thankless, still this patriot loves;
But patriots differ, some may shed their blood;
He drinks his coffee for the public good;
Consults the sacred steam, and there foresees
What storms or sunshine Providence decrees;

Knows for each day the weather of our fate:

A quidnunc is an almanac of state.

You smile, and think this statesman void of use.

Why may not time his secret worth produce?

Since apes can roast the choice Castanian nut,

Since steeds of genius are expert at put,

Since half the senate not content can say,

Geese nations save, and puppies plots betray.

What makes him model realms and counsel

An incapacity for smaller things. [kings?]

Poor Chremes can't conduct his own estate,

And thence has undertaken Europe's fate.

Gehanno leaves the realm to Chremes' skill,

And boldly claims a province higher still.

To raise a name th'ambitious boy has got

At once a bible and a shoulder-knot;

Deep in the secret he looks thro' the whole,

And pities the dull rogue that saves his soul;

To talk with reverence you must take good heed,

Nor shock his tender reason with the Creed.

Howe'er well-bred, in public he complies,

Obliging friends alone with blasphemies.

Peerage is poison, good estates are bad

For this disease; poor rogues run seldom mad.

Have not attainders brought unhop'd relief,

And falling stocks quite cur'd an unbelief?

While the sun shines, Blunt talks with wond'rous
force;

But thunder mars small beer and weak discourse.

Such useful instruments the weather show,

Just as their Mercury is high or low.

Health chiefly keeps an atheist in the dark;

A fever argues better than a Clarke;

Let but the logic in his pulse decay,

The Grecian he'll renounce, and learn to pray;

While C—— mourns with an unfeign'd zeal

Th'apostate youth, who reason'd once so well.

C—— who makes so merry with the creed,

He almost thinks he disbelieves indeed;

But only thinks so; to give both their due,

Satan and he believe, and tremble too.

Of some for glory, such the boundless rage,
That they're the blackest scandal of their age.

Narcissus the Tartarian club disclaims;

Nay, a free-mason with some terror names;

Omits no duty, nor can envy say

He miss'd these many years the church or play;

He makes no noise in parliament, 'tis true,

But pays his debts and visit when 'tis due;

His character and gloves are ever clean;

And then he can outbow the bowing dean!

A smile eternal on his lip he wears,

Which equally the wise and worthless shares.

In gay fatigues this most undaunted chief

Patient of idleness beyond belief,

Most charitably lends the town his face

For ornament, in ev'ry public place;

As sure, as cards, he to th'assembly comes,

And is the furniture of drawing-rooms.

When Ombre calls, his hand and heart are free,

And, join'd to two, he fails not—to make three.

Narcissus is the glory of his race;

For who does nothing with a better grace?

To deck my list, by nature were design'd

Such shining expletives of human kind,

Who want, while thro' blank life they dream
along,

Sense to be right, and passion to be wrong.

To counterpoise this hero of the mode,

Some for renown are singular and odd;

What other men dislike is sure to please,

Of all mankind, these dear antipodes;

Thro' pride, not malice, they run counter still,

And birth-days are their days of dressing ill.

Arbuthnot is a fool, and F—— a sage,

S——ly will fright you, E—— engage;

By nature streams run backward, flame descends,

Stones mount, and S—x is the worst of friends,

They take their rest by day, and wake by night,

And blush, if you surprize them in the right,

If they by chance blurt out, ere well aware,

A swan is white, or Queenberry is fair.

Nothing

Nothing exceeds in ridicule, no doubt,
A fool in fashion, but a fool that's out;
His passion for absurdity's so strong,
He cannot bear a rival in the wrong: [shewn
Tho' wrong the mode, comply; more sense is
In wearing others follies than your own.
If what is out of fashion most you prize,
Methinks you should endeavour to be wise.

But what in oddness can be more sublime
Than S——, the foremost toyman of his time?
His nice ambition lies in curious fancies,
His daughter's portion a rich shell enhances,
And Ashmole's baby-house is, in his view,
Britannia's golden mine, a rich Peru!
How his eyes languish! how his thoughts adore
That painted coat which Joseph never wore!
He shews on holydays a sacred pin [chin.
That touch'd the ruff that touch'd Queen Bess's

' Since that great dearth our chronicles deplore,
' Since the great plague that swept as many more,
' Was ever year unblest as this?' he'll cry,
' It has not brought us one new butterfly!'
In times that suffer such learn'd men as these,
Unhappy I——y! how came you to please?

Not gaudy butterflies are Lico's game;
But in effect, his chace is much the same.
Warm in pursuit, he levees all the great,
Stanch to the root of title and estate.
Where'er their lordships go they never find,
Or Lico or their shadows lag behind;
He sets them sure, where'er their Lordships run,
Close at their elbows, as a morning-dun;
As if their grandeur, by contagion wrought,
And fame was, like a fever, to be caught:
But after seven years dance from place to place,
The Dane * is more familiar with his grace.

Who'd be a crutch to prop a rotten peer;
Or living pendant, dangling at his ear,
For ever whispering secrets, which were blown
For months before, by trumpets, thro' the town?

Who'd be a glass, with flattering grimace,
Still to reflect the temper of his face?
Or happy pin to stick upon his sleeve,
When my lord's gracious, and vouchsafes its leave?
Or cushion, when his heaviness shall please
To loll, or thump it for his better ease?
Or a vile butt, for noon or night bespoke,
When the peer rashly swears he'll club his joke?
Who shake with laughter, though he could not
find

His lordship's jest? or, if his nose broke wind,
For blessings to the gods profoundly bow,
That can cry chimney-sweep, or drive a plough?
With terms like these how mean the tribe that
close!

Scarce meaner they, who terms like these impose.

But what's the tribe most likely to comply?
The men of ink, or ancient authors lye;
The writing tribe, who shameless auctions hold
Of praise, by inch of candle to be sold.
All men they flatter, but themselves the most
With deathless fame, their everlasting boast:
For fame no cully makes so much her jest,
As her old constant spark, the bard profess.
' Boyle shines in council, Mordaunt in the fight,
' Pelham's magnificent; but I can write,
' And what to my great soul like glory dear?'
Till some god whispers in his tingling ear,
That fame's unwholesome, taken without meat;
And life is best sustain'd by what is eat.
Grown lean and wise, he curses what he writ,
And wishes all his wants were in his wit.

Ah! what avails it, when his dinner's lost,
That his triumphant name adorns a post?
Or that his shining page (provoking fate!)
Defends sirloins, which sons of dulness eat?

What foe to verse without compassion hears?
What cruel prose-man can refrain from tears
When the poor muse, for less than half-a-crown,
A prostitute on ev'ry bulk in town,

With other whores undone, tho' not in print,
Clubs credit for Geneva in the Mint?

Ye bards! why will you sing, tho' uninspir'd?
Ye bards! why will you starve, to be admir'd?
Defunct by Phœbus' laws, beyond redress,
Why will your spectres haunt the frightened press?
Bad metre, that excrescence of the head,
Like hair, will sprout, altho' the poet's dead.

All other trades demand, verse-makers beg;
A dedication is a wooden leg;
And barren Labeo, the true mumper's fashion,
Exposes borrow'd brats to move compassion.
Tho' such myself, vile bards I discommend;
Nay more, tho' gentle Damon is my friend.
'Is't then a crime to write?'—if talents rare
Proclaim the god, the crime is to forbear;
For some, tho' few, there are, large-minded men,
Who watch, unseen, the labours of the pen;
Who know the muse's worth, and therefore court
Their deeds her theme, their bounty her support;
Who serve, unask'd, the least pretence to wit;
My sole excuse, alas! for having writ.
Will Harcourt pardon, if I dare commend
Harcourt, with zeal a patron, and a friend?
Argyle true wit is studious to restore;
And Dorset smiles if Phœbus smil'd before.
Pembroke in years the long-lov'd arts admires,
And Henrietta, like a muse, inspires,

Aut ah! not inspiration can obtain
That Fame which poets languish for in vain.
How mad their aim who thirst for glory, strive
To grasp what no man can possess alive!
Fame's a reversion, in which men take place
(O late reversion!) at their own decease.
This truth sagacious Lintot knows so well,
He starves his authors, that their works may sell!

That fame is wealth, fantastic poets cry;
That wealth is fame, another can reply,
Who know no guilt, no scandal but in rags;
And swell in just proportion to their bags.
Nor only the low-born, deform'd, and old,
Think glory nothing but the beams of gold;

The first young lord, which in the Mall you
meet,

Shall match the veriest hunks in Lombard-street,
From rescu'd candles ends who rais'd a sum,
And starves to join a penny to a plumb.
A beardless miser! 'tis a guilt unknown
To former times; a scandal all our own.

Of ardent lovers the true modern band
Will mortgage Celia to redeem their land.
For love, young, noble, rich Castalio dies;
Name but the fair, love swells into his eyes.
Divine Monimia, thy fond fears lay down;
No rival can prevail, but—half-a-crown.

He glories to late times to be convey'd,
Not for the poor he has reliev'd, but made.
Not such ambition his great fathers fir'd,
When Harry conquer'd, and half France expir'd.

He'd be a slave, a pimp, a dog for gain;
Nay, a dull sheriff for his golden chain.

'Who'd be a slave?' the gallant colonel cries,
While love of glory sparkles from his eyes.
To deathless fame he loudly pleads his right,—
Just is his title, for I will not fight:

All soldiers valour, all divines have grace,
As maids of honour beauty—by their place.
But when indulging on the last campaign,
His lofty terms climb o'er the hills of slain,
He gives the foes he slew, at each vain word:
A sweet revenge, and half absolves his sword.

Of boasting more than of a bomb afraid,
A soldier should be modest as a maid:
Fame is a bubble the reserv'd enjoy,
Who strive to grasp it, as they touch, destroy:
'Tis the world's debt to deeds of high degree;
But if you pay yourself, the world is free.

Were there no tongue to speak them but his
own,

Augustus' deeds in arms had ne'er been known!
Augustus' deeds! if that ambiguous name
Confounds my reader, and misguides his aim,
Such is the prince's worth of whom I speak,
The Roman would not blush at the mistake.

Hymn

§ 68. *Hymn on Solitude.* THOMSON.

HAIL, mildly-pleasing Solitude,
Companion of the wise and good :
But from whose holy piercing eye
The herd of fools and villains fly.

Oh ! how I love with thee to walk,
And listen to thy whisper'd talk,
Which innocence and truth imparts,
And melts the most obdurate hearts.

A thousand shapes you wear with ease,
And still in ev'ry shape you please.
Now wrapt in some mysterious dream,
A lone philosopher you seem ;
Now quick from hill to vale you fly,
And now you sweep the vaulted sky.
A shepherd next you haunt the plain,
And warble forth your oaten strain,
A lover now, with all the grace
Of that sweet passion in your face :
Then, calm'd to friendship, you assume
The gentle-looking Hartford's bloom,
As, with her Musidora, she
(Her Musidora fond of thee)
Amid the long withdrawing vale,
Awakes the rivall'd nightingale.

Thine is the balmy breath of morn,
Just as the dew-bent rose is born ;
And while meridian fervors beat,
Thine is the woodland dumb retreat ;
But chief, when ev'ning scenes decay,
And the faint landscape swims away,
Thine is the doubtful soft decline,
And that best hour of musing thine.

Descending angels bless thy train,
The virtues of the sage and swain ;
Plain innocence, in white array'd,
Before thee lifts her fearless head :
Religion's beams around thee shine,
And cheer thy glooms with light divine :
About thee sports sweet Liberty ;
And wrapt Urania sings to thee,

Oh, let me pierce thy secret cell !
And in thy deep recesses dwell.
Perhaps from Norwood's oak-clad hill,
When meditation has her fill,
I just may cast my careless eyes
Where London's spiry turrets rise ;
Think of its crimes, its cares, its pain,
Then shield me in the woods again.

§ 69. *Isis. An Elegy.* By Mr. MASON,
of Cambridge.

FAR from her hallow'd grove, where mildly
bright,
The pointed crystals shot their trembling light,
From dripping moss where sparkling dew-drops
fell, [shell,

Where coral glow'd, where twin'd the wreathed
Pale Isis lay ; a willow's lowly shade
Spread its thin foliage o'er the sleeping maid ;
Clos'd was her eye, and from her heaving breast,
In careless folds, loose flow'd her zonelet's vest,
While down her neck her vagrant tresses flow,
In all the awful negligence of woe ;
Her urn sustain'd her arm, that sculptur'd vase
Where vulcan's art had lavish'd all his grace ;
Here, full with life, was heav'n-taught Science
seen,

Known by the laurel wreath and musing mien :
There cloud-crown'd Fame, — here peace sedate
and bland,

Swell'd the loud trump and wav'd the olive wand ;
While solemn domes, arch'd shades and vistas
green,

At well mark'd distance close the sacred scene.

On this the Goddess cast an anxious look,
Then dropt a tender tear, and thus she spoke :
Yes, I could once with pleas'd attention trace
The mimic charms of this prophetic vase ;
Then lift my head, and with enraptur'd eyes
View on yon plain the real glories rise.
Yes, Isis ! oft hast thou rejoic'd to lead
Thy liquid treasures o'er yon fav'rite mead ;

Oft hast thou stopp'd thy pearly car to gaze,
While ev'ry Science nurs'd its growing bays;
While ev'ry Youth, with fame's strong impulse
Prest to the goal, and at the goal untir'd, [fir'd,
Snatch'd each celestial wreath, to bind his brow,
The Muses, Graces, Virtues could bestow.

E'en now fond Fancy leads th'ideal train,
And ranks her troops on Mem'ry's ample plain;
See! the firm leaders of my patriot line,
See! Sidney, Raleigh, Hampden, Somers shine.
See Hough, superior to a tyrant's doom,
Smile at the menace of the slave of Rome:
Each soul whom truth could fire, or virtue move,
Each breast, strong panting with its country's
love,

All that to Albion gave their heart to head,
That wisely counsel'd, or that bravely bled,
All, all appear; on me they grateful smile;
The well-earn'd prize of ev'ry virtuous toil
To me with filial reverence they bring,
And hang fresh trophies o'er my honor'd spring.
Ah! I remember well yon beechen spray;
There Addison first tun'd his polish'd lay;
'Twas there great Cato's form first met his eye,
In all the pomp of free born majesty; ['awe;
'My son,' he cry'd, — 'observe this mien with
'In solemn lines the strong resemblance draw;
'The piercing notes shall strike each British ear;
'Each British eye shall drop the patriot tear!
'And rous'd to glory by the nervous strain,
'Each youth shall spurn at slav'ry's abject reign;
'Shall guard with Cato's zeal Britannia's laws,
'And speak, and act, and bleed, in Freedom's
'cause.'

The hero spoke; the bard assenting bow'd;
The lay to Liberty and Cato flow'd:
While Echo, as she rov'd the vale along,
Join'd the strong cadence of his Roman song.

But ah! how Stillest slept upon the ground!
How mute Attention check'd each rising sound!
Scarce stole a breeze to wave the leafy spray,
Scarce trill'd sweet Philomel her softest lay,

When Locke walk'd musing forth! E'en now
I view

Majestic Wisdom thron'd upon his brow;
View Candor smile upon his modest cheek,
And from his eye all Judgment's radiance break.
'Twas here the sage his manly zeal express'd,
Here stript vain Falsehood of her gaudy vest;
Here Truth's collected beams first fill'd his mind,
Ere long to burst in blessings on mankind;
Ere long to shew to Reason's purged eye,
That "Nature's first best gift was Liberty."

Proud of this wond'rous son, sublime I stood
(While louder surges swell'd my rapid flood)
Then, vain as Niobe, exulting cry'd,
Ilissus! roll thy fam'd Athenian tide;
Tho' Plato's steps oft mark'd thy neighb'ring
glade,

Though fair Lycæum lent its awful shade,
Tho' ev'ry Academic green impress'd
Its image full on thy reflecting breast,
Yet my pure stream shall boast as proud a name,
And Britain's Isis flow with Attic fame.

Alas!—how chang'd!—where now that Attic
boast?

See! Gothic licence rage o'er all my coast!
See! Hydra Faction spread its impious reign,
Poison each breast, and madden ev'ry brain!
Hence frontless crowds, that not content to fright
The blushing Cynthia from her throne of light,
Blast the fair face of day; and madly bold,
To Freedom's foes infernal orgies hold;
To Freedom's foes, ah! see the goblet crown'd,
Hear plausive shouts to Freedom's foes resound;
The horrid notes my resurgent waters daunt,
The Echoes groan, the Dryads quit their haunt;
Learning, that once to all diffus'd her beam,
Now sheds, by stealth, a partial private gleam
In some lone cloister's melancholy shade,
Where a firm few support her sickly head,
Despis'd, insulted, by the barb'rous train
Who scour, like Thracia's moon-struck rout,
the plain;

Swera

Sworn foes, like them, to all the Muse approves,
All Phœbus favours, or Minerva loves.

Are these the sons my fost'ring breast must rear,
Grac'd with my name, and nurtur'd by my care?
Must these go forth from my maternal hand,
To deal their insults thro' a peaceful land,
And boast, while Freedom bleeds, and Virtue
groans,

That "Isis taught Rebellion to her sons?"
Forbid it, Heav'n! and let my rising waves
Indignant swell, and whelm the recreant slaves!
In England's cause their patriot floods employ,
As Xanthus delug'd in the cause of Troy.
Is this deny'd; then point some secret way
Where far, far hence these guiltless streams may
fray; [spreads

Some unknown channel lend, — where Nature
Inglorious vales and unfrequented meads,
There, where a hind scarce times his rustic strain,
Where scarce a pilgrim treads the pathless plain,
Content I'll flow; forget that e'er my tide
Saw yon majestic structures crown its side;
Forget that e'er my wrapt attention hung
Or on the sage's or the poet's tongue;
Calm and resign'd, my humbler lot embrace,
And, pleas'd, prefer oblivion to disgrace.

§ 70. *The Bard. A Pindaric Ode.* GRAY.

'RUIN seize thee, ruthless king,
' Confusion on thy banners wait;
' Tho' fann'd by conquest's crimson wing,
' They mock the air with idle state!
' Helm, nor Hauberk's twisted mail,
' Nor even thy virtues, Tyrant, shall avail
' To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
' From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears!
Such were the sounds that o'er the crested
pride

Of the First Edward scatter'd wild dismay,
As down the steep of Snowden's shaggy side
He wound with toilsome march his long array.

Stout Glo'ster stood aghast in speechless trance!
To arms! — cry'd Mortimer, — and couch'd his
quiv'ring lance.

I. 2.

On a rock, whose haughty brow
Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
Rob'd in the sable garb of woe,
With haggard eyes the poet stood;
(Loose his beard, and hoary hair
Stream'd, like a meteor, to the troubl'd air)
And, with a master's hand and prophet's fire,
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.
' Hark, how each giant-oak and desert cave
' Sigh to the torrent's awful voice beneath!
' O'er thee, oh King! their hundred arms they
' wave,
' Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe;
' Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,
' To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's
' lay.

I. 3.

' Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
' That hush'd the stormy main:
' Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed:
' Mountains ye mourn in vain
' Modred, whose magic song
' Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topp'd
' On dreary Arvon's shore they lie [head.
' Smear'd with gore, and ghastly pale:
' Far, far aloof th'affrighted ravens sail:
' The famish'd eagle screams, and passes by.
' Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
' Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes,
' Dear, as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
' Ye dy'd amidst your dying country's cries —
' No more I weep. They do not sleep.
' On yonder cliffs, a grisly band,
' I see them sit, they linger yet,
' Avengers of their native land:
' With me in dreadful harmony they join, [line.
' And wave with bloody hands the tissue of thy
K 5 "Weave

II. 1.

" Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
 " The winding-sheet of Edward's race;
 " Give ample room, and verge enough
 " The characters of hell to trace.
 " Mark the year, and mark the night,
 " When Severn shall re-echo with affright
 " The shrieks of death, through Berkley's roofs
 " that ring,
 " The shrieks of an agonizing king!
 " She-wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs,
 " That tear't the bowels of thy mangled mate,
 " From thee be born, who o'er thy country hangs
 " The scourge of Heav'n. What terrors round
 " him wait!
 " Amazement in his van with flight combin'd,
 " And Sorrow's faded form, and Solitude behind.

II. 2.

" Mighty Victor, mighty Lord!
 " Low on his fun'ral couch she lies;
 " No pitying heart, no eye, afford
 " A tear to grace his obsequies.
 " Is the fable warrior fled?
 " Thy son is gone: He rests among the dead.
 " The swarm that in thy noon-tide beam were
 " Gone to salute the rising morn. [born,
 " Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr
 " blows,
 " While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
 " In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes;
 " Youth on the prow, and pleasure at the helm;
 " Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,
 " That hush'd in grim repose, expects his even-
 " ing prey.

II. 3.

" Fill high the sparkling bowl,
 " The rich repast prepare,
 " Rest of a crown, he yet may share the feast;
 " Close by the regal chair
 " Fell thirst and famine frown
 " A baleful smile upon their baffled guest.

" Heard ye the din of battle bray,
 " Lance to lance, and horse to horse?
 " Long years of havock urge their destin'd course,
 " And through the kindred squadrons mow their
 " way.
 " Ye tow'rs of Julius, London's lasting shame,
 " With many a foul and midnight murder fed,
 " Revere his consort's faith, his father's fame,
 " And spare the meek usurper's holy head.
 " Above, below, the rose of snow,
 " Twin'd with her blushing foe, we spread!
 " The bristled boar in infant gore
 " Wallows beneath the thorny shade.
 " Now, Brothers, bending o'er th'accursed loom,
 " Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his
 " doom.

III. 1.

" Edward, lo! to sudden fate
 " (Weave we woof. The thread is spun.)
 " Half of thy heart we consecrate.
 " (The web is wove. The work is done.)"
 " Stay, oh stay! nor thus forlorn,
 " Leave me unblest'd, unpity'd, here to mourn:
 " In yon bright track, that fires the western skies,
 " They melt, they vanish from my eyes.
 " But oh! what solemn scenes on Snowden's
 " height
 " Descending slow their glit'ring skirts unroll!
 " Visions of glory! spare my aching sight,
 " Ye unborn ages crowd not on my soul!
 " No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail.
 " All hail, ye genuine kings,—Britannia's issue,
 " hail!

III. 2.

" Girt with many a baron hold,
 " Sublime their starry fronts they rear;
 " And gorgeous dames, and statesmen old
 " In bearded majesty, appear.
 " In the midst, a form divine!
 " Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-line;

" He

' Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face,
' Attemper'd sweet to virgin grace!
' What strings symphonious tremble in the air!
' What strains of vocal transport round her play!
' Hear from the grave, great Taliesin, hear;
' They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.
' Bright Rapture calls, and, soaring as the fings,
' Waves in the eye of Heav'n her many-colour'd
 ' wings.

III. 3.

' The verse adorn again
' Fierce War, and faithful Love,
' And Truth severe, by fairy Fiction dress.
' In buskin'd measures move
' Pale Grief, and pleasing Pain,
' With Horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast.
' A voice, as of the cherub-choir,
' Gales from blooming Eden bear;
' And distant warblings lessen on my ear,
' That lost in long futurity expire.
' Fond, impious man, think'st thou yon sanguine
 ' cloud, [day?
' Rais'd by thy breath, has quench'd the orb of
' To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
' And warms the nations with redoubled ray.
' Enough for me: with joy I see
' The different doom our fates assign.
' Be thine Despair and scepter'd Care;
' To triumph and to die are mine.'
He spoke, and headlong, from the mountain's
 height, [night.
Deep in the roaring tide he plung'd to endless

§ 71. *The Descent of Odin. An Ode. GRAY.*

UPROSE the king of men with speed,
And saddled strait his coal-black steed:
Down the yawning sleep he rode,
That leads to Hela's drear abode.
Him the dog of darkness spy'd:
His shaggy throat he open'd wide,

While from his jaws with carnage fill'd,
Foam and human gore distill'd.
Hoarse he bays with hideous din,
Eyes that glow and fangs that grin;
And long pursues, with fruitless yell,
The father of the pow'ful spell.
Onward still his way he takes
(The groaning earth beneath him shakes)
Till full before his fearless eyes
The portals nine of hell arise.

Right against the eastern gate,
By the moss-grown pile he sat,
Where long of yore to sleep was laid
The dust of the Prophetic Maid.
Facing to the northern clime,
Thrice he trac'd the Runic rhyme;
Thrice pronounc'd, in accents dread,
The thrilling verse that wakes the dead;
Till from out the hollow ground
Slowly breath'd a fullen sound.

PROPHETESS.

What call unknown, what charms presume
To break the quiet of the tomb?
Who thus afflicts my troubled sprite,
And drags me from the realms of night?
Long on these mould'ring bones have beat
The winter's snow, the summer's heat,
The drenching dews, and driving rain!
Let me, let me sleep again.
Who is he, with voice unblest,
That calls me from the bed of rest?

ODIN.

A traveller, to thee unknown,
Is he that calls; a warrior's son.
Thou the deeds of light shall know;
Tell me what is done below:
For whom yon glitt'ring board is spread,
Drest for whom yon golden bed?

PROPHETESS.

Mantling in the goblet, see
The pure bey'rage of the bee;

O'er it hangs the shield of gold:
'Tis the drink of Balder bold.
Balder's head to death is given.
Pain can reach the Sons of Heav'n!
Unwilling I my lips unclofe:
Leave me, leave me to repose.

ODIN.

Once again my call obey:
Prophets, arise, and say,
What dangers Odin's child await,
Who the author of his fate?

PROPHETESS.

In Hoder's hand the hero's doom;
His brother sends him to the tomb.
Now my weary lips I clofe:
Leave me, leave me to repose.

ODIN.

Prophets, my spell obey;
Once again arise, and say,
Who th'avenger of his guilt,
By whom shall Hoder's blood be spilt?

PROPHETESS.

In the caverns of the West,
By Odin's fierce embrace compress'd,
A wond'rous boy shall Rinda bear,
Who ne'er shall comb his raven hair,
Nor wash his visage in the stream,
Nor see the sun's departing beam,
Till he on Hoder's corse shall smile
Flaming on the funeral pile.
Now my weary lips I clofe:
Leave me, leave me to repose.

ODIN.

Yet a while my call obey;
Prophets, awake, and say,
What Virgins these, in speechless woe,
That bend to earth their solemn brow,
That their flaxen tresses tear,
And snowy veils, that float in air!

Tell me whence their sorrows rose?
Then I leave thee to repose.

PROPHETESS.

Ha! no Traveller art thou,
King of Men, I know thee now!
Mightiest of a mighty line——

ODIN.

No boding Maid of skill divine
Art thou, nor prophets of good,
But mother of the giant-brood!

PROPHETESS.

Hie thee hence, and boast at home
That never shall enquirer come
To break my iron-sleep again,
Till Lok has burst his tenfold chain:
Never, till substantial Night
Has re-assum'd her ancient right;
Till wrapt in flames, in ruin hurl'd,
Shakes the fabric of the world.

§ 72. *The Fatal Sisters. An Ode.* GRAY.

NOW the storms begins to lowr
(Haste, the loom of hell prepare)
Iron fleet of arrowy show'r
Hurtles in the darken'd air.

Glitt'ring lances are the loom,
Where the dusky warp we strain,
Weaving many a soldier's doom,
Orkney's woe, and Randver's bane,

See the grisly texture grow!
(Tis of human entrails made)
And the weights that play below,
Each a gasping warrior's head.

Shafts for shuttles dipt in gore,
Shoot the trembling chords along:
Sword that once a monarch bore,
Keep the tissue close and strong.

Mista, black terrific maid,
Sangrida and Hilda, see!
Join the wayward work to aid:
'Tis the woof of victory.

Ere the ruddy sun be set,
Pikes must shiver, jav'ins sing,
Blade with clatt'ring buckler meet,
Hauberk crash, and helmet ring.

(Weave the crimson web of war)
Let us go, and let us fly,
Where our friends the conflict share,
Where they triumph, where they die.

As the paths of fate we tread,
Wading thro' th'ensanguin'd field,
Gondula and Geira spread
O'er the youthful king your shield.

We the reigns to slaughter give,
Ours to kill, and ours to spare:
Spite of danger he shall live.
(Weave the crimson web of war.)

They, whom once the desert beach
Pent within its bleak domain,
Soon their ample sway shall stretch
O'er the plenty of the plain.

Low the dauntless earl is laid,
Gor'd with many a gaping wound:
Fate demands a nobler head;
Soon a king shall bite the ground.

Long his loss shall Eirin weep,
Ne'er again his likeness see;
Long her strains in sorrow steep,
Strains of immortality!

Horror covers all the heath,
Clouds of carnage blot the sun.
Sisters, weave the web of death.
Sisters, cease: the work is done.

Hail the task, and hail the hands!
Songs of joy and triumph sing;
Joy to the victorious bands;
Triumph to the younger king.

Mortal, thou that hear'st the tale,
Learn the tenour of our song:
Scotland, thro' each winding vale,
Far and wide the notes prolong.

Sisters, hence with spurs of speed!
Each her thund'ring faulchion wield;
Each bestride her fable steed.
Hurry, hurry, to the field!

§ 73. *The Triumphs of Owen. A Fragment.*
GRAY.

OWEN's praise demands my song,
Owen swift and Owen strong;
Fairest flow'r of Roderic's stem,
Gwyneth's shield, and Britain's gem.
He nor heaps his brooded stores,
Nor on all profusely pours;
Lord of ev'ry regal art,
Lib'ral hand and open heart.

Big with hosts of mighty name,
Squadrons three against him came;
This the force of Eiring hiding;
Side by side as proudly riding,
On her shadow long and gay
Lochlin plows the wat'ry way;
There the Norman sails afar;
Catch the winds, and join the war:
Black and huge along they sweep,
Burthens of the angry deep.

Dauntless on his native sands
The dragon-son of Mona stands;
In glitt'ring arms and glory drest,
High he rears his ruby crest.
There the thund'ring strokes begin,
There the press, and there the din;

Talymalfra's rocky shore
 Echoing to the battle's roar.
 Where his glowing eye-balls turn,
 Thousand banners round him burn:
 Where he points his purple spear,
 Hasty, hasty Rout is there;
 Marking with indignant eye
 Fear to stop, and shame to fly.
 There Confusion, Terror's child,
 Conflict fierce, and Ruin wild;
 Agony, that pants for breath;
 Despair, and Honourable Death.



§ 74. *Ode to Time. Occasioned by seeing the
 Ruins of an Old Castle.* OGILVIE.

I. 1.

O THOU! who, 'mid the world-involving
 Sit'st on yon solitary spire! [gloom,
 Or slowly shak'st the sounding dome,
 Or hear'st the wildly-warbling lyre;
 Say when thy musing soul
 Bids distant times unroll,
 And marks the flight of each revolving year,—
 Of years whose slow consuming pow'r
 Has clad with moss yon leaning tow'r,
 That saw the race of Glory run,
 That mark'd Ambition's setting sun,
 That shook old Empire's tow'ring pride,
 That swept them down the floating tide;
 Say, when these long-unfolding scenes appear,
 Streams down thy hoary cheek the pity-darting

I. 2.

[tear?
 Cast o'er yon trackless waste thy wand'ring eye:
 Yon hill, whose gold illumin'd brow,
 Just trembling thro' the bending sky,
 O'erlooks the boundless wild below,
 Once bore the branching wood
 That o'er yon murm'ring flood
 Hung, wildly waving to the rustling gale;

The naked heath with moss o'ergrown,
 That hears the lone owl's nightly moan,
 Once bloom'd with summer's copious store,
 Once rais'd the lawn-bespangling flow'r;
 Or heard some lover's plaintive lay,
 When by pale Cynthia's silver ray,
 All wild he wander'd o'er the lonely dale, [tale.
 And taught the list'ning moon the melancholy

I. 3.

Ye wilds, where heav'n-rapt Fancy roves,
 Ye sky-crown'd hills and solemn groves!
 Ye low-brow'd vaults, ye gloomy cells!
 Ye caves, where night-bed Silence dwells!
 Ghosts that in yon lonely hall
 Lightly glance along the wall,
 Or, beneath yon ivy'd tow'r,
 At the silent midnight hour,
 Stand, array'd in spotless white,
 And stain the dusky robe of Night!
 Or, with slow solemn pauses roam
 O'er the long-sounding hollow dome!
 Say, 'mid yon desert solitary round,
 When darkness wraps the boundless spheres,
 Does ne'er some dismal dying sound
 On Night's dull serious ear rebound,
 That mourns the ceaseless lapse of life-consum-
 ing years?

II. 1.

O call th'inspiring glorious hour to view,
 When Caledonia's martial train
 From yon steep rock's high-arching brow
 Pour'd on the heart-struck flying Dane!
 When War's blood-tinctur'd spear
 Hung o'er the trembling rear;
 When light-heel'd Terror wing'd their head-
 long flight;
 Yon tow'rs then rung with wild alarms!
 Yon desert gleam'd with shining arms!
 While on the bleak hill's bright'ning spire
 Bold Vict'ry flam'd with eyes of fire,

Her

Her limbs celestial robes infold,
Her wings were ting'd with spangling gold,
She spoke :—her words infus'd resistless might,
An warm'd the bounding heart, and rous'd the
soul of fight.

II. 2.

But ah ! what hand the smiling prospect brings !
What voice recalls th'expiring day !
See, darting swift on eagle-wings,
The glancing moment bursts away !
So, from some mountain's head,
In mantling gold array'd,
While bright-ey'd Fancy stands in sweet surprise:
The vale where musing Quiet treads,
The flow'r-clad lawns and bloomy meads,
Or streams, where Zephyr loves to stray,
Beneath the pale eve's twinkling ray ;
Or waving woods detain the sight—
When, from the gloomy cave of night,
Some cloud sweeps shadowy o'er the dusky skies,
And wraps the flying scene that fades, — and
swims,—and dies.

II. 3.

Lo ! rising from yon dreary tomb,
What spectres stalk across the gloom !
With haggard eyes and visage pale,
And voice that moans with feeble wail !
O'er yon long-resounding plain
Slowly moves the solemn train,
Wailing wild with shrieks of woe
O'er the bones that rest below !
While the dull Night's startled ear
Shrinks, aghast with thrilling fear !
Or stand, with thin robes wafting soon,
And eyes that blast the sick'ning moon !
Yet these, ere Time had roll'd their years away,
Ere Death's fell arm had mark'd its aim,

Rul'd yon proud tow'rs with ample sway,
Beheld the trembling swains obey,
And wrought the glorious deed that swell'd the
trump of Fame.

III. 1.

But why o'er these indulge the bursting sigh ?
Feels not each shrub the tempest's pow'r ?
Rocks not the dome when whirlwinds fly ?
Nor shakes the hill when thunders roar ?
Lo ! mould'ring, wild, unknown,
What fanes, what tow'rs o'erthrown,
What tumbling chaos marks the waste of Time !
I see Paimyra's temples fall !
Old Ruin shakes the hanging wall !
Yon waste, where roaming lions howl,
Yon aisle, where moans the grey-ey'd owl,
Shows the proud Persian's great abode* !
Where, scepter'd once, an earthly god !
His pow'r-clad arm controul'd each happier
clime,
Where sports the warbling Muse, — and Fancy
soars sublime.

III. 2.

Hark ! — what dire sound rolls murm'ring on
the gale ?
Ah ! what soul-thrilling scene appears !
I see the column'd arches fail !
And structures hoar, the boast of years !
What mould'ring piles decay'd
Gleam thro' the moon-streak'd shade,
Where Rome's proud genius rear'd her awful
brow !
Sad monument !—Ambition near
Rolls on the dust and pours a tear,
Pale Honour drops the flutt'ring plume,
And Conquest weeps o'er Caesar's tomb ;
Slow Patience sits with eye deprest,
And Courage beats his sobbing breast ;

* Persepolis.

Ev'n War's red cheek the gushing streams o'er-
flow,
And Fancy's list'ning ear attends the plaint of

III. 3.

Lo! on yon pyramid sublime,
Whence lies Old Egypt's desert clime,
Bleak, naked, wild! where ruin lowers,
Mid fane, and wreck, and tumbling tow'rs!
On the steep height, waste and bare,
Stands the Pow'r with hoary hair!
O'er his scythe he bends; his hand
Slowly shakes the flowing sand,
While the Hours, an airy ring,
Lightly sit with downy wing,
And sap the works of man; and shade
With silver locks his furrow'd head:
Thence rolls the mighty Pow'r his broad survey,
And seals the nation's awful doom:
He sees proud Grandeur's meteor ray;
He yields to joy the festive day;—
Then sweeps the length'ning shade, and marks
them for the tomb.

§ 75. *A Description of a Parish Poor-House.*

CRABBE.

THEIRS is yon house that holds the parish poor,
Whose walls of mud scarce bear the broken
door;
There, where the putrid vapours flagging play,
And the dull wheel hums doleful thro' the day;
There children dwell who know no parents care,
Parents who know no childrens love, dwell there;
Heart-broken matrons on their joyless bed,
Forfaken wives, and mothers never wed;
Dejected widows with unheeded tears,
And crippled age with more than childhood-fears!
The lame, the blind, and, far the happiest they!
The moping idiot, and the madman gay.

Here too the sick their final doom receive,
Here brought, amid the scenes of grief, to grieve;

Where the loud groans from some sad chamber
flow,

Mixt with the clamours of the crowd below;
Here sorrowing, they each kindred sorrow scan,
And the cold charities of man to man.
Whose laws indeed for ruin'd age provide,
And strong compulsion plucks the scrap from
pride;

But still that scrap is bought with many a sigh,
And pride embitters what it can't deny.
Say ye, oppress'd by some fantastic woes,
Some jarring nerve that baffles your repose;
Who press the downy couch, while slaves advance
With timid eye, to read the distant glance;
Who with sad prayers the weary doctor gaze
To name the nameless ever-new disease;
Who with mock-patience dire complaints endure,
Which real pain, and that alone can cure;
How would ye bear in real pain to lie,
Despis'd, neglected, left alone to die?
How would ye bear to draw your latest breath,
Where all that's wretched paves the way for
death?

Such is that room which one rude beam divides,
And naked rafters form the sloping sides:
Where the vile bands that bind the thatch are seen,
And lath and mud is all that lie between; [way
Save one dull pane, that, coarsely patch'd, gives
To the rude tempest, yet excludes the day:
Here, on a matted flock, with dust o'erspread,
The drooping wretch reclines his languid head,
For him no hand the cordial cup applies,
Nor wipes the tear that stagnates in his eyes;
No friends with soft discourse his pain beguile,
Nor promise hope till sickness wears a smile.

§ 76. *Description of a Country Apothecary.*

CRABBE.

BUT soon a loud and hasty summons calls,
Shakes the thin roof, and echoes round the
Anon a figure enters, quaintly neat, [walls:
All pride and business, bustle and conceit;

With

With looks unalter'd by these scenes of woe,
With speed that, entering, speaks his haste to go;
He bids the gazing throng around him fly,
And carries fate and phylis in his eye;
A potent quack, long vers'd in human ills,
Who first insults the victim whom he kills;
Whose murd'rous hand a drowsy bench protect,
And whose most tender mercy is neglect.

Paid by the parish for attendance here,
He wears contempt upon his sapient sneer!
In haste he seeks the bed where misery lies,
Impatience mark'd in his averted eyes;
And, some habitual queries hurried o'er,
Without reply, he rushes on the door;
His drooping patient, long inur'd to pain,
And long unheeded, knows remonstrance vain;
He ceases now the feeble help to crave
Of man, and mutely hastens to the grave.

§ 77. *The Country Life.* COWLEY.

BLEST be the man (and blest he is)
whoe'er

(Plac'd far out of the roads of hope and fear)
A little field and little garden feeds;
The field gives all that frugal nature needs;
The wealthy garden lib'rally bestows
All she can ask, when she luxurious grows.
The specious inconveniences that wait
Upon a life of business and of state,
He sees (nor does the sight disturb his rest)
By fools desir'd, by wicked men possess.
Thus, thus—(and this deserv'd great Virgil's
praise)

The old Corycian yeoman pass'd his days;
Thus his wise life Abdolonymus spent:
Th'ambassadors, which the great emperor sent
To offer him a crown, with wonder found
The rev'rend gardener hoeing of his ground;
Unwillingly, and slow, and discontent,
From his lov'd cottage to a throne he went;

And oft he stopt, in his triumphant way,
And oft look'd back, and oft was heard to say,
Not without sighs,—Alas! I there forsake
A happier kingdom than I go to take!
Thus Aglaus (a man unknown to men,
But the gods knew, and therefore lov'd him then)
Thus liv'd obscurely then without a name,
Aglaus, now consign'd t'eternal fame.
For Gyges, the rich king, wicked and great,
Presum'd, at wife Apollo's Delphic seat,
Presum'd to ask, Oh thou, the whole world's eye,
See'st thou a man that happier is than I?
The god, who scorns to flatter man, reply'd,
Aglaus happier is. But Gyges cry'd,
In a proud rage, Who can that Aglaus be?
We have heard, as yet, of no such king as he.
And true it was, thro' the whole earth around
No king of such a name was to be found.
Is some old hero of that name alive,
Who his high race does from the gods derive?
Is it some mighty general, that has done
Wonders in fight, and god-like honours won?
Is it some man of endless wealth? said he.
None, none of these. — Who can this Aglaus
be?

After long search, and vain enquiries past,
In an obscure Arcadian vale at last
(Th'Arcadian life has always shady been)
Near Sopho's town (which he but once had seen)
This Aglaus, who monarchs envy drew,
Whose happiness the gods stood witness to,
This mighty Aglaus, was labouring found,
With his own hands, in his own little ground.

So, gracious God! (if it may lawful be
Among those foolish gods to mention thee)
So let me act, on such a private stage,
The last dull scenes of my declining age;
After long toils and voyages in vain,
This quiet port let my toft vessel gain;
Of heavenly rest, this earnest to me lend,
Let my life sleep, and learn to love her end.

§ 73. *The Spleen* *. GREEN.

An Epistle to Mr. Cuthbert Jackson.

THIS motley piece to you I send,
Who always were a faithful friend;
Who, if disputes should happen hence,
Can best explain the author's sense;
And, anxious for the public weal,
Do, what I sing, so often feel.

The want of method pray excuse,
Allowing for a vapour'd Muse;
Nor, to a narrow path confin'd,
Hedge in by rules a roving mind.

The child is genuine, you may trace
Throughout the fire's transmitted face.
Nothing is stol'n: my Muse, though mean,
Draws from the spring she finds within;
Nor vainly buys what † Gildon sells,
Poetic buckets for dry wells.
School-helps I want, to climb on high,
Where all the ancient treasures lie,
And there, unseen, commit a theft
On wealth in Greek exchequers left.
Then where? from whom? what can I steal,
Who only with the moderns deal?
This were attempting to put on
Raiment from naked bodies won ‡:
They safely sing before a thief,
They cannot give who want relief;
Some few excepted, names well known,
And justly laurel'd with renown,
Whose stamp of genius marks their ware,
And theft detects: of theft beware;

From More || so lash'd, example fit,
Shun petty larceny in wit.

First know, my friend, I do not mean
To write a Treatise on the Spleen;
Nor to prescribe when nerves convulse;
Nor mend th'alarm-watch, your pulse.
If I am right, your question lay,
What course I take to drive away
The day-mare Spleen, by whose false pleas
Men prove mere suicides in ease?
And how I do myself demean
In stormy world to live serene?

When by its magic lantern Spleen
With frightful figures spreads life's scene,
And threat'ning prospects urg'd my fears,
A stranger to the luck of heirs;
Reason, some quiet to restore,
Shew'd part was substance, shadow more;
With Spleen's dead weight tho' heavy grown,
In life's rough tide I sunk not down,
But swam, till Fortune threw a rope,
Buoyant on bladders fill'd with hope.

I always choose the plainest food
To mend viscosity of blood.
Hail! water-gruel, healing power,
Of easy access to the poor;
Thy help love's confessors implore,
And doctors secretly adore;
To thee I fly, by thee dilute—
Through veins my blood doth quicker shoot,
And by swift current throws off clean
Prolific particles of Spleen.

I never sick by drinking grow,
Nor keep myself a cup too low,

* "In this Poem," Mr. Melmoth says, "there are more original thoughts thrown together than I have ever read in the same compass of lines."

† Gildon's Art of Poetry.

‡ A painted vest Prince Vortiger had on,
Which from a naked Pict his grandfire won.

|| James More Smith, Esq. See Dunciad, B. ii. l. 50. and the notes, where the circumstances of the transaction here alluded to are very fully explained.

Fitzgibbon's Letters.

Howard's British Princes.

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And

And seldom Chloe's lodgings haunt,
Thrifty of spirits, which I want.

Hunting I reckon very good
To brace the nerves, and stir the blood:
But after no field-honours itch,
Atchiev'd by leaping hedge and ditch.
While Spleen lies soft relax'd in bed,
Or o'er coal-fires inclines the head,
Hygeia's sons with hound and horn,
And jovial cry awake the morn.
These see her from the dusky plight,
Smear'd by th'embraces of the night,
With rosal wash redeem her face,
And prove herself of Titan's race,
And, mounting in loose robes the skies,
Shed light and fragrance as she flies.
Then horse and hound fierce joy display,
Exulting at the hark-away,
And in pursuit o'er tainted ground
From lungs robust field-notes resound.
Then, as St. George the Dragon slew,
Spleen pierc'd, trod down, and dying view;
While all their spirits are on wing,
And woods, and hills, and vallies ring.

To cure the mind's wrong bias, Spleen,
Some recommend the bowling-green;
Some, hilly walks; all, exercise;
Fling but a stone, the giant dies;
Laugh and be well. Monks have been
Extreme good doctors for the spleen;
And kitten, if the humour hit,
Has Harlequin'd away the fit.

Since mirth is good in this behalf;
At some partic'lars let us laugh.
Witlings, brisk fools, curs'd with half sense,
That stimulates their impotence;
Who buz in rhyme, and, like blind flies,
Err with their wings for want of eyes.
Poor authors worshipping a calf,
Deep tragedies that make us laugh;
A strict dissenter saying grace,
A lect'rer preaching for a place,

Folks, things prophetic to dispense,
Making the past the future tense,
The popish dubbing of a priest,
Fine epitaphs on knaves deceas'd,
Green-apron'd Pythonissa's rage,
Great Æsculapius on his stage,
A miser starving to be rich,
The prior of Newgate's dying speech,
A jointur'd widow's ritual state,
Two Jews disputing *tete-a-tete*,
New almanacs compos'd by seers,
Experiments on felons ears,
Disdainful prudes, who ceaseless ply
The superb muscle of the eye,
A coquet's April-weather face,
A Queenb'rough mayor behind his mace,
And fops in military shew,
Are sov'reign for the case in view.

If spleen-fogs rise at close of day,
I clear my ev'ning with a play,
Or to some concert take my way.
The company, the shine of lights,
The scences of humour, music's flights,
Adjust and set the soul to rights.

Life's moving pictures, well-wrought plays,
To others grief attention raise:
Here, while the tragic fictions glow,
We borrow joy by pitying woe;
There gaily comic scenes delight,
And hold true mirrors to our sight;
Virtue, in charming dress array'd,
Calling the Passions to her aid;
When moral scenes just actions join,
Takes shape, and shews her face divine.

Music has charms, we all may find,
Ingratiate deeply with the mind.
When art does sound's high pow'r advance,
To music's pipe the Passions dance;
Motions unwill'd its pow'rs have shewn,
Tarantulated by a tune.
Many have held the soul to be
Nearly ally'd to harmony.

Her have I known indulging grief,
And shunning company's relief,
Unveil her face, and looking round,
Own, by neglecting sorrow's wound,
The consanguinity of sound.

In rainy days keep double guard,
Or Spleen will surely be too hard;
Which, like those fish by sailors met,
Fly highest while their wings are wet.
In such dull weather, so unfit
To enterprize a work of wit,
When clouds one yard of azure sky,
That's fit for simile, deny,
I dress my face with studious looks,
And shorten tedious hours with books.

But if dull fogs invade the head,
That mem'ry minds not what is read,
I sit in window, dry as ark,
And on the drowning world remark:
Or to some coffee-house I stray
For news, the manna of a day,
And from the hipp'd discourses gather,
That politics go by the weather:
Then seek good-humour'd tavern-chums;
And play at cards, but for small sums;
Or with the merry fellows quaff,
And laugh aloud with them that laugh;
Or drink a joco-serious cup,
With souls who've took their freedom up,
And let my mind, beguil'd by talk,
In Epicurus' garden walk,
Who thought it heav'n to be serene;
Pain, hell, and purgatory, Spleen.

Sometimes I dress, with women sit,
And chat away the gloomy fit;
Quit the stiff garb of serious sense,
And wear a gay impertinence,
Nor think nor speak with any pains,
But lay on fancy's neck the reins;
Talk of unusual swell of waist
In maid of honour loosely lac'd,

And beauty borrowing Spanish red,
And loving-pair with sep'rate bed,
And jewels pawn'd for loss of game,
And then redeem'd by loss of fame;
Of Kitty (aunt left in the lurch
By grave pretence to go to church)
Perceiv'd in hack with lover fine,
Like Will and Mary on the coin:
And thus in modish manner we,
In aid of sugar sweeten tea.

Permit, ye fair, your idol form,
Which e'en the coldest heart can warm,
May with its beauties grace my line,
While I bow down before its shrine,
And your throng'd altars with my lays
Perfume, and get by giving praise.
With speech so sweet, so sweet a mien
You excommunicate the Spleen,
Which, fiend-like, flies the magic ring
You form with sound, when pleas'd to sing;
Whate'er you say, howe'er you move,
We look, we listen, and approve.
Your touch, which gives to feeling bliss,
Our nerves officious throng to kiss;
By Celia's pat, on their report,
The grave air'd soul inclin'd to sport,
Renounces wisdom's sullen pomp,
And loves the floral game to romp.
But who can view the pointed rays
That from black eyes scintillant blaze?
Love on his throne of glory seems
Encompass'd with satellite beams;
But when blue eyes, more softly bright,
Diffuse benignly humid light,
We gaze, and see the smiling loves,
And Cytherea's gentle doves,
And, raptur'd, fix in such a face
Love's mercy-seat and throne of grace.
Shine but on age, you melt its snow;
Again fires long-extinguish'd glow,
And, charm'd by witchery of eyes,
Blood long congealed liquefies!

True

True miracle, and fairly done
By heads which are ador'd while on ;
But oh, what pity 'tis to find
Such beauties both of form and mind,
By modern breeding much debas'd,
In half the female world at least !
Hence I with care such lott'ries shun,
Where, a prize miss'd, I'm quite undone ;
And han't, by vent'ring on a wife,
Yet run the greatest risk in life.

Mothers and guardian-aunts, forbear
Your impious pains to form the fair,
Nor lay out so much cost and art,
But to deslow'r the virgin heart ;
Of ev'ry folly-fost'ring bed,
By quick'ning hear of custom bred,
Rather, than by your culture spoil'd,
Desist and give us nature wild,
Delighted with a hoyden soul,
Which truth and innocence controul.
Coquets, leave off affected arts,
Gay fowlers at a flock of hearts ;
Woodcocks to shun your snares have skill ;
You shew so plain, you strive to kill.
In love the artless catch the game,
And they scarce miss who never aim.

The world's great Author did create
The sex to fit the nuptial state,
And meant a blessing in a wife
To solace the fatigues of life ;
And old inspired times display
How wives could love, and yet obey ;
Then truth, and patient of controul,
And housewife arts adorn'd the soul ;
And charms, the gift of nature, shone ;
And jealousy, a thing unknown :
Veils were the only masks they wore ;
Novels (receipts to make a whore)
Nor ombre, nor quadrille they knew,
Nor Pam's puiſſance felt at loo.
Wise men did not, to be thought gay,
Then compliment their pow'r away :

But lest, by frail desires misled,
The girls forbidden paths should tread,
Of ign'rance rais'd the safe high wall ;
We sink haw-haws, that shew them all.
Thus we at once solicit sense,
And charge them not to break the fence.

Now, if untir'd, consider friend,
What I avoid to gain my end.

I never am at meeting seen,
Meeting, that region of the Spleen ;
The broken heart, the busy fiend,
The inward call, on Spleen depend.

Law licenc'd breaking of the peace,
To which vacation is disease :
A gypsy diction scarce known well,
By th'magi, who law fortunes tell,
I shun : nor let it breed within
Anxiety, and that the Spleen ;
Law, grown a forest, where perplex
The mazes and the brambles vex ;
Where its twelve verd'ers every day
Are changing still the public way :
Yet if we miss our path, and err,
We grievous penalties incur ;
And wand'ers tire, and tear their skin,
And then get out where they went in.

I never game, and rarely bet ;
Am loth to lend, or run in debt.
No comptre-writs me agitate ;
Who moralizing pass the gate,
And there mine eyes on spendthrifts turn,
Who vainly o'er their bondage mourn.
Wisdom, before beneath their care,
Pays her upbraiding visits there,
And forces folly through the grate,
Her panegyric to repeat.
This view, profusely when inclin'd
Enters a caveat in the mind :
Experience join'd with common sense,
To mortals is a providence.

Passion, as frequently is seen,
Subsid'g settles into Spleen.

Hence,

Hence, as the plague of happy life,
 I run away from party-strife.
 A prince's cause a church's claim,
 I've known to raise a mighty flame,
 And priest, as stoker, very free
 To throw in peace and charity.
 That tribe whose practicals decree
 Small beer the deadliest heresy;
 Who, fond of pedigree, derive
 From the most noted whore alive;
 Who own wine's old prophetic aid,
 And love the mitre Bacchus made,
 Forbid the faithful to depend
 On half-pint drinkers for a friend,
 And in whose gaw red-letter'd face
 We read good living more than grace:
 Nor they so pure, and so precise,
 Immaculate as their white of eyes,
 Who for the spirit hug the Spleen,
 Phylacter'd throughout all their mien,
 Who their ill-tasted home-brew'd pray'r
 To the state's mellow forms prefer;
 Who doctrines, as infectious, fear,
 Which are not steep'd in vinegar,
 And samples of heart-chested grace
 Expose in shew glass of the face,
 Did never me as yet provoke
 Either to honour band and cloak,
 Or deck my hat with leaves of oak.

I rail not with mock-patriot grace
 At folks, because they are in place;
 Nor, hir'd to praise with stallion pen,
 Serve the ear-lechery of men:
 But to avoid religious jars,
 The laws are my expositors,
 Which in my doubting mind create
 Conformity to church and state,
 I go, pursuant to my plan,
 To Mecca with the Caravan;
 And think it right in common sense,
 Both for diversion and defence.

Reforming schemes are none of mine;
 To mend the world's a vast design:
 Like theirs, who tug in little boat,
 To pull to them the ship afloat,
 While to defeat their labour'd end,
 At once both wind and stream contend:
 Success herein is seldom seen,
 And zeal, when baffl'd, turns to Spleen.

Happy the man who, innocent,
 Grieves not at ills he can't prevent;
 His skiff does with the current glide,
 Not puffing pull'd against the tide.
 He, paddling by the scuffling crowd,
 Sees unconcern'd life's wager row'd;
 And when he can't prevent foul play,
 Enjoys the folly of the fray.

By these reflections I repeal
 Each hasty promise made in zeal,
 When gospel propagators say,
 We're bound our great light to display,
 And Indian darkness drive away,
 Yet none but drunken watchmen send,
 And scoundrel link-boys for that end;
 When they cry up this holy war,
 Which every christian should be for,
 Yet such as owe the law their ears,
 We find employ'd as engineers:
 This view my forward zeal to shocks,
 In vain they hold the money-box.
 At such conduct, which intends
 By vicious means such virtuous ends,
 I laugh off Spleen, and keep my pence
 From spoiling Indian innocence.

Yet Philosophic love of ease
 I suffer not to prove disease,
 But rise up in the virtuous cause
 Of a free press and equal laws.
 The press restrain'd! nefarious thought!
 In vain our fires have nobly fought:
 While free from force the press remains,
 Virtue and freedom cheer our plains,

And

And learning largesses bestows,
 And keeps uncensur'd open house.
 We to the nation's public mart
 Our works of wit and schemes of art,
 And philosophic goods this way,
 Like water-carriage, cheap convey.
 This tree, which knowledge so affords,
 Inquisitors with flaming swords,
 From lay approach with zeal defend,
 Lest their own paradise should end.
 The press from her fecundous womb
 Brought forth the arts of Greece and Rome;
 Her offspring, skill'd in logic war,
 Truth's banner wav'd in open air:
 The monster Superstition fled,
 And hid in shades its Gorgon head;
 And lawless pow'r the long-kept field,
 By reason quell'd, was forc'd to yield.
 This nurse of arts, and freedom's fence,
 To chain, is treason against sense;
 And, Liberty, thy thousand tongues
 None silence, who design no wrongs;
 For those who use the gag's restraint,
 First rob before they stop complaint.
 Since disappointment galls within,
 And subjugates the soul to Spleen,
 Most schemes, as money snares, I hate,
 And bite not at projector's bait.
 Efficient wrecks appear each day,
 And yet fresh fools are cast away.
 Ere well the bubbled can turn round,
 Their painted vessel runs aground;
 Ere in deep seas it oversets
 Or a fierce hurricane of debts;
 Ere helm directors in one trip,
 Eight first embezzled, sink the ship.

Such was of late the Corporation*,
 The brazen serpent of the nation,
 Which, when hard accidents distress'd,
 The poor must look at to be blest,
 And thence expect, with paper seal'd
 By fraud and usury to be heal'd.

I in no soul-consumption wait
 Whole years at levees of the great,
 And hungry hopes regale the while
 On the spare diet of a simile.
 There you may see the idol stand
 With mirror in his wanton hand;
 Above, below, now here, now there,
 He throws, about the sunny glare.
 Crowds pant, and press to seize the prize,
 The gay delusion of their eyes.

When fancy tries her limning skill
 To draw and colour at her will,
 And raise and round the figure well,
 And shew her talent to excel,
 I guard my heart, lest it should woo
 Unreal beauties Fancy drew;
 And, disappointed, feel despair,
 At loss of things that never were.

When I lean politicians mark,
 Grazing on æther in the park,
 Who, e'er on wing with open throats,
 Fly at debates, expresses, votes,
 Just in the manner swallows use,
 Catching their airy food of news;
 Whose larrant stomachs oft molest
 The deep laid plans their dreams suggest;
 Or see some poet pensive sit,
 Fondly mistaking Spleen for Wit:
 Who, though short-winded, still will aim
 To sound the epic trump of Fame;

* The Charitable Corporation, instituted for the relief of the industrious poor, by assisting them with small sums upon pledges, at legal interest. By the villany of those who had the management of this scheme, the proprietors were defrauded of very considerable sums of money. In 1732 the conduct of the directors of this body became the subject of a parliamentary enquiry; and some of them, who were members of the House of Commons, were expelled for their concern in this iniquitous transaction.

Who still on Phoebus' smiles will doat,
 Nor learn conviction from his coat;
 I bless my stars, I never knew
 Whimsies, which close pursu'd, undo;
 And have, from old experience, been
 Both parent and the child of Spleen.
 These subjects of Apollo's state,
 Who from false fire derive their fate,
 With airy purchases undone
 Of lands which none lend money on,
 Born dull, had follow'd thriving ways,
 Nor lost one hour to gather bays.
 Their fancies first delirious grew,
 And scenes ideal took for true,
 Fine to the sight Parnassus lies,
 And with false prospects cheats their eyes;
 The fabled gods the poets sing;
 A season of perpetual spring;
 Brooks, flow'ry fields, and groves of trees,
 Affording sweets and families;
 Gay dreams inspir'd in myrtle bow'rs,
 And wreaths of undecaying flow'rs,
 Apollo's harp with airs divine,
 The sacred music of the Nine,
 Views of the temple, rais'd to Fame,
 And for a vacant niche proud aim,
 Ravish their souls, and plainly shew
 What Fancy's sketching power can do.
 They will attempt the mountain steep,
 Where on the top, like dreams in sleep,
 The Muse's revelation shew,
 That find men crack'd, or make them so.

You friend, like me, the trade of rhyme
 Avoid elaborate waste of time,
 Nor are content to be undone,
 To pass for Phoebus' crazy son.
 Poems, the hop-grounds of the brain,
 Afford the most uncertain gain:

† Psapho was a Libyan, who desiring to be accounted a God, effected it by this means: He took young birds and taught them to sing, *Psapho is a great God*. When they were perfect in their lesson, he let them fly; and other birds learning the same ditty, repeated it in the woods; on which his countrymen offered sacrifice to him, and considered him as a deity.

And lotteries never tempt the wise,
 With blanks so many to a prize.
 I only transient visits pay,
 Meeting the Muses in my way,
 Scarce known to the fastidious dames,
 Nor skill'd to call them by their names.
 Nor can their passports in these days,
 Your profit warrant, or your praise.
 On poems by their dictates writ,
 Critics, as sworn appraisers, sit,
 And mere upholders in a trice
 On gems and paintings set a price.
 These tayloring artists for our lays,
 Invent cramp'd rules, and with strait stays,
 Striving free Nature's shape to hit,
 Emaciate sense before they fit.

A common place, and many friends,
 Can serve the plagiarist's ends,
 Whose easy vamping talent lies,
 First wit to pilfer, then disguise.
 Thus some, devoid of art and skill,
 To search the mine on Pindus' hill,
 Proud to aspire and workmen grow,
 By genius doom'd to stay below,
 For their own digging shew the town
 Wit's treasure brought by others down.
 Some wanting, if they find a mine,
 An artist's judgment to refine,
 On fame precipitately fix'd,
 The ore with baser metals mix'd
 Melt down, impatient of delay,
 And call the vicious mass a play.
 All these engage to serve their ends,
 A band select of trusty friends,
 Who lesson'd right, extol the thing,
 As Psapho † taught his birds to sing;
 Then to the ladies they submit,
 Returning officers on wit:

A crowded

A crowded house their presence draws,
 And on the beaus imposes laws.
 A judgment in its favour ends,
 When all the pannel are its friends:
 Their natures, merciful and mild,
 Have from mere pity sav'd the child;
 In bulrush ask the bantling found
 Helpless and ready to be drown'd,
 They have preserv'd by kind support,
 And brought the baby-muse to court:
 But there's a youth* that you can name,
 Who needs no leading-strings to fame,
 Whose quick maturity of brain
 The birth of Pallas may explain:
 Dreaming of whose depending fate
 I heard Melpomene debate.
 This, this is he, that was foretold
 Should emulate our Greeks of old.
 Inspir'd by me with sacred art,
 He sings and rules the varied heart;
 If Jove's dread anger he rehearse,
 We hear the thunder in his verse;
 If he describes love turn'd to rage,
 The furies riot in his page:
 If he fair liberty and law
 By ruffian pow'r, expiring draw,
 The keener passions then engage
 Aright, and sanctify their rage;
 If he attempt disastrous love,
 We hear those plaints that wound the grove,
 Within the kinder passions glow,
 And tears distill'd from pity flow.
 From the bright vision I descend,
 And my deserted them attend.
 Me never did ambition seize,
 Strange fever most inflam'd by ease!
 The active lunacy of pride
 That courts jilt Fortune for a bride,
 This par'dise-tree, so fair and high,
 I view with no aspiring eye:

Like aspen shakes the restless leaves,
 And Sodom-fruit our pain deceives,
 Whence frequent falls gives no surprise,
 But fits of Spleen, call'd *growing wise*.
 Greatness in glitt'ring forms display'd
 Affects weak eyes much us'd to shade,
 And by its falsely envy'd scene
 Gives self-debasing fits of Spleen.
 We should be pleas'd that things are so,
 Who do for nothing see the show,
 And, middle-siz'd can pass between
 Life's hubbub safe, because unseen,
 And 'midst the glare of greatness trace
 A wat'ry sunshine in the face,
 And pleasures fled to, to redress
 The sad fatigue of idleness.

Contentment, parent of delight,
 So much a stranger to our sight,
 Say, goddess, in what happy place
 Mortals behold thy blooming face?
 Thy gracious auspices impart,
 And for thy temple choose my heart!
 They, whom thou deignest to inspire,
 Thy science learn, to bound desire;
 By happy alchemy of mind
 They turn to pleasure all they find;
 They both disdain in outward mien
 The grave and solemn garb of Spleen,
 And meretricious arts of dress,
 To feign a joy and hide distress;
 Unmov'd when the rude tempest blows,
 Without an opiate they repose;
 And cover'd by your shield, defy
 The whizzing shafts that round them fly;
 Nor meddling with the god's affairs,
 Concern themselves with distant cares;
 But place their bliss in mental rest,
 And feast upon the good possess'd.
 Forc'd by soft violence of pray'r,
 The blithsome goddess soothes my care,

* Mr. Glover, the excellent author of Leonidas, Boadicea, Medes, &c.

I feel the deity inspire,
 And thus the models my desire : —
 Two hundred pounds half-yearly paid,
 Annuity securely made,
 A farm some twenty miles from town,
 Small, tight, salubrious, and my own ;
 Two maids that never saw the town,
 A serving-man not quite a clown,
 A boy to help to tread the mow,
 And drive while t'other holds the plough,
 A chief, of temper form'd to please,
 Fit to converse, and keep the keys ;
 And better to preserve the peace,
 Commission'd by the name of niece :
 With understandings of a size
 To think their master very wise.
 May Heav'n ('tis all I wish for) send
 One genial room to treat a friend,
 Where decent cupboard, little plate,
 Display benevolence, not state.
 And may my humble dwelling stand
 Upon some choic'd spot of land :
 A pond before, full to the brim,
 Where cows may cool, and geese may swim ;
 Behind, a green like velvet neat,
 Soft to the eye and to the feet ;
 Where od'rous plants in ev'ning fair
 Breathe all around ambrosial air ;
 From Eurus, foe to kitchen ground,
 Fenc'd by a slope with bushes crown'd,
 Fit dwelling for the feather'd throng,
 Who pay their quit-rents with a song ;
 With op'ning views of hill and dale,
 Which sense and fancy too regale,
 Where the half-cirque which vision bounds,
 Like amphitheatre furrounds ;
 And woods impervious to the breeze,
 Thick phalanx of embodied trees ;
 From hills, through plains, in dusk array
 Extended far, repel the day.
 Here stillness, height, and solemn shade
 Invite, and contemplation aid :

Here nymphs from hollow oaks relate
 The dark decrees and will of Fate ;
 And dreams beneath the spreading beech
 Inspire, and docile fancy teach,
 While soft as breezy breath of wind,
 Impulses rustle through the mind :
 Here Dryads, scorning Phœbus' ray,
 While Pan melodious pipes away,
 In measur'd motions frisk about
 Till old Silenus puts them out.
 There see the clover, pea, and bean,
 Vie in variety of green ;
 Fresh pastures speckl'd o'er with sheep,
 Brown fields their fallow sabbaths keep,
 Plump Ceres golden tresses wear,
 And poppy top-knots deck her hair,
 And silver streams through meadows stray,
 And Naiads on the margin play,
 And lesser nymphs on side of hills
 From plaything urns pour down the rills.

Thus shelter'd, free from care and strife,
 May I enjoy a calm through life ;
 See faction, safe in low degree,
 As men at land see storms at sea,
 And laugh at miserable elves,
 Not kind so much as to themselves ;
 Curs'd with such souls of base alloy,
 As can possess, but not enjoy ;
 Debarr'd the pleasure to impart
 By av'rice sphinxer of the heart,
 Who wealth, hard earn'd by guilty cares,
 Bequeath untouch'd to thankless heirs.
 May, I with look ungloom'd by guile
 And wearing virtue's liv'ry smile,
 Prone the distressed to relieve,
 And little trespasses forgive,
 With income not in Fortune's pow'r,
 And skill to make a busy hour,
 With trips to town, life to amuse,
 To purchase books, and hear the news ;
 To see old Friends, brush off the clown,
 And quicken taste at coming down.

Unhurt by sickness' blasting rage,
And slowly mellowing in age,
When Fate extends its gathering gripe,
Fall off like fruit grown fully ripe;
Quit a worn being without pain,
Perhaps to blossom soon again.

But now more serious see me grow,
And what I think, my Memmius, know.

Th'enthusiast's hope, and raptures wild,
Have never yet my reason foil'd.

His springy soul dilates like air,
When free from weight of ambient care,
And hush'd in meditation deep,
Slides into dreams, as when asleep;

Then, fond of new discoveries grown,
Proves a Columbus of her own,
Disdains the narrow bounds of place,
And through the wilds of endless space,
Borne up on metaphysic wings,
Chases light forms and shadowy things,
And in the vague excursion caught,
Brings home some rare exotic thought.

The melancholy man such dreams,
As brightest evidence, esteems;
Fain would he see some distant scene
Suggested by his restless Spleen,
And Fancy's telescope applies
With tinctur'd glafs to cheat his eyes.
Such thoughts as love the gloom of night,
I close examine by the light;

For who, though brib'd by gain to lie,
Dare sun-beam-written truths deny,
And execute plain common sense
On faith's mere hearsay evidence?

That superstition mayn't create,
And club its ills with those of fate,
I many a notion take to task,
Made dreadful by its visor-mask.
Thus scruple, spasm of the mind,
Is cur'd, and certainty I find.

Since optic reason shews me plain,
I dreaded spectres of the brain,

And legendary fears are gone,
Though in tenacious childhood sown;
Thus in opinions I commence
Freeholder in the proper sense,
And neither suit nor service do,
Nor homage to pretenders shew,
Who boast themselves by spurious roll
Lords of the manor of the soul;
Preferring sense, from chin that's bare,
To nonsense thron'd in whisker'd hair.

To thee, Creator uncreate,
O *Entium Ens*! divinely great!
Hold, Muse, nor melting pisions try,
Nor near the blazing glory fly,
Nor straining break thy feeble bow,
Unfeather'd arrows far to throw:
Through fields unknown not madly stray,
Where no ideas mark the way.

With tender eyes, and colours faint,
And trembling hands forbear to paint.
Who features veil'd by light can hit?
Where can, what has no outline, sit?
My soul, the vain attempt forego,
Thyself, the fitter subject, know.
He wisely shuns the bold extreme,
Who soon lays by th'unequal theme,
Nor runs with wisdom's Syrens caught,
On quicksands swell'wing shipwreck'd thought;
But, conscious of his distance, gives
Mute praise, and humble negatives.

In one, no object of our sight,
Immutable and infinite,
Who can't be cruel or unjust,
Calm and resign'd, I fix my trust;
To him my past and present state
I owe, and must my future fate.

A stranger into life I'm come;
Dying may be our going home,
Transported here by angry Fate,
The convicts of a prior state.
Hence I no anxious thoughts bestow
On matters I can never know;

Through life's foul way, like vagrant past,
 He'll grant a settlement at last,
 And with sweet ease the wearied crown,
 By leave to lay his being down.
 If doom'd to dance th'eternal round
 Of life, no sooner lost but found,
 And dissolution soon to come,
 Like sponge, wipes out life's present sum,
 But can't our state of pow'r bereave
 An endless series to receive;
 Then, if hard dealt with here by Fate,
 We balance in another state,
 And consciousness must go along.
 And sign th'acquittance for the wrong,
 He for his creatures must decree
 More happiness than misery,
 Or be supposed to create,
 Curious to try what 'tis to hate:
 And do an act which rage infers,
 *Cause lameness halts, or blindness errs.

Thus, thus I steer my bark, and sail
 On even keel with gentle gale;
 At helm I make my reason sit,
 My crew of passions all submit.
 If dark and blust'ring prove some nights,
 Philosophy puts forth her lights,
 Experience holds the cautious glass,
 To shun the breakers as I pass,
 And frequent throws the wary lead,
 To see what dangers may be hid;
 And once in seven years I'm seen
 At Bath or Tunbridge, to careen.
 Though pleas'd to see the dolphins play,
 I mind my compass and my way,
 With store sufficient for relief,
 And wisely still prepar'd to reef,

Nor wanting the disperseive bowl
 Of cloudy weather in the foul,
 I make (may Heav'n propitious send
 Such wind and weather to the end)
 Neither becalm'd, nor overblown,
 Life's voyage to the world unknown.

§ 79. *The Grotto* *. Written by Mr. GREEN,
 under the name of Peter Drake, a Fisherman
 of Brentford.

Scilicet hic possis curvo dignoscere rectum.
 Atque inter silvas Academi querere verum.

Hor.

Our wits Apollo's influence beg,
 The Grotto makes them all with egg:
 Finding this chalkstone in my nest,
 I strain, and lay among the rest.

A DIEU a while forsaken flood,
 To ramble in the Delian wood,
 And pray the God my well-meant song
 May not my subject's merit wrong.
 Say, father Thames, whose gentle pace
 Gives leave to view what beauties grace
 Your flow'ry banks, if you have seen
 The much-sung Grotto of the Queen.
 Contemplative, forget a while
 Oxonian towers and Windsor's pile,
 And Wolfey's † pride (his greatest guilt)
 And what great William since has built;
 And flowing fast by Richmond scenes
 ‡ (Honour'd retreat of two great queens)
 From || Sion-house, whose proud survey
 Brow-beats your flood, look cross the way,
 And view, from highest swell of tide,
 The milder scenes of Surrey side.

* A building in Richmond Gardens, erected by Queen Caroline, and committed to the custody of Stephen Duck. At the time this poem was written, many other verses appeared on the same subject.

† Hampton Court, begun by Cardinal Wolfey, and improved by King William III.

‡ Queen Ann, consort of King Richard II. and Queen Elizabeth, both died at Richmond.

|| Sion House is now a seat belonging to the Duke of Northumberland.

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§ Ric
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 Boyle.

Though yet no palace grace the shore
 To lodge that pair you should adore ;
 Nor abbies, great in ruin, rise,
 Royal equivalents for vice,—
 Behold a Grott, in Delphic grove,
 The Graces and the Muses love.
 (O, might our Laureat study here,
 How would he hail his new-born year !)
 A temple from vainglories free,
 Whose goddess is Philosophy,
 Whose tides such licenc'd idols crown
 As superstition would pull down ;
 The only pilgrimage I know
 That men of sense would choose to go :
 Which sweet abode, her wisest choice,
 Urania cheers with heavenly voice,
 While all the Virtues gather round,
 To see her consecrate the ground.
 If thou, the God with winged feet,
 In council talk of this retreat,
 And jealous gods resentment show
 At altars rais'd to men below ;
 Tell those proud lords of heaven, 'tis fit
 Their house our heroes should admit ;
 While each exists, as poets sing,
 A lazy lewd immortal thing,
 They must (or grow in disrepute)
 With earth's first commoners recruit.

Needless it is, in terms unskill'd,
 To praise whatever Boyle § shall build ;
 Needless it is the busts to name
 Of men, monopolists of fame ;
 Four chiefs adorn the modest stone †
 For virtue as for learning known ;
 The thinking sculpture helps to raise
 Deep thoughts, the genii of the place :

To the mind's ear, and inward sight,
 Their silence speaks and shade gives light :
 While insects from the threshold preach,
 And minds dispos'd to musing teach :
 Proud of strong limbs and painted hues,
 They perish by the slightest bruise ;
 Or maladies, begun within,
 Destroy more slow life's frail machine ;
 From maggot-youth through change of state,
 They feel like us the turns of Fate ;
 Some born to creep have liv'd to fly,
 And change earth-cells for dwellings high ;
 And some that did their six wings keep,
 Before they dy'd been forc'd to creep.
 They politics like ours profess ;
 The greater prey upon the less :
 Some strain on foot huge loads to bring ;
 Some toil incessant on the wing ;
 And in their different ways explore
 Wise sense of want by future store ;
 Nor from their vigorous schemes desist
 Till death, and then are never miss'd.
 Some frolic, toil, marry, increase,
 Are sick and well, have war and peace,
 And, broke with age, in half a day
 Yield to successors, and away.

Let not profane this sacred place,
 Hypocrisy with Janus' face ;
 Or Pomp, mixt state of pride and care ;
 Court kindness, Falshood's polish'd ware ;
 Scandal disguis'd in Friendship's veil,
 That tells, unask'd, th'injurious tale ;
 Or art politic, which allows
 The jesuit-remedy for vows ;
 Or priest, perfuming crowned head,
 Till in a swoon Truth lies for dead ;

§ Richard Boyle, Earl of Burlington, a nobleman remarkable for his fine taste in architecture. He died December 4, 1753.

† The author should have said five ; there being the busts of Newton, Locke, Wollaston, Clarke, and Boyle.

Or tawdry critic, who perceives
 No grace which plain proportion gives,
 And more than lineaments divine
 Admires the gilding of the shrine;
 Or that self-haunting spectre Spleen,
 In thickest fog the clearest seen;
 Or Prophecy, which dreams a lye,
 That fools believe and knaves apply;
 Or frolic Mirth, profanely loud,
 And happy only in a crowd;
 Or Melancholy's pensive gloom,
 Proxy in contemplation's room.

O Delia! when I touch this string,
 To thee my Muse directs her wing.
 Unspotted fair! with downcast look
 Mind not so much the murmur'ing brook;
 Nor fixt in thought, with footsteps slow
 Through cypress alleys cherish woe:
 I see the soul in pensive fit,
 And moping, like sick linnet fit;
 With dewy eye, and moulting wing,
 Unperch'd, averse to fly or sing;
 I see the fav'rite curls begin
 (Disus'd to toilet-discipline)
 To quit their post, lose their smart air,
 And grow again like common hair;
 And tears, which frequent kerchiefs dry,
 Raise a red circle round the eye;
 And by this bur about the moon,
 Conjecture more ill weather soon.
 Love not so much the doleful knell,
 And news the boding night-birds tell;
 Nor watch the wainscot's hollow blow;
 And hens portentous when they crow;
 Nor sleepless mind the death-watch beat;
 In taper find no winding-sheet;
 Nor in burnt coal a coffin see,
 Though thrown at others, meant for thee:
 Or when the corruscation gleams,
 Find out not first the bloody streams;
 Nor in imprest remembrance keep
 Grim tap'stry figures wrought in sleep;

Nor rise to see in antique hall
 The moonlight-monsters on the wall,
 And shadowy spectres darkly pass,
 Trailing their fables o'er the grass.
 Let vice and guilt act how they please
 In souls, their conquer'd provinces;
 By Heaven's just charter it appears,
 Virtue's exempt from quartering fears:
 Shall then arm'd fancies fiercely dress,
 Live at discretion in your breast?
 Be wise, and panic fright disdain,
 As notions, meteors of the brain;
 And fights perform'd, illusive scene!
 By magic lantern of the spleen.
 Come here, from baleful cares releas'd,
 With Virtue's ticket, to a feast,
 Where decent mirth and wisdom, join'd
 In stewardship, regale the mind.
 Call back the Cupids to your eyes;
 I see the godlings with surprise.
 Not knowing home in such a plight,
 Fly to and fro, afraid to light.—

Far from my theme, from method far,
 Convey'd in Venus' flying car,
 I go compell'd by feather'd steeds,
 That scorn the reign when Delia leads.

No daub of elegiac strain
 These holy wars shall ever stain;
 As spiders Irish wainscot flee,
 Falsehood with them shall disagree:
 This floor let not the vulgar tread,
 Who worship only what they dread:
 Nor bigots who but one way see
 Through blinkers of authority;
 Nor they who its four saints defame,
 By making virtue but a name;
 Nor abstract wit (painful regale
 To hunt the pig with slipp'ry tail!)
 Artists, who richly chace their thought,
 Gaudy without, but hollow wrought;
 And beat too thin, and tool'd too much
 To bear the proof and standard touch:

Nor fops to guard this sylvan ark
 With necklace-bells in treble bark :
 Nor Cynics growl, and fiercely paw
 The mastiffs of the moral law.
 Come, Nymph, with rural honours drest,
 Virtue's exterior form confest,
 With charms untarnish'd, innocence
 Display, and Eden shall commence ;
 When thus you come in sober fit,
 And wisdom is preferr'd to wit ;
 And looks diviner graces tell,
 Which don't with giggling muscles dwell ;
 And beauty, like the ray-clipt sun,
 With bolder eye we look upon ;
 Learning shall with obsequious mien
 Tell all the wonders she has seen ;
 Reason her logic armour quit,
 And proof to mild persuasion fit ;
 Religion with free thought dispense,
 And cease crusading against sense ;
 Philosophy and she embrace,
 And their first league again take place ;
 And morals pure, in duty bound,
 Nymph-like the sisters chief surround ;
 Nature shall smile, and round this cell
 The turf to your light pressure swell,
 And knowing beauty by her shoe,
 Well air its carpet from the dew.
 The Oak, while you his umbrage deck,
 Lets fall his acorns in your neck ;
 Zephyr his civil kisses gives,
 And plays with curls instead of leaves :
 Birds, seeing you, believe it spring,
 And during their vacation sing ;
 And flow'rs lean forward from their seats
 To traffic in exchange of sweets ;
 And angels bearing wreaths descend,
 Preferr'd as vergers to attend
 This fane, whose deity intreats
 The Fair to grace its upper seats.

O kindly view our letter'd strife,
 And guard us through polemic life ;

From poison vehicled in praise,
 For satire's shots but slightly graze ;
 We claim your zeal, and find within,
 Philosophy and you are kin.

What Virtue is we judge by you ;
 For actions right are beauteous too ;
 By tracing the sole female mind,
 We best what is true Nature find :
 Your vapours bred from fumes declare,
 How steams create tempestuous air,
 Till gushing tears and hasty rain
 Make heaven and you serene again :
 Our travels through the starry skies
 Were first suggested by your eyes ;
 We, by the interposing fan,
 Learn how eclipses first began :
 The vast eclipse from Scarbro's home,
 Describes how blazing comets roam ;
 The glowing colours of the cheek
 Their origin from Phœbus speak ;
 Our watch how Luna strays above
 Feels like the care of jealous love ;
 And all things we in science know
 From your known love for riddles flow.

Father! forgive, thus far I stray,
 Drawn by attraction from my way.
 Mark next with awe, the foundress well
 Who on these banks delights to dwell ;
 You on the terrace see her plain,
 Move like Diana with her train.
 If you then fairly speak your mind,
 In wedlock since with Isis join'd,
 You'll own, you never yet did see,
 At least in such a high degree,
 Greatness delighted to undress ;
 Science a scepter'd hand caress ;
 A Queen the friends of freedom prize ;
 A woman wise men canonize.

§ 79. *The Enthusiast. An Ode.* WHITEHEAD.

ONCE, I remember well the day,
 'Twas ere the blooming sweets of May

Had lost their freshest hues,
When every flower on every hill,
In every vale had drank its fill
Of sunshine and of dews.

In short, 'twas that sweet season's prime,
When Spring gives up the reins of Time
To Summer's glowing hand,
And doubting mortals hardly know
By whose command the breezes blow
Which fan the smiling land.

'Twas then, beside a green-wood shade,
Which cloath'd a lawn's aspiring head,
I urg'd my devious way,
With loitering steps regardless where,
So soft, so genial was the air,
So wondrous bright the day.

And now my eyes with transport rove
O'er all the blue expanse above,
Unbroken by a cloud!
And now beneath delighted pass
Where winding thro' the deep green grass
A full-brim'd river flow'd.

I stop, I gaze; in accents rude,
To thee, sereneest solitude,
Burst forth th'unbidden lay;
" Begone, vile world, the learn'd, the wise,
The great, the busy, I despise,
And pity e'en the gay.

These, these are joys alone, I cry;
'Tis here divine Philosophy,
Thou deign'st to fix thy throne!
Here Contemplation points the road
Thro' Nature's charms to Nature's God!
These, these are joys alone!

Adieu, ye vain low-thoughted cares,
Ye human hopes and human fears,
Ye pleasures and ye pains!"
While thus I spake, o'er all my soul
A philosophic calmness stole,
A stoic stillness reigns.

The tyrant passions all subside;
Fear, anger, pity, shame, and pride
No more my bosom move;
Yet still I felt, or seem'd to feel,
A kind of visionary zeal
Of universal love.

When lo! a voice, a voice I hear!
'Twas Reason whisper'd in my ear
These monitory strains:
" What mean'st thou man? would'st thou unbind
The ties which constitute thy kind,
The pleasures and the pains?"

The same Almighty Power unseen,
Who spreads the gay or solemn scene
To Contemplation's eye,
Fix'd every movement of the soul,
Taught every wish its destin'd goal,
And quicken'd every joy.

He bids the tyrant passions rage,
He bids them war eternal wage,
And combat each his foe:
Till from dissensions concords rise,
And beauties from deformities,
And happiness from woe.

Art thou not man, and dar'st thou find
A bliss which leans not to mankind?
Presumptuous thought and vain!
Each bliss unshar'd is unenjoy'd,
Each power is weak, unless employ'd
Some social good to gain.

Shall light and shade, and warmth, and air,
With those exalted joys compare
Which active Virtue feels!
When on she drags as lawful prize,
Contempt, and Indolence, and Vice,
At her triumphant wheels.

As rest to labour still succeeds
To man, whilst Virtue's glorious deeds

Employ

Employ his toilsome day;
This fair variety of things,
Are merely Life's refreshing springs,
To sooth him on his way.

Enthusiast go, unstring thy lyre,
In vain thou sing'st if none admire,
How sweet for'er the strain.
And is not thy o'erflowing mind,
Unless thou mixest with thy kind,
Benevolent in vain?

Enthusiast go, try every sense,
If not thy bliss, thy excellence,
Thou yet hast learn'd to scan;
At least thy wants, thy weakness know,
And see them all uniting show,
That man was made for man."

§ 80. *The Progress of Learning.* DENHAM.

P R E F A C E.

My early Mistress, now my ancient Muse,
That strong Circæan liquor cease t'infuse,
Wherewith thou didst intoxicate my youth,
Now stoop with disenchanting wings to truth;
As the dove's flight did guide Æneas, now
May thine conduct me to the golden bough;
Tell (like a tall old oak) how learning shoots
To heaven her branches, and to hell her roots.

WHEN God from earth form'd Adam in the
cast,

He his own image on the clay impress;
As subjects then the whole creation came,
And from their natures Adam them did name;
Not from experience (for the world was new)
He only from their cause their natures knew.
Had memory been lost with innocence,
We had not known the sentence nor th'offence;
'Twas his chief punishment to keep in store
The sad remembrance, what he was before;
And, tho' th'offending part felt mortal pain,
Th'immortal part its knowledge did retain.

After the flood, arts to Chaldea fell;
The Father of the Faithful there did dwell,
Who both their parent and instructor was;
From thence did learning into Egypt pass:
Moses in all th'Ægyptian arts was skill'd,
When heav'nly power that chosen vessel fill'd;
And we to his high inspiration owe,
That what was done before the flood we know.
From Ægypt arts their progress made to Greece,
Wrapt in the fable of the Golden Fleece.
Musæus first, then Orpheus, civilize
Mankind, and gave the world their deities;
To many gods they taught devotion,
Which were the distinct faculties of one;
Th'Eternal Cause in their immortal lines
Was taught, and poets were the first divines:
God Moses first, then David did inspire,
To compose anthems for his heavenly quire;
To th'one the style of friend he did impart;
On th'other stamp the likeness of his heart:
And Moses, in the old original,
Even God the Poet of the World doth call.
Next those old Greeks, Pythagoras did rise,
Then Socrates, whom th'oracle call'd wise;
The divine Plato moral virtue shews,
Then his disciple Aristotle rose,
Who nature's secrets to the world did teach,
Yet that great soul our novelists impeach;
Too much manuring fill'd that field with weeds,
While sects, like locusts, did destroy the seeds;
The tree of knowledge, blasted by disputes,
Produces sapless leaves instead of fruits:
Proud Greece all nations else barbarians held,
Boasting her learning all the world excel'd.
Flying from thence, to Italy it came,
And to the realm of Naples gave that name,
Till both their nations and their arts did come
A welcome trophy to triumphant Rome;
Then wheresoe'er her conquering eagles fled,
Arts, learning, and civility were spread;
And as in this our microcosm, the heart
Heat, spirit, motion, gives to every part;

So Rome's victorious influence did disperse
 All her own virtues through the universe.
 Here some digression I must make, t'accuse
 Thee, my forgetful and ungrateful Muse:
 Could'st thou from Greece to Latium take thy
 And not to thy great ancestor do right? [sight,
 I can no more believe old Homer blind,
 Than those who say the sun hath never shin'd;
 The age wherein he liv'd was dark; but he
 Could not want sight, who taught the world to
 see.

They who Minerva from Jove's head derive,
 Might make old Homer's skull the Muses hive;
 And from his brain that Helicon distil,
 Whose racy liquor did his offspring fill.
 Nor old Anacreon, Hesiod, Theocrite,
 Must we forget, nor Pindar's lofty flight.
 Old Homer's soul, at last from Greece retir'd,
 In Italy the Mantuan swain inspir'd. [cease,
 When great Augustus made war's tempests
 His halcyon days brought forth the arts of
 peace;

He still in his triumphant chariot shines,
 By Horace drawn, and Virgil's mighty lines.
 'Twas certainly mysterious that the *name
 Of prophet and of poet is the same!
 What the Tragedian † wrote, the late success
 Declares was inspiration, and not guess:
 As dark a truth that author did unfold,
 As oracles or prophets e'er foretold:
 "At last the ocean shall unlock § the bound
 "Of things, and a new world by Tiphys found;
 "Then ages far remote shall understand
 "The isle of Thule is not the farthest land."
 Sure, God by these discoveries did design
 That his clear light through all the world should
 shine;
 But the obstruction from that discord springs
 The Prince of Darkness made 'twixt Christian
 kings;

That peaceful age with happiness to crown,
 From heav'n the Prince of Peace himself came
 down;

Then the true Sun of Knowledge first appear'd,
 And the old dark mysterious clouds were clear'd,
 The heavy cause of th'old accursed flood
 Sunk in the sacred deluge of his blood:
 His passion man from his first fall redeem'd;
 Once more to Paradise restor'd we seem'd;
 Satan himself was bound, till th'iron chain
 Our pride did break, and let him loose again.
 Still the old sting remain'd, and man began
 To tempt the serpent as he tempted man;
 Then Hell sends forth her furies, Avarice,
 Pride,

Fraud, Discord, Force, Hypocrisy, their guide,
 Tho' the foundation on a rock were laid,
 The church was undermin'd, and then betray'd:
 Tho' the apostles these events foretold,
 Yet even the shepherd did devour the fold:
 The fisher to convert the world began:
 The pride convincing of vainglorious man;
 But soon his followers grew a sovereign lord,
 And Peter's keys exchange'd for Peter's sword,
 Which still maintains for his adopted son
 Vast patrimonies, tho' himself had none;
 Wrestling the text to the old giant's sense,
 That heav'n once more must suffer violence.
 Then subtle doctors scriptures made their prize,
 Casuists, like cocks, struck out each other's eyes;
 Then dark distinctions reason's light disguis'd,
 And into atoms truth anatomiz'd.
 Then Mahomer's crescent, by our feuds encrease,
 Blasted the learn'd remainders of the east:
 That project, when from Greece to Rome it
 came,

Made mother Ignorance Devotion's dame;
 Then he whom Lucifer's own pride did swell,
 His faithful emissary, rose from hell

* Vates

† Seneca.

§ The Prophecy.

To possess Peter's chair, that Hildebrand,
Whose foot on mitres, then on crowns did stand;
And before that exalted idol all [fall.
(Whom we call Gods on earth) did prostrate
Then darkness Europe's face did overspread,
From lazy cells where superstition bred,
Which, link'd with blind obedience, so encreast,
That the whole world some ages they oppress;
Till through those clouds the sun of knowledge
brake,

And Europe from her lethargy did wake;
Then first our monarchs were acknowledg'd here,
That they their churches nursing fathers were.
When Lucifer no longer could advance
His works on the false ground of ignorance,
New arts he tries, and new designs he lays,
Then his well-study'd master-piece he plays;
Loyola, Luther, Calvin he inspires,
And kindles with infernal flames their fires,
Sends their forerunner (conscious of th'event)
Printing, his most pernicious instrument!
Wild controversy then, which long had slept,
Into the press from ruin'd cloisters leapt;
No longer by implicit faith we err,
Whilst ev'ry man's his own interpreter;
No more conducted now by Aaron's rod,
Lay elders from their ends create their God;
But seven wise men the ancient world did know,
We scarce know seven who think themselves
When man learn'd undefil'd religion, [not so.
We were commanded to be all as one;
Fiery disputes that union have calcin'd,
Almost as many minds as men we find;
And when that flame finds combustible earth,
Thence *fatrus* fires and meteors take their birth,
Legions of sects and insects come in throngs;
To name them all would tire a hundred tongues.
So were the Centaurs of Ixion's race,
Who a bright cloud for Juno did embrace;
And such the monsters of Chimæra's kind,
Lions before, and dragons were behind.

Then from the clashes between popes and kings,
Debate, like sparks from flint's collision, springs:
As Jove's loud thunder-bolts were forg'd by
heat,

The like our Cyclops on their anvils beat;
All the rich mines of learning ransack'd are,
To furnish ammunition for this war:
Uncharitable zeal our reason whets,
And double edges on our passion sets;
'Tis the most certain sign the world's accurst,
That the best things corrupted are the worst;
'Twas the corrupted light of knowledge hurl'd
Sin, death, and ignorance, o'er all the world;
That sun like this (from which our sight we
have)

Gaz'd on too long, resumes the light he gave;
And when thick mists of doubts obscure his
beams,

Our guide is error, and our visions dreams;
'Twas no false heraldry when madness drew
Her pedigree from those who too much knew;
Who in deep mines for hidden knowledge toils,
Like guns o'ercharged, breaks, misses, or re-
coils;

When subtle wits have spun their thread too fine,
'Tis weak and fragile, like Arachne's line:
True piety, without cessation tost
By theories, the practic part is lost,
And, like a ball, bandy'd 'twixt pride and wit,
Rather than yield, both sides the prize will quit;
Then whilst his foe each gladiator foils,
The atheist looking on, enjoys the spoils.
Through seas of knowledge we our course ad-
vance,

Discovering still new worlds of ignorance;
And these discoveries make us all confess
That sublunary science is but guess;
Matters of fact to man are only known,
And what seems more is mere opinion;
The standers-by see clearly this event,
All parties say they're sure, yet all dissent!

With their new light our bold inspectors press,
 Like Cham, to shew their father's nakedness;
 By whose example, after-ages may
 Discover we more naked are than they;
 All human wisdom to divine is folly;
 This truth the wisest man made melancholy;
 Hope, or belief, or guess, gives some relief,
 But to be sure we are deceiv'd, brings grief:
 Who thinks his wife is virtuous, tho' not so,
 Is pleas'd and patient till the truth he know.
 Our God, when heav'n and earth he did create,
 Form'd man, who should of both participate;
 If our lives motions theirs must imitate,
 Our knowledge, like our blood, must circulate.
 When, like a bridegroom, from the east the sun
 Sets forth, he thither, whence he came, doth run;
 Into earth's spongy veins the ocean sinks,
 Those rivers to replenish which he drinks;
 So Learning, which from Reason's fountain
 springs,
 Back to the source some secret channel brings.
 'Tis happy when our streams of knowledge
 flow
 To fill their banks, but not to overthrow.

§ 81. *The Conversation. A Tale.* PRIOR.

IT always has been thought discreet,
 To know the company you meet;
 And sure there may be secret danger
 In talking much before a stranger.
 "Agreed: What then?" Then drink your ale;
 I'll pledge you, and repeat my tale:
 No matter where the scene is fixt:
 The persons were but oddly mixt;
 When sober Damon thus began
 (And Damon is a clever man)
 "I now grow old; but still, from youth,
 "Have held for Modesty and Truth.
 "The men who by these sea-marks steer,
 "In life's great voyage never err:
 "Upon this point I dare defy
 "The world. I pause for a reply."

"Sir, either is a good assistant,"
 Said one who sat a little distant:
 "Truth decks our speeches and our books;
 "And Modesty adorns our looks:
 "But farther progress we must make;
 "Not only born to look and speak:
 "The man must act. The Stagyrite
 "Says thus, and says extremely right:
 "Strict justice is the sovereign guide
 "That o'er our actions should preside:
 "This Queen of Virtues is confess'd
 "To regulate and bind the rest.
 "Thrice happy, if you once can find
 "Her equal balance poise your mind:
 "All different graces soon will enter,
 "Like lines concurrent to their center."

'Twas thus, in short, these two went on,
 With *Yea* and *Nay*, and *Pro* and *Con*.
 Thro' many points divinely dark,
 And Waterland assailing Clarke;
 Till, in theology half-lost,
 Damon took up the Evening-Post;
 Confounded Spain, compos'd the North,
 And, deep in politics, held forth:

"Methinks we're in the like condition,
 "As at the Treaty of Partition:
 "That stroke, for all King William's care,
 "Begot another tedious war.
 "Matthew, who knew the whole intrigue,
 "Ne'er much approv'd that mystic league:
 "In the vile Utrecht Treaty too,
 "Poor man! he found enough to do.
 "Sometimes to me he did apply;
 "But Downright Dunstable was I,
 "And told him where they were mistaken,
 "And counsell'd him to save his bacon:
 "But (pass his politics and prose)
 "I never herded with his foes;
 "Nay, in his verses, as a friend,
 "I still found something to commend.
 "Sir, I excus'd his Nut-brown Maid,
 "Whate'er severer critics said:

" Too far, I own, the girl was try'd :

" The women all were on my side.

" For Alma I return'd him thanks ;

" I lik'd her with her little pranks :

" Indeed, poor Solomon in rhyme

" Was much too grave to be sublime."

Pindar and Damon scorn transition,
So on he ran a new division ;

Till, out of breath, he turn'd to spit :

(Chance often helps us more than wit.)

T'other that lucky moment took,

Just nick'd the time, broke in, and spoke.

' Of all the gifts the gods afford

' (If we may take old Tully's word)

' The greatest is a friend ; whose love

' Knows how to praise, and when reprove :

' From such a treasure never part,

' But hang the jewel on your heart :

' And pray, Sir (it delights me) tell ;

' You know this Author mighty well."

" Know him ! d'ye question it ? Ods-fish !

" Sir, does a beggar know his dish ?

" I lov'd him ; as I told you, I

" Advis'd him—" Here a stander-by

Twitch'd Damon gently by the cloke,

And thus, unwilling, silence broke :

' Damon, 'tis time we should retire :

' The man you talk with is Mat. Prior.'

Patron thro' life, and from my birth my friend,

Dorset ! to thee this Fable let me send ;

With Damon's lightness weigh thy solid worth :

The foil is known to set the diamond forth :

Let the feign'd Tale this real moral give,

How *many* Damons, how *few* Dorsets, live !

82. Hymn to Darknesh. YALDEN.

DARKNESS, thou first great parent of us all,

Thou art our great original ;

Since from thy universal womb

Does all thou shad'st below, thy numerous off-
spring come.

Thy wond'rous birth is ev'n to Time unknown:

Or, like Eternity, thou'dst none ;

While Light did its first being owe

Unto that awful shade it dares to rival now.

Say, in what distant region dost thou dwell,

To Reason inaccessible ?

From form and duller matter free,

Thou soar'st above the reach of man's philosophy.

Involv'd in thee, we first receive our breath,

Thou art our refuge too in death :

Great Monarch of the grave and womb,

Where'er our souls shall go, to thee our bodies

come.

The silent globe is struck with awful fear

When thy majestic shades appear :

Thou dost compose the air and sea ;

And Earth a Sabbath keeps, sacred to rest and

thee.

In thy serener shades our ghosts delight,

And court the umbrage of the night ;

In vaults and gloomy caves they stray,

But fly the morning beams, and sicken at the

day.

Though solid bodies dare exclude the light,

Nor will the brightest ray admit ;

No substance can thy force repel, [dwell.

Thou reign'st in depths below, dost in the centre

The sparkling gems, and ore in mines below,

To thee their beauteous lustre owe ;

Tho' form'd within the womb of night,

Bright as their fire they shine with native rays of

light.

When thou dost raise thy venerable head,

And art in genuine night array'd,

Thy negro beauties then delight ;

Beauties, like polish'd jet, with their own

darknesh bright.

Thou dost thy smiles impartially bestow,

And know'st no difference here below :

All things appear the same by thee,
Though light distinction makes, — thou giv'st
equality.

Thou, Darkneſs, art the lover's kind retreat,
And doſt the nuptial joys complete;
Thou doſt inſpire them with thy ſhade,
Giv'ſt vigour to the youth, — and warm'ſt the
yielding maid.

Calm as the bleſſ'd above, the Anch'rites dwell
Within their peaceful gloomy cell;
Their minds with heav'nly joys are fill'd;
The pleaſures Light deny, thy ſhades for ever
yield.

In caves of night, the oracles of old
Did all their myſteries unfold:
Darkneſs did firſt religion grace, [place.
Gave terrors to the God, — and rev'rence to the

When the Almighty did on Horeb ſtand,
Thy ſhades incloſ'd the hallow'd land;
In clouds of light he was array'd,
And venerable darkneſs his pavilion made.

When he appear'd arm'd in his power and might,
He veil'd the beatific light;
When terrible with majeſty,
In tempeſts he gave laws, and clad himſelf in thee.

Ere the foundation of the earth was laid,
Or brighter firmament was made;
Ere matter, time, or place was known,
Thou, Monarch Darkneſs, — ſway'ſt theſe ſpa-
cious realms alone.

But now the moon (tho' gay with borrow'd light)
Invades thy ſcanty lot of Night:
By rebel ſubjects thou'rt betray'd,
The anarchy of ſtars depoſe their monarch, ſhade.

Yet fading light its empire muſt reſign,
And Nature's pow'r ſubmit to thine:
An univerſal ruin ſhall erect thy throne,
And Fate confirm thy kingdom ever more thy
own.

§ 83. *Of the Characters of Women.* POPE.

Epistle to a Lady.

NOTHING ſo true as what you once let fall,
“ Moſt women have no characters at all.”
Matter too ſoft a laſting mark to bear,
And beſt diſtinguiſh'd by black, brown, or fair.
How many pictures of one nymph we view,
All how unlike each other, all how true!
Arcadia's Counteſs, here, in ermin'd pride,
Is there, Paſtora, by a fountain ſide.
Here Fannia, leering on her own good man;
And there, a naked Leda with a ſwan.
Let then the fair one beautifully cry,
In Magdalene's looſe hair and liſted eye,
Or dreſt in ſmiles of ſweet Cecilia ſhine,
With ſimp'ring angels, palms, and harps divine;
Whether the charmer ſinner it or ſaint it,
If folly grow romantic, I muſt paint it.

Come then, the colours and the ground pre-
Dip in the rainbow, trick her off in air; [pare;
Chuſe a firm cloud before it fall, and in it
Catch, ere ſhe change, the Cynthia of this minute.

Ruſa, whoſe eye, quick glancing o'er the Park,
Attracts each light gay meteor of a ſpark,
Agrees as ill with Ruſa ſtudiſing Locke,
As Sappho's di'monds with her dirty ſmock;
Or Sappho at her toilet's greaſy taſk,
With Sappho fragrant at an ev'ning maſk:
So morning inſects, that in muſk begun,
Shine, buzz, and flyblow in the ſetting ſun.

How ſoft is Silia! fearful to offend;
The frail one's advocate, the weak one's friend!
To her, Caliſta prov'd her conduct nice;
And good Simplicius aſks of her advice.
Sudden, ſhe ſtorms! ſhe raves! You tip the wink,
But ſpare your cenſure; Silia does not drink.
All eyes may ſee from what the change aroſe;
All eyes may ſee — a pimple on her noſe.

Papillia, wedded to her am'rous ſpark,
Sighs for the ſhades — ‘How charming is a park!’
A park

A park is purchas'd, but the fair he sees
All bath'd in tears—' Oh odious, odious trees !'

Ladies, like variegated tulips, show
'Tis to their changes half their charms we owe;
Fine by defect, and delicately weak,
Their happy spots their nice admirer take.
'Twas thus Calypso once each heart alarm'd,
Aw'd without virtue, without beauty charm'd;
Her tongue bewitch'd as oddly as her eyes;
Less wit than mimic, more a wit than wise;
Strange graces still, and stranger flights she had,
Was just not ugly, and was just not mad;
Yet ne'er so sure our passion to create,
As when she touch'd the brink of all we hate.

Narcissa's nature, tolerably mild,
To make a wash would hardly stew a child !
Has ev'n been prov'd to grant a lover's pray'r,
And pay'd a tradesman once, to make him stare !
Gave alms at Easter, in a Christian trim,
And made a widow happy for a whim !
Why then declare good-nature is her scorn,
When 'tis by that alone she can be borne ?
Why pique all mortals, yet affect a name ?
A fool to pleasure, yet a slave to fame :
Now deep in Taylor and the Book of Martyrs,
Now drinking citron with his Grace and Charters :
Now conscience chills her, and now passion burns ;
And atheism and religion take their turns ;
A very heathen in the carnal part,
Yet still a sad good Christian at her heart.

See Sin in state majestically drunk ;
Proud as a peeress, prouder as a punk ;
Chaste to her husband, frank to all beside,
A teeming mistress, but a barren bride.
What then ? Let blood and body bear the fault,
Her head's untouch'd, that noble seat of thought ;
Such this day's doctrine—in another fit
She sins with poets, thro' pure love of wit.
What has not fir'd her bosom, or her brain ?
Cæsar and Tallboy, Charles and Charlemaine.
As Helluo, late dictator of the feast,
The nose of Haut-gout, and the tip of taste,

Critiqu'd your wine, and analyz'd your meat :
Yet on plain pudding deign'd at home to eat,
So Philomede, leet'ring all mankind
On the soft passion and the taste refin'd,
Th'address, the delicacy, stoops at once,
And makes her hearty meal upon a dunce.

Flavia's a wit, has too much sense to pray ;
To toast our wants and wishes is her way ;
Nor asks of God, but of her stars, to give
The mighty blessing, " while we live, to live."
Then all for death, that opiate of the soul !
Lucretia's dagger, Rosamonda's bowl.
Say, what can cause such impotence of mind ?
A spark too fickle, or a spouse too kind.
Wife wretch ! with pleasures too refin'd to please ;
With too much spirit to be e'er at ease ;
With too much quickness ever to be taught ;
With too much thinking to have common
thought ;

You purchase Pain with all that Joy can give,
And die of nothing but a rage to live.

Turn then from wits ; — and look on Simo's
Mate ;

No ass so meek, no ass so obstinate.
Or her that owns her faults, but never mends,
Because she's honest, and the best of friends.
Or her whose life the church and scandal share,
For ever in a passion, or a pray'r.
Or her, who laughs at hell, but (like her Grace)
Cries, " Ah how charming, if there's no such
Or who in sweet vicissitude appears [place !"
Of mirth and opium, ratifie and tears,
The daily anodyne, and nightly draught,
To kill those foes to fair ones, time and thought ;
Woman and fool are too hard things to hit ;
For true no-meaning puzzles more than wit.

But what are these to great Atossa's mind ?
Scarce once herself, by turns all womankind !
Who, with herself, or others, from her birth
Finds all her life one warfare upon earth :
Shines in exposing knaves, and painting fools,
Yet is whate'er she hates and ridicules.

No thought advances, but her eddy brain
 Whisks it about, and down it goes again.
 Full sixty years the world has been her trade;
 The wisest fool much time has ever made.
 From loveless youth to unrespected age,
 No passion gratify'd, except her rage,
 So much the fury still outran the wit,
 The pleasure mis'd her, and the scandal hit.
 Who breaks with her provokes revenge from
 But he's a bolder man who dares be well. [Hell;
 Her ev'ry turn with violence pursu'd,
 No more a storm her hate than gratitude:
 To that each passion turns, or soon or late;
 Love, if it makes her yield, must make her hate:
 Superiors! death! and equals! what a curse!
 But an inferior not dependant! worse.
 Offend her, and she knows not to forgive;
 Oblige her, and she'll hate you while you live:
 But die, and she'll adore you—Then the bust
 And temple rise—then fall again to dust.
 Last night her lord was all that's good and great;
 A knave this morning, and his Will a cheat.
 Strange! by the means defeated of the ends,
 By spirit robb'd of Pow'r, by warmth of friends,
 By wealth of follow'rs! without one distress
 Sick of herself, thro' very selfishness!
 Atossa, curs'd with ev'ry granted pray'r,
 Childless with all her children, wants an heir.
 To heirs unknown descends th'unguarded store,
 Or wanders, Heav'n-directed, to the poor.

Pictures, like these, dear Madam, to design,
 Ask no firm hand, and no unerring line;
 Some wand'ring touches, some reflected light,
 Some flying stroke alone can hit 'em right:
 For how should equal colours do the knack?
 Cameleons who can paint in white and black?

'Yet Chloe sure was form'd without a spot.'
 Nature in her then err'd not, but forgot.
 With ev'ry pleasing, ev'ry prudent part,
 Say, what can Chloe want?—She wants a heart.
 She speaks, behaves, and acts just as she ought;
 But never, never, reach'd one generous thought.

Virtue she finds too painful an endeavour;
 Content to dwell in decencies for ever.
 So very reasonable, so unmov'd,
 As never yet to love, or to be lov'd.
 She, while her lover pants upon her breast,
 Can mark the figures on an Indian chest;
 And when she sees her friend in deep despair,
 Observes how much a chintz exceeds mohair!
 Forbid it Heav'n, a favour or a debt
 She e'er should cancel—but she may forget.
 Safe is your secret still in Chloe's ear;
 But none of Chloe's shall you ever hear.
 Of all her dears she never slander'd one,
 But cares not if a thousand are undone.
 Would Chloe know if you're alive or dead?
 She bids her footman put it in her head.
 Chloe—is prudent—Would you too be wise?
 Then never break your heart when Chloe dies.
 One certain portrait may (I grant) be seen,
 Which Heav'n has varnish'd out and made a
 Queen:

The same for ever! and describ'd by all
 With truth and goodness, as with crown and ball.
 Poets heap virtues, painters gems at will,
 And shew their zeal, and hide their want of skill.
 'Tis well—but artists! who can paint or write,
 To draw the naked is your true delight.
 That robe of quality so struts and swells,
 None see what parts of nature it conceals:
 Th'exactest traits of body or of mind,
 We owe to models of an humble kind.
 If Queenberry to strip there's no compelling,
 'Tis from a handmaid we must take an Helen.
 From Peer to Bishop 'tis no easy thing
 To draw the man who loves his God or King:
 Alas! I copy (or my draught would fail)
 From honest Mah'met, or plain Parson Hale.

But grant, in public, Men sometimes are
 shown,

A Woman's seen in private life alone:
 Our bolder talents in full light display'd;
 Your virtues open fairest in the shade.

Bred

Bred to disguise, in public 'tis you hide;
There, none distinguish 'twixt your shame or pride,
Weakness or delicacy; all so nice,
That each may seem a virtue or a vice.

In Men we various ruling passions find;
In Women, two almost divide the kind;
Those, only fix'd, they first or last obey
The love of pleasure and the love of sway.

That Nature gives; — and where the lesson
taught

Is but to please, can pleasure seem a fault?
Experience, this; by Man's oppression curst,
They seek the second not to lose the first.

Men, some to bus'ness, some to pleasure take;
But ev'ry Woman is at heart a rake:

Men, some to quiet, some to public strife;

But ev'ry Lady would be queen for life.

Yet mark the fate of a whole sex of queens!

Pow'r all their end, but beauty all the means:

In youth they conquer with so wild a rage,
As leaves them scarce a subject in their age:

For foreign glory, foreign joy they roam;

No thought of peace or happiness at home.

But wisdom's triumph is well tim'd retreat,

As hard a science to the fair as great!

Beauties, like tyrants, old and friendless grown,

Yet hate repose, and dread to be alone.

Worn out in public, weary ev'ry eye,

Nor leave one sigh behind them when they die.

Pleasures the sex, as children birds, pursue;

Still out reach, yet never out of view;

Sure, if they catch, to spoil the toy at most,

To covet flying, and regret when lost:

At last, to follies youth could scarce defend,

It grows their age's prudence to pretend;

Asham'd to own they gave delight before,

Reduc'd to feign it when they give no more:

As hags hold Sabbaths, less for joy than spight,

So these their merry, miserable night;

Still round and round the ghosts of beauty glide,

And haunt the places where their honour dy'd.

See how the world its veterans rewards:

A youth of frolics, an old age of cards;

Fair to no purpose, artful to no end,

Young without lovers, old without a friend;

A sop for their passion, but their prize a sot,

Alive, ridiculous—and dead, forgot!

Ah! friend! to dazzle let the vain design;

To raise the thought, and touch the heart be
thine!

That charm shall grow, while what fatigues the
ring,

Flaunts and goes down an unregarded thing:

So when the Sun's broad beam has tir'd the
fight,

All mild ascends the Moon's more sober light;

Serene in virgin modesty she shines,

And, unobserv'd, the glaring orb declines.

Oh! blest with temper, whose unclouded ray

Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day;

She who can love a sister's charms, or hear

Sighs for a daughter with unwounded ear;

She who ne'er answers till a husband cools;

Or, if she rules him, never shews she rules;

Charms by accepting, by submitting sways,

Yet has her humour most when she obeys:

Let sops or fortune fly which way they will;

Disdains all loss of tickets, or codille;

Spleen, vapours, or small-pox, above them all,

And mistress of herself, tho' china fall.

And yet, believe me, good as well as ill,

Woman's at best a contradiction still.

Heav'n, when it strives to polish all it can,

Its last best work, but forms a softer man;

Picks from each sex, to make the fav'rite blest,

Your love of pleasure, our desire of rest:

Blends, in exception to all gen'ral rules,

Your taste of follies with our scorn of fools:

Reserve with frankness, art with truth ally'd,

Courage with softness, modesty with pride;

Fix'd principles, with fancy ever new:

Shakes all together, and produces—You.

Be

Be this a Woman's fame; with this unblest,
 Toasts live a scorn, and queens may die a jest.
 This Phoebus promis'd (I forget the year)
 When those blue eyes first open'd on the sphere;
 Ascendant Phoebus watch'd that hour with care,
 Averted half your parents simple pray'r;
 And gave you beauty, but deny'd the self
 That buys your sex a tyrant o'er itself.
 The gen'rous God, who wit and gold refines,
 And ripens spirits as he ripens mines,
 Kept dross for ducheesses, the world shall know it,
 To you gave sense, good humour, and a Poet.

§ 84. *To the Memory of Sir Isaac Newton.*

THOMSON.

Inscribed to the Right Hon. Sir Robert Walpole.

SHALL the great soul of Newton quit this
 earth
 To mingle with the stars; and ev'ry Muse,
 Astonish'd into silence, shun the weight
 Of honours due to his illustrious name;
 But what can man?—Ev'n now the sons of light,
 In strains high-warbled to seraphic lyre,
 Hail his arrival on the coast of bliss.
 Yet am I not deterr'd, though high the theme,
 And sung to harps of angels; for with you,
 Ethereal flames! ambitious I aspire
 In Nature's general symphony to join.

And what new wonders can you shew your
 guest?

Who, while on this dim spot where mortals toil,
 Clouded in dust, from motion's simple laws,
 Could trace the secret hand of Providence;
 Wide-working through this universal frame!

Have ye not listen'd, while he bound the suns
 And planets to their spheres! th' unequal task
 Of human-kind till then. Oft had they roll'd
 O'er erring man the year, and oft disgrac'd
 The pride of schools, before their course was
 Pull in its causes and effects, to him, [known.

All-piercing sage! who sat not down and dream'd
 Romantic schemes, defended by the din
 Of specious words and tyranny of names;
 But, bidding his amazing mind attend,
 And with heroic patience, years on years
 Deep searching, saw at last the system dawn,
 And shine of all his race on him alone!
 What were his raptures then! how pure! how
 strong!

And what the triumphs of old Greece and Rome,
 By his diminish'd, but the pride of boys
 In some small fray victorious! when (instead
 Of shatter'd parcels of this earth usurp'd
 By violence unmanly, and fore deeds
 Of cruelty and blood) Nature herself
 Stood all subdu'd by him, and open laid
 Her ev'ry latent glory to his view!
 All intellectual eye, our solar round
 First gazing thro', he by the blendid pow'r
 Of Gravitation and Projection, saw
 The whole in silent harmony revolve.
 From unassisted vision hid, the moons
 To cheer remoter planets numerous form'd,
 By him in all their mingled tracts were seen.
 He also fix'd our wand'ring queen of night:
 Whether she wanes into a scanty orb,
 Or, waxing broad, with her pale shadowy light
 In a soft deluge overflows the sky.
 Her ev'ry motion, clear discerning, He
 Adjusted to the mutual main, and taught
 Whv now the mighty mass of water swells
 Resistless, heaving on the broken rocks,
 And the full river turning; till again
 The tide revertive, unattracted, leaves
 A yellow waste of idle sand behind.

Then breaking hence, he took his ardent flight
 Thro' the blue infinite; and ev'ry star
 Which the clear concave of a winter's night
 Pours on the eye, or astronomic tube,
 Far stretching, snatches from the dark abyss,
 Or such as farther in successive skies
 To fancy shine alone, at his approach

Blaz

Blaz'd into suns, the living centre each
Of an harmonious system all combin'd,
And rul'd unerring by that single pow'r
Which draws the stone projected to the ground.

O unprofuse magnificence divine!
O wisdom truly perfect! thus to call
From a few causes such a scheme of things,
Effects so various, beautiful, and great,
An universe complete! and, O belov'd
Of Heav'n, whose well purg'd penetrative eye,
The mystic veil transpiercing, inly scan'd
The rising, moving, wide-establish'd frame!
He, first of men, with awful wing pursu'd
The comet thro' the long elliptic curve,
As round innum'rous worlds he wound his way;
Till to the forehead of our ev'ning sky
Return'd, the blazing wonder glares anew,
And o'er the trembling nations shakes dismay.

The heav'ns are all his own; from the wild
Of whirling vortices, and circling spheres, [rule
To their first great simplicity restor'd.
The schools astonish'd stood; but found it vain
To combat still with demonstration strong,
And, unawaken'd, dream beneath the blaze
Of truth. At once their pleasing visions fled.
With the gay shadows of the morning mix'd,
When Newton rose, our philosophic sun.

The aerial flow of sound was known to him,
From whence at first in wavy circles breaks,
Till the touch'd Organ takes the message in.
Nor could the darting beam, of speed immense,
Escape his swift pursuit, and measuring eye?
Ev'n Light itself, which ev'ry thing displays,
Shone undiscov'rd till his brighter mind
Untwisted all the shining robe of day;
And from the whit'ning undistinguish'd blaze,
Collecting ev'ry ray into his kind.
To the charm'd eye educ'd the gorgeous train
Of parent colours. First, the flaming red
Sprung vivid forth; the tawny orange next;
And next delicious yellow, by whose side

Fell the kind beams of all-refreshing green;
Then the pure blue, that swells autumnal skies,
Ethereal play'd; and then, of sadder hue,
Emerg'd the deepen'd indico, as when
The heavy-skirted ev'ning droops with frost.
While the last gleamings of refracted light
Dy'd in the fainting violet away,
These when the clouds distil the rosy show'r,
Shine out distinct adown the wat'ry bow;
While o'er our heads the dewy vision bends
Delightful, melting on the fields beneath.
Myriads of mingling dyes from these result,
And myriads still remain—Infinite source
Of beauty ever-flushing! ever new!
Did ever poet image aught so fair,
Dreaming in whisp'ring groves by the hoarse
brook!

Or prophet, to whose rapture heav'n descends;
Even now the setting sun and shifting clouds,
Seen, Greenwich, from thy lovely heights, de-
clare

How just, how beauteous, the refractive law!

The noiseless tide of time, all bearing down
To vast eternity's unbounded sea,
Where the green islands of the happy shine,
He stemm'd alone: and to the source (involv'd
Deep in primæval gloom) ascending, rais'd
His lights at equal distances, to guide
Historian, wilder'd on his darksome way.

But who can number up his labours? who
His high discoveries sing! when but a few
Of the deep-studying race can stretch their minds
To what he knew: in fancy's lighter thought
How shall the muse then grasp the mighty theme?

What wonder thence that his devotion swell'd
Responsive to his knowledge! for could he,
Whose piercing mental eye diffusive saw
The finish'd university of things,
In all its order, magnitude, and parts,
Forbear incessant to adore that Pow'r
Who fills, sustains, and actuates the whole?

Say,

Say, ye who best can tell, ye happy few
Who saw him in the softest lights of life,
All unwithheld, indulging to his friends
The vast unborrow'd treasures of his mind,
Oh speak the wond'reous man! how mild, how
calm!

How greatly humble, how divinely good!
How firm establish'd on eternal truth;
Fervent in doing well, with ev'ry nerve
Still pressing on, forgetful of the past,
And panting for perfection: far above
Those little cares and visionary joys
That so perplex the fond impassion'd heart
Of ever-cheated ever-trusting man!
And you, ye hopeless gloomy-minded tribe,
You, who unconscious of those nobler flights
That reach impatient at immortal life,
Against the prime endearing privilege
Of being dare contend, say, can a soul
Of such extensive, deep, tremendous powers,
Enlarging still, be but a finer breath
Of spirits dancing thro' their tubes a while,
And then for ever lost in vacant air?

But hark! methinks I hear a warning voice,
Solemn as when some awful change is come,
Sound thro' the world—" 'Tis done! the mea-
" sure's full, [stones,

" And I resign my charge."—Ye mould'ring
That build the tow'ring pyramid, the proud
Triumphal arch, the monument effac'd
By ruthless ruin, and whate'er supports
The worshipp'd name of hoar Antiquity,
Down to the dust! what grandeur can ye boast,
While Newton lifts his column to the skies,
Beyond the waste of time. Let no weak drop
Be shed for him. The virgin in her bloom
Cut off, the joyous youth, and darling child,
These are the tombs that claim the tender tear
And elegiac song. But Newton calls
For other notes of gratulation high.
That now he wanders thro' those endless worlds

He here so well descry'd, and, wond'ring, talks
And hymns their Author with his glad compeers

O Britain's boast! whether with angels thou
Sittest in dread discourse, or fellow-blest,
Who joy to see the honour of their kind;
Or whether mounted on cherubic wing,
Thy swift career is with the whirling orbs,
Comparing things with things, in rapture lost,
And grateful adoration, for that light
So plenteous ray'd into thy mind below,
From Light himself—Oh look with pity down
On human kind, a frail erroneous race!
Exalt the spirit of a downward world!
O'er thy dejected country chief preside,
And be her Genius call'd; her studies raise,
Correct her manners, and inspire her youth.
For, though depriv'd and sunk she brought thee
forth,

And glories in thy name, she points thee out
To all her sons, and bids them eye thy star:
While in expectation of thy second life,
When time shall be no more, thy sacred dust
Sleeps with her kings, and dignifies the scene.

§ 85. *The Pulpit the Engine of Reformation.*

COWPER.

THE pulpit therefore (and I name it, fill'd
With solemn awe, that bids me well beware
With what intent I touch the holy thing)
The pulpit (when the sat'rist has at last,
Strutting and vap'ring in an empty school,
Spent all his force and made no proselyte)
I say the pulpit (in the sober use
Of its legitimate peculiar pow'rs) [stand,
Must stand acknowledg'd, while the world shall
The most important and effectual guard,
Support, and ornament, of virtue's cause.
There stands the messenger of truth; there stands
The legate of the skies: his theme divine,
His office sacred, his credentials clear.

By

By him the violated law speaks out
Its thunders; and by him, in strains as sweet
As angels use, the gospel whispers peace.
He establishes the strong, restores the weak,
Reclaims the wand'rer, binds the broken heart,
And, arm'd himself in panoply complete
Of heav'nly temper, furnishes with arms
Bright as his own, and trains by ev'ry rule
Of holy discipline, to glorious war,
The sacramental host of God's elect.

§ 86. *Ode to Melancholy.* OGILVIE.

HAIL, queen of thought sublime? propitious
power,
Who o'er th'unbounded waste art joy'd to roam,
Led by the moon, when at the midnight hour
Her pale rays tremble thro' the dusky gloom.
O bear me, goddess, to thy peaceful seat!
Whether to Hecla's cloud-wrapt brow convey'd,
Or lodg'd where mountains screen thy deep retreat,
Or wand'ring wild thro' Chili's boundless shade,
Say, rove thy steps o'er Lybia's naked waste?
Or seek some distant solitary shore?
Or on the Andes' topmost mountain plac'd,
Dost sit, and hear the solemn thunder roar?
Fix'd on some hanging rock's projected brow,
Hear'st thou low murmurs from the distant dome?
Or stray thy feet where pale dejected Woe
Pours her long wail from some lamented tomb?
Hark! yon deep echo strikes the trembling ear!
See night's dun curtain wraps the darksome pole!
O'er heav'n's blue arch yon rolling worlds appear,
And rouse to solemn thought th'aspiring soul.
O lead my steps, beneath the moon's dim ray,
Where Tadmor stands all-desart and alone!
While from her time-shook tow'rs, the bird of
prey [man.
Sounds through the night her long-resounding

Or bear me far to yon dark dismal plain,
Where fell-ey'd tigers, all athirst for blood,
Howl to the desert; while the horrid train
Roams o'er the wild where once great Babel
stood!

That queen of nations! whose superior call
Rous'd the broad East, and bid her arms destroy!
When warm'd to mirth, let judgment mark her
And deep reflection dash the lip of joy. [fall,

Short is ambition's gay deceitful dream;
Though wreaths of blooming laurel bind her
brow,

Calm thought dispels the visionary scheme,
And Time's cold breath dissolves the withering
bough.

Slow as some miner saps th'aspiring tow'r,
When working secret with destructive aim;
Unseen, unheard, thus moves the stealing hour,
But works the fall of empire, pomp, and name.

Then let thy pencil mark the traits of man;
Full in the draught be keen-ey'd Hope pour-
tray'd:

Let fluttering Cupids crowd the growing plan:
Then give one touch and dash it deep with shade.

Beneath the plume that flames with glancing
rays

Be Care's deep engine on the soul impress'd;
Beneath the helmet's keen refulgent blaze
Let Grief sit pining in the canker'd breast.

Let Love's gay sons, a smiling train, appear,
With Beauty pierc'd—yet heedless of the dart:
While, closely couched, pale sick'ning Envy
near

Whets her fell sting, and points it at the heart.

Perch'd like a raven on some blasted yew,
Let Guilt revolve the thought-distracting sin;
Scar'd—while her eyes survey th'ethereal blue.
Let Heav'n's strong, lightning burst the dark
within.

Than

Then paint, impending o'er the madd'ning deep,
That rock, where heart-struck Sappho, vainly
brave,

Stood firm of soul; then from the dizzy steep
Impetuous sprung, and dash'd the boiling wave.

Here, wrapt in studious thought, let Fancy rove,
Still prompt to mark Suspicion's secret snare;
To see where Anguish nips the bloom of Love,
Or trace proud Grandeur to the Domes of Care.

Should e'er Ambition's tow'ring hopes inflame,
Let judging Reason draw the veil aside;
Or, fir'd with envy at some mighty name,
Read o'er the monument that tells—He dy'd.

What are the ensigns of imperial sway?
What all that Fortune's lib'ral hand has
brought?

Teach they the voice to pour a sweeter lay?
Or rouse the soul to more exalted thought?

When bleeds the heart as Genius blooms un-
known?

When melts the eye o'er Virtue's mournful
bier?

Not Wealth, but Pity, swells the bursting groan,
Not Pow'r, but whisp'ring Nature, prompts the
tear.

Say, gentle mourner, in yon mouldy vault,
Where the worm fattens on some scepter'd brow,
Beneath that roof with sculptur'd marble fraught,
Why sleeps unmov'd the breathless dust below?

Sleeps it more sweetly than the simple swain,
Beneath some mossy turf that rests his head?
Where the lone widow tells the night her pain,
And eve with dewy tears embalms the dead.

The lily, screen'd from ev'ry ruder gale,
Courts not the cultur'd spot where roses spring:
But blows neglected in the peaceful vale,
And scents the zephyr's balmy breathing wing.

The busts of grandeur and the pomp of pow'r,
Can these bid Sorrow's gushing tears subside?
Can these avail in that tremendous hour,
When Death's cold hand congeals the purple
tide!

Ah no! the mighty names are heard no more:
Pride's thought sublime, and Beauty's kindling
bloom,

Serve but to sport one flying moment o'er,
And swell with pompous verse the scutcheon'd
tomb.

For me—my Passion ne'er my soul invade,
Nor be the whims of tow'ring Frenzy giv'n;
Let Wealth ne'er court me from the peaceful
shade,

Where Contemplation wings the soul to Heav'n!

O guard me safe from Joy's enticing snare!
With each extreme that Pleasure tries to hide,
The poison'd breath of slow-consuming Care,
The noise of Folly, and the dreams of Pride.

But oft, when midnight's sadly solemn knell
Sounds long and distant from the sky-topp'd tow'r,
Calm let me sit in Prosper's lonely cell*,
Or walk with Milton thro' the dark obscure.

Thus, when the transient dream of life is fled,
May some sad friend recall the former years,
Then stretch'd in silence o'er my dusty bed,
Pour the warm gush of sympathetic tears!

§ 87. *Imitation of Dr. Swift.* POPE.

THE HAPPY LIFE OF A COUNTRY PARSON.

PARSON, these things in thy possessing
Are better than the Bishop's blessing.
A Wife that makes preserves; a Steed
That carries double when there's need:
October store, and best Virginia,
Tythe Pig and Mortuary Guinea:

* See Shakespeare's *Tempest*.

Gazettes sent gratis down, and frank'd,
 For which thy patron's weekly thank'd;
 A large Concordance, bound long since;
 Sermons to Charles the First when Prince:
 A Chronicle of ancient standing;
 A Chrysostom to smooth thy band in.
 The Polyglott—three parts,—my next,
 Howbeit,—likewise—now to my text.
 Lo, here the Septuagint,—and Paul,
 To sum the whole,—the close of all.

He that has these, may pass his life,
 Drink with the 'Squire, and kiss his Wife;
 On Sundays preach, and eat his fill;
 And fast on Fridays—if he will:
 Toast Church and Queen, explain the News,
 Talk with Churchwardens about pews,
 Pray heartily for some new Gift,
 And shake his head at Dr. Swift.

§ 88. *The Petit-Maitre Clergyman.* COWPER.

I VENERATE the man whose heart is warm,
 Whose hands are pure, whose doctrine and
 whose life,
 Coincident, exhibit lucid proof
 That he is honest in the sacred cause.
 To such I render more than mere respect,
 Whose actions say that they respect themselves.
 But loose in morals, and in manners vain,
 In conversation frivolous, in dress
 Extreme, at once rapacious and profuse;
 Frequent in park with lady at his side,
 Ambling and prattling scandal as he goes,
 But rare at home, and never at his books
 Or with his pen, save when he scrawls a card;
 Constant at routs, familiar with a round
 Of ladyships, a stranger to the poor;
 Ambitious of preferment for its gold,
 And well prepar'd by ignorance and sloth,
 By infidelity and love o'th'world,
 To make God's work a sinecure: a slave

To his own pleasures and his patron's pride—
 From such apostles, oh, ye mitred heads,
 Preserve the church, and lay not careless hands
 On sculls that cannot teach, and will not learn.

§ 89. *Father Francis's Prayer, in a Hermitage.*

NE gay attire, ne marble hall,
 Ne arched roof, ne pictur'd wall,
 Ne cook of Fraunce, ne dainty board,
 Bestow'd with pyes of perigord,
 Ne pow'r, ne such like idle fancies,
 Sweet Agnes! grant to Father Francis:
 Let me ne more myself deceive,
 Ne more regret the toys I leave.
 The world I quit, the proud, the vain,
 Corruption's and ambition's train,
 But not the good perdie! nor fair;
 'Gainst them I make ne vow, ne pray'r;
 But such aye welcome to my cell,
 And oft, not always, with me dwell:
 Then cast, sweet Saint! a circle round,
 And blest from fools this holy ground,
 From all the foes to worth and truth,
 From wanton old and homely youth,
 The gravely dull and perty gay:
 Oh! banish these; and by my fay
 Right well I ween, that in this age
 Mine house shall prove an hermitage.

§ 90. *Elegy occasioned by shooting a Blackbird
 on Valentine's Day.* WEST.

THE sun had chac'd the winter's snow,
 And kindly loos'd the frost-bound soil,
 The melting streams began to flow,
 And ploughmen urg'd their annual toil:
 'Twas then amid the vernal throng,
 Whom Nature wakes to mirth and love,
 A Blackbird rais'd his am'rous song,
 And thus it echo'd thro' the grove:

' O fairest

' O fairest of the feather'd train,
 ' For whom I sing, for whom I burn,
 ' Attend with pity to my strain,
 ' And grant my love a kind return !
 ' See, see, the winter's storms are flown,
 ' And Zephyrs gently fan the air !
 ' Let us the genial influence own,
 ' Let us the vernal pastime share.
 ' The raven plumes his jetty wing
 ' To please his croaking paramour,
 ' The larks responsive love-tales sing,
 ' And tell their passions as they soar :
 ' But trust me, Love ! the raven's wing
 ' Is not to be compar'd with mine,
 ' Nor can the lark so sweetly sing
 ' As I, who strength with sweetness join.
 ' With thee I'll prove the sweets of love,
 ' With thee divide the cares of life,
 ' No fonder husband in the grove,
 ' Nor none than thee a happier wife.
 ' I'll lead thee to the clearest rill
 ' Whose streams among the pebbles stray,
 ' There will we sit and sip our fill,
 ' Or on the flow'ry border play.
 ' I'll guide thee to the thickest brake
 ' Impervious to the school-boy's eye ;
 ' For thee the plaster'd nest I'll make,
 ' And on thy downy pinions lie.
 ' To get thee food I'll range the fields
 ' And cull the best of ev'ry kind,

' Whatever Nature's bounty yields,
 ' Or Love's assiduous care can find.
 ' And when my lovely mate would stray
 ' To taste the summer's sweets at large,
 ' At home I'll wait the livelong day,
 ' And tend at home our infant charge.
 ' When prompted by a mother's care
 ' Thy warmth shall form th' imprison'd young,
 ' With thee the task I'll fondly share,
 ' Or cheer thy labours with my song.'

He ceas'd his song : the melting dame
 With tender pity heard his strain ;
 She felt she own'd a mutual flame,
 And hasten'd to relieve his pain.

He led her to the nuptial bow'r,
 And nestled clotley to her side,
 The happiest bridegroom in that hour,
 And she the most enamour'd bride.

Next morn he wak'd her with a song—
 ' Arise, behold the newborn day !
 ' The lark his matten peal has rung ;
 ' Arise my Love ! and come away.'

Together thro' the fields they stray'd,
 And to the verdant riv'let's side,
 Renew'd their vows, and hopp'd and play'd
 With honest joy and decent pride.

But O ! my Muse with pain relates
 The mournful sequel of my tale ;
 Sent by an order of the Fates,
 A gunner met them in the vale.

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

EL

§ 1.

Celia.

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THE
POETICAL EPITOME;
OR,
ELEGANT EXTRACTS ABRIDGED, &c.

BOOK THIRD.
DRAMATIC,
CHIEFLY FROM SHAKESPEARE.

§ 1. AS YOU LIKE IT. SHAKESPEARE.

Fond Youthful Friendship.

Celia. OH my poor Rosalind, where wilt thou go? [mine—

Wilt thou change fathers? — I will give thee I charge thee, be not thou more griev'd than I.

Rosalind. I have more cause. [am.

Celia. Thou hast not, cousin, Pr'ythee be cheerful; know'st thou not the Duke Has banish'd me his daughter?

Rosalind. That he hath not. [the Jove

Celia. No? Hath not? Rosalind lacks then Which teacheth me that thou and I are one:

Shall we be sunder'd? Shall we part, sweet girl?

No, let my father seek another heir! Therefore devise with me how we may fly,

Whither to go, and what to bear with us;
And do not seek to take your change upon you,
To bear your griefs yourself, and leave me out:
For by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,
Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.

Solitude preferred to a Court Life, and the Advantages of Adversity.

Now my co-mates and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these
woods

More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
The season's difference; as the icy fang
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind;
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
M Even

Even till I shrink with cold. I smile and say,
 'This is no flattery;' these are counsellors
 That feelingly persuade me what I am.
 Sweet are the uses of adversity,
 Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
 Wears yet a precious jewel in his head:
 And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
 Finds tongues in trees, books in the running
 brooks,
 Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.
 I would not change it!

Amiens. Happy is your grace,
 That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
 Into so quiet and so sweet a style!

A Tender Petition and Reply.

Orlando. Speak you so gently? pardon me, I
 pray you:

I thought that all things had been savage here;
 And therefore put I on the countenance
 Of stern commandment. But whate'er you are,
 That in this desert inaccessible,
 Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
 Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time;
 If ever you have look'd on better days;
 If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church;
 If ever sat at any good man's feast;
 If ever from your eye-lids wip'd a tear,
 And know what 'tis to pity and be pity'd—
 Let gentleness my strong enforcement be;
 In the which hope I blush and hide my sword.

Duke. True it is that we have seen better days,
 And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church,
 And sat at good mens feasts; and wip'd our eyes
 Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd;
 And therefore sit you down in gentleness,
 And take, upon command, what help we have,
 That to your wanting may be minister'd. [*while,*

Orlando. Then but forbear your food a little
 Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,
 And give it food. There is an old poor man,

Who after me hath many a weary step
 Limp'd in pure love; till he be first suffic'd,
 Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,
 I will not touch a bit!

The World compar'd to a Stage.

Thou seest we are not all alone unhappy—
 This wide and universal theatre
 Presents more woeful pageants, than the scene
 Wherein we play.

Jaques. All the world's a stage,
 And all the men and women merely players;
 They have their exits and their entrances,
 And one man in his time plays many parts,
 His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,
 Musing and puking in his nurse's arms:
 And then the whining school-boy with his
 satchel

And shining morning face, creeping like snail
 Unwillingly to school. And then the lover;
 Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
 Made to his mistress' eye-brow. Then, the
 soldier,

Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
 Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel;
 Seeking the bubble reputation [Justice,
 Even in the cannon's mouth. And then, the
 In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
 With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
 Full of wise saws and modern instances;
 And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
 Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
 With spectacles on's nose, and pouch on's side;
 His youthful hose well sav'd, a world too wide
 For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
 Turning again towards childish treble pipes,
 And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
 That ends this strange eventful history,
 Is second childishness, and mere oblivion,
 Sans teeth, sans eyes sans taste, sans every
 thing.

A fine

A fine Description of a Sleeping Man, about to be destroyed by a Snake and Lions.

Under an oak, — whose boughs were moss'd
with age,
And high top bald with dry antiquity,
A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
Lay sleeping on his back; about his neck
A green and gilded snake had wreath'd itself,
Who with her head, — nimble in threats approach'd
The opening of his mouth, but suddenly
Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itself,
And with indented glides did slip away
Into a bush; under which bush's shade
A lioness, with udders all drawn dry, [watch
Lay couching, head on ground, with cat-like
When that the sleeping man should stir: for 'tis
The royal disposition of that beast
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead.

§ 2. MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

SHAKESPEARE.

Virtue given to be exerted.

THERE is a kind of character in thy life,
That to the observer doth thy history
Fully unfold: thyself and thy belongings
Are not thine own so proper, as to waste
Thyself upon thy virtues, they on thee.
Heav'n doth with us as we with torches do,
Not light them for themselves; for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not. — *Spirits are not finely
touch'd,*
*But to fine issues: nor Nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence,
But like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and use.*

Dislike of Popularity.

I love the people,
But do not like to stage me to their eyes:

Though it do well, I do not relish well
Their loud applause and *arues* vehement:
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion
That does affect it.

Authority.

Thus can the demi-god, authority,
Make us pay down for our offence by weight,
The words of Heav'n: On whom it will, it will;
On whom it will not, so; yet still 'tis just.

The Consequence of Liberty indulged.

Lucio. Why, how now Claudio? — whence
comes this restraint?

Claud. From too much liberty, my Lucio,
As surfeit is the father of much fast, [liberty:
So every scope, by the immoderate use,
Turns to restraint. Our natures do pursue,
Like rats that raven down their proper bane,
A thirsty evil, and when we drink we die.

Neglected Laws.

This new governor
Awakes me all the enrolled penalties
Which have, like unscour'd armour, hung by
the wall
So long, that fourteen zodiacs have gone round,
And none of them been worn; and for a name,
Now puts the drowsy and neglected act
Freshly on me: 'tis surely for a name.

Eloquence and Beauty.

In her youth
There is a prone and speechless dialect,
Such as moves men; besides, she hath a prof-
p'rous art
When we wou'd play with reason and discourse,
And well she can persuade.

Retired Life.

My holy Sir, none better knows than you
How I have ever lov'd the life remov'd,

M 2

And

And held in idle pierce of haunt assemblies
Where youth,—and cost,—and witless bravery
keeps.

*Licentiousness the Consequence of unexecuted
Laws.*

We have strict statutes, and most biting laws
(The needful bits and curbs for headstrong
steeds)

Which for these fourteen years we have let sleep;
Even like an o'ergrown lion in a cave,
That goes not out to prey: now, as fond fathers,
Having bound up the threatening twigs of birch,
Only to stick it in their childrens sight
For terror, not for use, in time the rod [crees,
Becomes more mock'd than fear'd: so our de-
ad to infliction, to themselves are dead;
And liberty plucks justice by the nose;
The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart
Goes all decorum.

Pardon, the Sanction of Wickedness.

For we bid this be done,
When evil deeds have their permissive pass,
And not the punishment.

A severe Saint-like Governor.

Lord Angelo is precise;
Stands at a guard with envy: scarce confesses
That his blood flows, or that his appetite
Is more to bread than stone: hence shall we see,
If pow'r change purpose, what our seemers be.

A Religious protest.

I behold you as a thing ensky'd and fainted;
By your renouncement, an immortal spirit
And to be talk'd with in sincerity,
As with a saint.

School-fellows.

Luc. Is she your cousin? [their names,

Isab. Adoptedly, — as school-maids change
By vain, though apt affection.

Resolution.

Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt.

The Prayers of Maidens effectual.

Go to Lord Angelo,
And let him learn to know, when maidens sue,
Men give like gods! but when they weep and
All their petitions are as truly theirs [kneel,
As they themselves would owe them.

All Men frail.

Angelo. We must not make a scarecrow of the
law,
Setting it up to scare the birds of prey,
And let it keep one shape till custom make it
Their perch and not their terror.

Eseca. Ay, but yet
Let us be keen, and rather cut a little
Than fall and bruise to death. Alas, this gen-
tleman,

Whom I would save, had a most noble father.
Let but your honour know
(Whom I believe to be most strait in virtue)
That, in the working of your own affections,
Had time coher'd with place, or place with wish-
Or that the resolute acting of your blood [ing;
Could have attain'd the effect of your own pur-
pose;

Whether you had not some time in your life
Err'd in this point, which now you censure him,
And pull'd the law upon you.

Angelo. 'Tis one thing to be tempted, Escalus,
Another thing to fall. I not deny,
The jury, passing on the pris'ner's life,
May in the sworn twelve have a thief or two
Guiltier than him they try; what's open made
to justice,

That justice seizes on. What know the laws
That thieves do pass on thieves? 'Tis very pregn-
nant,

The

The jewel that we find, we stoop and take it,
Because we see it; but what we do not see
We tread upon, and never think of it.
You may not so extenuate his offence,
For I have had such faults: but rather tell me,
When I that censure him do so offend,
Let my own judgment pattern out my death,
And nothing come in partial.

Mercy frequently mistaken.

Mercy is not itself that oft looks so;
Pardon is still the nurse of second woe.

Not to be too hasty in Actions irremediable.

Under your good correction, I have seen
When, after execution, judgment hath
Repented o'er his doom.

Bad actions already condemned, the Actors to be punished.

Condemn the fault and not the actor of it!
Why, ev'ry fault's condemn'd ere it be done:
Mine were the very cypher of a function
To find the faults, whose fine stands on record,
And let go by the actor!

Mercy in Governors recommended.

No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
Not the king's crown nor the deputed sword,
The martial's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace
As mercy does. If he had been as you,
And you as he, you would have slept like him;
But he, like you, would not have been so stern.

The Duty of mutual Forgiveness.

—Alas! alas!

Why, all the souls that are were forfeit once;
And he that might the 'vantage best have took,
Found out the remedy. How would you be
If he who is the top of judgment should
But judge you as you are? Oh! think on that,
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made.

Justice.

Isab. Yet shew some pity.

Ang. I shew it most of all when I shew justice;
For then I pity those I do not know;
Which a dismiss'd offence would after gall;
And do him right that, answering one foul
Lives not to act another. [wrong,

The Abuse of Authority.

Oh, 'tis excellent
To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.

Great Mens Abuse of Power.

Could great men thunder,
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet;
For every pelting, petty officer,
Would use his heav'n for thunder!
Nothing but thunder! Merciful Heav'n!
Thou rather with thy sharp and sulph'rous bolt
Split'st the unwedgable and gnarled oak
Than the soft myrtle. O, but man! proud man,
Drest in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,
His glassy essence, like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high Heav'n
As makes the angels weep: who, with our spleens,
Would all themselves laugh mortal.

The Privilege of Authority.

We cannot weigh our brother with yourself.
Great men may jest with saints, 'tis wit in them:
But, in the less, foul profanation.
That in the captain's but a cholerick word,
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.

Consciousness of our own Faults should make us merciful.

Ang. Why do you put those sayings upon me?

Isab. Because authority, though it err like
Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself [others,
That skins the voice o'the top: go to your bosom,
Knock there; and ask your heart what it doth
know

That's like my brother's faults? If it confess
A natural guifiness, such as is his,
Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue
Against my brother's life.

Honest Bribery.

Isab. Hark how I'll bribe you!

Ang. How I bribe me?

Isab. Not with fond shekels of the tested gold,
Or stones, whose rate is either rich or poor,
As fancy values them: but with true prayers
That shall be up at heav'n and enter there
Ere the sun rise: prayers from preserv'd souls,
From fasting maids, whose minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal.

The power of virtuous Beauty.

Isab. Save your honour!

Ang. From thee, even from thy virtue! —

What's this? What's this? Is this her fault or
mine? [Ha — !

The tempter, or the tempted, who sins most?
Not she; nor doth she tempt; but it is I
That, lying by the violet in the sun,
Do, as the carrion does, not as the flow'r,
Corrupt with virtuous season. Can it be,
Than modesty may more betray our sense
Than woman's lightness? Having waste ground
Shall we desire to raise the sanctuary, [enough,
And pitch our evils there? Oh, fie, fie, fie!
What dost thou? Or, what art thou, Angelo?
Dost thou desire her foully, for those things
That make her good? Oh, let her brother live:
Thieves for their robbery have authority,
When judges steal themselves. What! do I love
That I desire to hear her speak again, [her,
And feast upon her eyes? What is't I dream on?
O cunning enemy to catch a faint,
With saints dost bait thy hook! Most dangerous
Is that temptation that does goad us on
To sin in loving virtue: ne'er could the strumpet
With all her double vigour, art, and nature,

Once stir my temper: but this virtuous maid
Subdues me quite —

True Repentance.

Duke. Repent you, fair one, of the sin you carry?

Jul. I do, I bear the shame most patiently.

Duke. I'll teach you how you shall arraign
your conscience,

And try your penitence, if it be sound,
Or hollowly put on.

Jul. I'll gladly learn.

Duke. Love you the man that wrong'd you?

Jul. Yes, as I love the woman that wrong'd him.

Duke. So then, it seems, your most offenceful
Was mutually committed? [act

Jul. Mutually. [his.

Duke. Then was your sin of heavier kind than

Jul. I do confess it, and repent it, father.

Duke. 'Tis meet so, daughter: but — left you
do repent

As that the sin hath brought you to this shame,
Which sorrow is always to ourselves not Heaven;
Showing we would not spare Heaven as we love it,
But as we stand in fear —

Jul. I do repent me as it is an evil,
And take the shame with joy.

Duke. There rest.

Love in a grave severe Governor.

When I would pray and think, I think and pray
To sev'ral subjects: Heaven hath my empty words
Whilst my intention, hearing not my tongue,
Anchors on Isabel, Heav'n's in my mouth,
As if I did but only chew its name;
And in my heart, the strong and swelling evil
Of my conception: the state whereon I studied,
Is like a good thing, being often read,
Grown fear'd and tedious; yea, my gravity,
Wherein (let no man hear me) I take pride,
Could I with boot change for an idle plume
Which the air beats for vain. Oh, place! oh,
form!

How

How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit,
Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser souls
To thy false seeming!—Blood, thou art but blood!
Let's write good angel on the devil's horn;—
'Tis not the devil's crest.

A Simile on the Presence of the beloved Object.

— Oh Heav'ns!

Why does my blood thus muster to my heart,
Making both that unable for itself,
And dispossessing all my other parts
Of necessary fitness?
So play the foolish throngs with one that swoons;
Come all to help him, and thus stop the air
By which he should revive: and even so
The gen'ral subject to a well-wish'd king,
Quit their own part, and in obsequious fondness
Crowd to his presence, where their untaught love
Must needs appear offence.

Compelled Sins.

Our compelled sins
Stand more for number than account.

Lowliness of Mind.

Isab. Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,
But graciously to know I am no better. [bright

Ang. Thus wisdom wishes to appear most
When it doth tax itself: as these black masks
Proclaim an enshei'd beauty ten times louder
Than beauty could display'd.

Heroic Female Virtue.

Ang. Admit no other way to save his life,
(As I subscribe not that or any other,
But in the loss of question) that you his sister,
Finding yourself desir'd of such a person
Whose credit with the judge, or own great place,
Could fetch your brother from the manacles
Of the all-binding law: and that there were
No earthly mean to save him, but that either
You must lay down the treasures of your body

To this supposed, or else let him suffer;
But what would you do?

Isab. As much for my poor brother as myself;
That is, were I under the terms of death,
The impression of keen whips I'd wear as rubies,
And strip myself to death, as to a bed,
That longing I've been sick for, ere I'd yield
My body up to shame.

Ang. Then must your brother die.

Isab. And 'twere the cheaper way:
Better it were a brother dy'd at once,
Than that a sister by redeeming him
Should die for ever.

Ang. Were not you then as cruel as the sentence
That you have slander'd so? [tence

Isab. An ignominious ransom and free par-
Are of two houses: lawful mercy, sure, [don
Is nothing kin to foul redemption.

Self-Interest palliates Faults.

Isab. It oft falls out,
To have what we would have, we speak not
what we mean:
I something do excuse the thing I hate,
For his advantage that I dearly love.

Womens Frailty.

Ang. —Nay, women are frail too.

Isab. Ay, as the glasses where they view them-
selves;
Which are as easy broke as they make forms.
Women! help Heaven! men their creation mar,
In profiting by them: nay, call us ten times frail;
For we are soft as our complexions are,
And credulous to false prints.

Weight of established Reputation.

Ang. Who will believe thee, Isabel?
My unsoil'd name, th'austereness of my life,
My vouch against you, and my place i'the state,
Will so your accusation outweigh,
That you shall stifle in your own report,
And smell of calumny.

Hope.

The miserable have no other medicine
But only hope.

Moral Reflections on the Vanity of Life.

Be absolute for death; either death or life
Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing [life:
That none but fools would keep; a breath thou
Servile to all the skiey influences [art,
That do this habitation, where thou keep'st,
Hourly afflict: merely thou art death's fool;
For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,
And yet run'st t'ward him still. Thou art not
noble;

For all thy accommodations that thou bear'st
Are nurs'd by baseness: thou'rt by no means
valiant;

For thou do'st fear the soft and tender fork
Of a poor worm. Thy best of rest is sleep,
And that thou oft provok'st; yet grossly fear'st
Thy death, which is no more. Thou'rt not
thyself;

For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains
That issue out of dust. Happy thou art not;
For what thou hast not, still thou strive'st to get,
And what thou hast, forget'st. Thou art not
certain;

For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,
After the moon. If thou art rich, thou'rt poor;
For, like an ass, whose back with ingots bows,
Thou bear'st the heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloadeth thee. Friend thou hast
none;

For thy own bowels, which do call thee fire,
The mere effusion of thy proper loins,
Do curse the gout, sciatica, and the rheum,
For ending thee no sooner. Thou hast not youth
But as it were an after-dinner's sleep, [nor age,
Dreaming on both; for all thy blessed youth
Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
Of palsied eld; and when thou'rt old and rich,

Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb nor beauty,
To make thy riches pleasant. What's yet in this
That bears the name of life? Yet in this life
Lie hid more thousand deaths: yet death we fear,
That makes these odds all even.

The Terrors of Death most in Apprehension.

Claud. Is there no remedy?

Ifab. None, but such remedy as to save a head
Wou'd cleave a heart in twain.

Claud. But is there any?

Ifab. O, I do fear thee, Claudio; and I quake,
Lest thou a feverous life should entertain,
And six or seven winters more respect
Than a perpetual honour. Darest thou die?
The sense of death is most in apprehension;
And the poor beetle that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies.

Resolution from a Sense of Honour.

Claud. Why give you me this shame?
Think you I want a resolution fetch'd
From flow'ry tenderness? If I must die,
I will encounter darkness as a bride,
And hug it in my arms!

Ifab. There spake my brother; there my fa-
ther did utter forth a voice. [ther's grave

A fainted Hypocrite.

Ifab. Yes, thou must die,
Thou art too noble to conserve a life
In base appliances. This outward-fainted deputy,
Whole jetted visage and delib'rate word
Nips youth i'th'head, and follies doth emmew
As falconer doth the fowl, is yet a devil;
His filth within being cast, he would appear
A pond as deep as hell.

Claud. The princely Angelo?

Ifab. O, 'tis the cunning livery of hell,
The damn'dest body to invest and cover
In princely guards!

The

The Terrors of Death.

Isab. O, were it but my life,
I'd throw it down for your deliverance
As frankly as a pin!

Claud. Ah, Isabel!

Isab. What says my brother?

Claud.——Death's a fearful thing.

Isab. And shameful life a hateful.

Claud. Ay, but to die, and go we know not
To lie in cold obstruption and to rot; [where;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling regions of thick-ribb'd ice;
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendant world, or to be worse than worst
Of those, that lawless and uncertain thoughts
Imagine howling! 'tis too horrible!
The weariest and most loathed worldly life
That age, ache, penury, imprisonment,
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death.

Cowardly Apprehension of Death reproached.

Isab. Oh, faithless coward! Oh, dishonest
wretch!

Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?
Is't not a kind of incest to take life
From thine own sister's shame? What should I
think?

Heaven grant my mother play'd my father fair!
For such a warp'd slip of wilderness
Ne'er issued from his blood—Take my defiance—
Die, perish! might my only bending down
Reprieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed—
Oh, fie, fie, fie!

Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade;
Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd;
'Twere best that thou diest quickly!

Virtue and Goodness.

Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful.

A Bawd.

Fie, sirrah! a bawd—a wicked bawd!
The evil that thou caus'st to be done,
That is thy means to live. Dost thou but think
What 'tis to cram a maw, or clothe a back,
From such a filthy vice? say to thyself,
From their abominable and beastly touches,
I drink, I eat, array myself and live!——
Can'st thou believe thy living is a life
So stinkingly depending? Go mend, mend.

Calumny unavoidable.

No might nor greatness in mortality
Can censure 'scape: back-wounding calumny
The whitest virtue strikes. What king so strong,
Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue?

Good Example necessary in Rulers.

He who the sword of Heav'n will bear,
Should be as holy as severe;
Pattern in himself to know,
Grace to stand and virtue go;
More or less to others paying,
Than by self-offences weighing:
Shame to him, whose cruel striking,
Kills for faults of his own liking!
Twice treble shame on Angelo,
To weed my vice, and let his grow!
O, what may man within him hide,
Though angel on the outward side!
How may likeness made in crimes,
Making practice on the times,
Draw with idle spider's strings,
Most pond'rous and substantial things?

A beautiful Song.

Take, oh take, those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn;

But my kisses bring again;
 Seals of love, but seal'd in vain.
 Hide, oh hide, those hills of snow
 Which thy frozen bosom bears,
 On whose tops the pinks that grow
 Are of those that April wears;
 But my poor heart first set free,
 Bound in those icy chains by thee.

Guilty Diligence.

With whispering and most guilty diligence,
 In action all of precept, he did show me
 The way twice o'er!

Greatness subject to Confusion.

O, place and greatness! millions of false eyes
 Are stuck upon thee; volumes of reports
 Run with their false and most contrarious quests
 Upon thy doings: thousand 'scapes of wit
 Make thee the father of their idle dreams,
 And rack thee in their fancies.

Execution finely expressed.

By eight to-morrow
 Thou must be made immortal!

Sound Sleep.

As fast lock'd up in sleep as guiltless labour
 When it lies starkly in the traveller's bones.

Upright Governor supposed.

Prov. It is a bitter deputy.

Duke. Not so, not so; his life is parallel'd
 Even with the stroke and line of his great justice;
 He doth with holy abstinence subdue
 That in himself which he spurs on his power
 To qualify in others: were he meal'd
 With that which he corrects, then were he tyrannous;
 But this being so, he's just.

Good Jailor.

This is a gentle provost seldom, when
 The steeld jailor is the friend of men.

Comfort from Despair.

But I will keep her ignorant of her good,
 To make her heavenly comfort of despair
 When it is least expected.

Complaining useless.

Isab. Injurious world! Most damned Angelo!
Duke. This nor hurts him, nor profits you a jot:
 Forbear it therefore; give your cause to Heaven!

Character of an Arch Hypocrite.

O, I conjure thee, prince, as thou believ'st
 There is another comfort than this world,
 That thou neglect me not, with that opinion
 That I am touch'd with madness: make not
 impossible
 That which but seems unlike: 'tis not impossible
 But one, the wickedest caitiff on the ground,
 May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute
 As Angelo; even so may Angelo
 In all his dressings, characts, titles, forms,
 Be an arch villain: trust me, royal prince,
 If he be less, he's nothing; but he's more,
 Had I more names for badness.

Impossibility of Intercession.

Against all sense you do importune her.
 Should she kneel down, in mercy of this fact,
 Her brother's ghost his paved bed would break,
 And take her hence in horror!

Intents more excusable than Acts.

His act did not o'ertake his bad intent;
 And must be buried but as an intent
 That perish'd by the way: thoughts are no subjects;
 Intents, but merely thoughts.

THE

§ 3. THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.
SHAKESPEARE.

*Natural Presentiment of Evil finely pointed out ;
with the contrast of a Cheerful and Melancholy
Man.*

Ant. IN sooth, I know not why I am so sad,
It wearies me: you say, it wearies you :
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stuff 'tis made of, whereof 'tis born,
I am to learn :
And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,
That I have much ado to know myself.

Sal. Your mind is tossing on the ocean.
There where your argosies, with portly sail,
Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood,
Or as it were the pageants of the sea,
Do overpeer the petty traffickers,
That court'ry to them, to do them reverence
As they fly by them with their woven wings.

Sal. Believe me, Sir, had I such ventures
The better part of my affections would [forth,
Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still
Plucking the grass to know where sits the wind ;
Prying in maps for ports, and piers, and roads :
And every object that might make me fear
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt
Would make me sad.

Sal. My wind, cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
What harm a wind too great might do at sea.
I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,
But I should think of shallows and of flats :
And see my wealthy Andrew dock'd in sand,
Vailing her high top lower than her ribs,
To kiss her burial. Should I go to church
And see the holy edifice of stone,
And not bethink me frail of dangerous rocks,
Which, touching but my gentle vessel's side,
Would scatter all her spices on the stream ;
Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks ;
And in a word but even now worth this,

And now worth nothing? Shall I have the thought
To think of this? and shall I lack the thought
That such a thing, bechane'd, would make one
But tell not me; I know Antonio [sad?
Is sad to think upon his merchandize.

Ant. Believe me, no: I thank my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate
Upon the fortune of this present year.
Therefore my merchandize makes me not sad.

Sal. Why then you are in love.

Ant. Fie, fie!

Sal. Not in love neither? Then let us say,
you are sad,
Because you are not merry: and 'twere as easy
For you to laugh, and leap, and say you are
merry,

[Janus,
Because you are not sad. Now by two-headed
Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time:
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,
And laugh like parrots at a bagpiper;
And others of such vinegar aspect,
That they'll not shew their teeth in way of smile,
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

*The Imprudence of setting too great a Value upon
the World.*

You have too much respect upon the world;
They lose it that do buy it with much care.

The true Value of the World.

I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano,
A stage, where every man must play his part;
And mine a sad one!

Cheerfulness and affected Gravity contrasted.

Let me play the fool;
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come,
And let my liver rather heat with wine
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why should a man whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandfire cut in alabaster?

Sleep when he wakes, and creep into the jaundice
 By being peevish? I tell thee what, Antonio,
 There are a sort of men, whose visages
 Do cream and mantle like a standing pond;
 And do a wilful stilness entertain,
 With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion
 Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit;
 As who should say, "I am Sir Oracle,
 And when I ope my lips let no dog bark."
 O, my Antonio, I do know of those
 That therefore only are reputed wise
 For saying nothing, who I am very sure,
 If they should hear, would almost damn those ears,
 Which, hearing these, would call their brothers
 I'll tell thee more of this another time; [fools.
 But fish not with this melancholy bait,
 For this fool gudgeon, this opinion.

Jocose Satire on Silence.

Silence is only commendable
 In a neat's tongue dry'd, and a maid not vendable.

Generous and Disinterested Friendship.

Ant. I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know it;
 And if it stand, as you yourself still do,
 Within the eye of honour, be assur'd,
 My purse, my person, my extremest means,
 Lie all unlock'd to your occasions.

Bass. In my school-days, when I had lost one
 I shot his fellow of the self-same flight [shaft,
 The self-same way, with more advised watch,
 To find the other; and by advent'ring both,
 I oft found both: I urge this childhood proof,
 Because what follows is pure innocence.
 I owe you much; and, like a wilful youth,
 That which I owe is lost: but if you please
 To shoot another arrow that self way
 Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,—
 As I will watch the aim,—or to find both,
 Or bring your latter hazard back again,
 And thankfully rest debtor for the first. [time

Ant. You know me well; and herein spend but
 To wind about my love with circumstance;

And, out of doubt, you do me now more wrong,
 In making question of my uttermost,
 Than if you had made waste of all I have.
 Then do but say to me what I should do,
 That in your knowledge may by me be done,
 And I am prest unto it: therefore, speak.

—Thou know'st that all my fortunes are at sea,
 Neither have I money nor commodity
 To raise a present sum: therefore, go forth,
 Try what my credit can in Venice do;
 That shall be rack'd even to the uttermost,
 To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.
 Go, presently enquire, and so will I,
 Where money is; and I no question make,
 To have it of my trust, or for my sake.

A Jew's Malice.

Bass. This is signior Antonio.

Shyl. How like a fawning publican he looks!
 I hate him, for he is a Christian; [Aside.
 But more for that, in low simplicity,
 He lends out money gratis, and brings down
 The rate of usance here with us in Venice.
 If I can catch him once upon the hip,
 I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
 He hates our sacred nation: and he rails
 Ev'n there, where merchants most do congregate,
 On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,
 Which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe
 If I forgive him!

A Jew's Sanctity and Hypocrisy.

Shyl. When Jacob graz'd his uncle Laban's
 sheep,—

This Jacob from our holy Abraham was
 (As his wife mother wrought in his behalf)
 The third possessor; ay, he was the third.

Ant. And what of him? did he take interest?

Shyl. No, not take interest; as you would say,
 Directly interest; mark what Jacob did.
 When Laban and himself had compromis'd

That

That all the yeanlings which were streak'd and
py'd [rank,
Should fall as Jacob's hire;—the ewes, being
In end of autumn turned to the rams :
And when the work of generation was
Between those woolly breeders in the act,
The skilful shepherd peel'd him certain wands,
And in the doing of the deed of kind,
He stuck them up before the fulsome ewes;
Who, then-conceiving, did in yeaning time
Fall party-colour'd lambs; and those were Jacob's.
This was a way to thrive, and he was blest;
And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.

Ant. This was a venture, Sir, that Jacob serv'd
A thing not in his power to bring to pass, [for,
But sway'd and fashion'd by the hand of Heaven.
Was this inserted to make interest good;
Or is your gold and silver ewes and rams?

Shyl. I cannot tell, I make it breed as fast:
But note me, signior.

Ant. Mark you this, Bassanio;
The devil can cite scripture for his purpose:
An evil soul producing holy witnesses,
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek;
A goodly apple, rotten at the heart.
O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!

The Jew's Expostulation.

Signior Antonio, many a time and oft,
On the Rialto you have rated me
About my monies and my usances.
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug;
For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.
You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spit upon my Jewish gabardine:
And all for use of that which is my own!
Well then, it now appears you need my help—
Go to then—you come to me, and you say,
Shylock, we would have monies—you say so,
You that did void your rheum upon my beard,
And foot me as you spurn a stranger-cur
Over your threshold—Money is your suit—

What should I say to you? Should I not say,
Hath a dog money? Is it possible
A cur can lend three thousand ducats? or
Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,
With bated breath and whisp'ring humbleness,
Say this, "Fair Sir, you spit on me last Wed-
nesday;
You spurn'd me such a day; another time
You call'd me dog: and for these courtesies
I'll lend you thus much monies."

A Villain's fair Offers suspicious.

I like not fair terms and a villain's mind.

An Apology for a Black Complexion.

Mislike me not for my complexion,
The shadow'd livery of the burnt sun,
To whom I am a neighbour, and near bred:
Bring me the fairest creature, northern born,
Where Phœbus fire scarce thaws the icicles,
And let us make incision for your love,
To prove whose blood is reddest, his or mine:
I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine
Hath fear'd the valiant; by my love, I swear
The best regarded virgins of our clime
Have lov'd it too: I would not change this hue
Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen.

Merit no Match for the Caprice of Fortune.

———Lead me to the caskets,
To try my fortune. By this scimitar,
That slew the Sophy and the Persian prince,
That won three fields of Sultan Solymán,—
I would o'erfare the sternest eyes that look,
Outbrave the heart most daring on the earth,
Pluck the young sucking-cubs from the she-bear,
Yea mock the lion when he roars for prey,
To win thee, lady. But, alas the while!
If Hercules and Lychas play at dice
Which is the better man, the greater throw
May turn by fortune from the weaker hand:
So is Alcides beaten by his page!

And

And so may I, blind fortune leading me,
Miss that which one unworthier may attain,
And die with grieving.

Gravity assumed.

Ess.—But hear me, Gratiano;
Thou art too wild, too rude and bold of voice;
Parts that become thee happily enough,
And in such eyes as ours appear not faults:
But where thou art not known, why, there they

shew
Something too liberal; pray thee, take pain
To allay with some cold drops of modesty
Thy skipping spirit, lest through thy wild beha-
I be misconstrued in the place I go to, [vour,
And lose my hopes.

Gra.—Signior Bassanio, hear me.
If I do not put on a sober habit,
Talk with respect, and swear but now and then,
Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely;
Nay more, while grace is saving, hold mine eyes
Thus with my hat, and sigh, and say Amen;
Use all the observance of civility,
Like one well studied in sad ostent
To please his grandam—never trust me more.

The Jew's Commands to his Daughter.

Hear you me, Jessica:
Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum
And the vile squeaking of the wry-neck'd fife,
Clamber not you up to the casements then,
Nor thrust your head into the public street,
To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces;
But stop my house's ears;—I mean my case-
ments!—

Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter
My sober house.

Shylock's Description of his Servant.

Syl. The patch is kind enough, but a huge
feeder,
Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day

More than the wild cat: drones hive not with me;
Therefore I part with him: and part with him
To one that I would have him help to waste
His borrow'd purse!

Fruition more languid than Expectation.

O, ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly
To seal love's bonds new made, than they are
To keep oblig'd faith unforfeited. [wont

—Who riseth from a feast
With that keen appetite that he sits down?
Where is the horse that doth untread again
His tedious measures with th'unbated fire
That he did pace them first? All things that are,
Are with more pleasure chaced than enjoy'd.
How like a younker, or a prodigal,
The scarfed bark puts from her native bay,
Hugg'd and embrac'd by the strumpet wind!
How like a prodigal doth she return,
With over-weather'd ribs and ragged sails,
Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the strumpet wind!

Portia's Suitors.

From the four corners of the earth they come
To kiss this shrine, this mortal breathing faint.
Th'Hyrcanian deserts, and the vasty wilds
Of wide Arabia, are as thoroughfares
Now, for princes to come view fair Portia.
The wat'ry kingdom, whose ambitious head
Spits in the face of Heaven, is no bar
To stop the foreign spirits; but they come,
As o'er a brook, to see fair Portia.

The Parting of Friends.

I saw Bassanio and Antonio part;
Bassanio told him, he would make some speed
Of his return: he answered, "Do not so;
Slubber not business for my sake, Bassanio,
But stay the very riping of the time:
And for the Jew's bond, which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in your mind of love.
Be merry, and employ your chiefest thoughts
To courtship, and such fair ostents of love

As

As shall conveniently become you there."
And even there, his eye being big with tears,
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
And with affection, wond'rous sensible,
He wrung Bassanio's hand; and so they parted.

False Judgment of the Many.

————— Fortune now,
To my heart's hope!—Gold, silver, and base
lead. [he hath.]
'Who chooseth me must give and hazard all
You shall look fairer ere I give or hazard.
What says the golden chest? ha! let me see:—
'Who chooseth me shall gain what many men
desire.' [meant]
What many men desire!—That many may be
Of the fool multitude, that choose by show,
Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach;
Which pries not to the interior, but, like the
martlet,
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Even in the face and road of casualty.
I will not choose what many men desire,
Because I will not jump with common spirits,
And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.

Honour ought to be conferred on Merit only.

Why then to thee, thou silver treasure-house;
Tell me once more what title thou dost bear?
'Who chooseth me shall get as much as he
deserves.'
And well said too; for who shall go about
To cozen fortune, and be honourable
Without the stamp of merit? Let none presume
To wear an undeserved dignity:
O, that estates, degrees, and offices,
Were not deriv'd corruptly; that clear honour
Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer!
How many then should cover that stand bare!
How many be commanded that command!
How much low peasantry would then be glean'd
From the true seed of honour! how much honour

Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times,
To be new varnish'd!

Love Messenger compared to an April Day.

I have not seen
So likely an ambassador of love;
A day in April never came so sweet,
To show how costly summer was at hand,
As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord.

Music.

Let music sound,—while he doth make his
choice;
Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,
Fading in music.—That the comparison
May stand more just, my eye shall be the stream
And wat'ry death-bed for him: he may win,
And what is music then! Then music is,
Even as the flourish, when true subjects bow
To a new-crown'd monarch: such it is
As are those dulcet sounds in break of day,
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ears,
And summon him to marriage.—

————— Now he goes
With no less presence, but with much more love,
Than young Alcides, when he did redeem
The virgin tribute paid by howling Troy
To the sea-monster: I stand for sacrifice:
The rest aloof are the Dardanian wives,
With bleared visage, coming forth to view
The issue of the exploit.

A Song. On Fancy.

Tell me, where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head,
How begot, how nourished?
Reply, reply.
Is it engender'd in the eyes;
With gazing fed? and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies;
Let us all ring fancy's knell,
I'll begin it,—ding dong, bell.

The Deceit of Ornament or Appearances.

So may the outward shows be least themselves.
The world is still deceiv'd with ornament.
 In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
 But being season'd with a gracious voice,
 Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
 What damned error, but some sober brow
 Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
 Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?
 There is no vice so simple, but assumes
 Some mark of virtue on its outward parts.
 How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
 As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
 The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars;
 Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk!
 And these assume but valour's excrement,
 To render them redoubt'd. Look on beauty,
 And you shall see 'tis purchas'd by the weight,
 Which therein works a miracle in nature,
 Making them lightest that wear most of it.
 So are those crisped, snaky, golden locks,
 Which make such wanton gambols with the wind
 Upon supposed fairness; often known
 To be the dowry of a second head,
 The skull that bred them in the sepulchre.
 Thus ornament is but the gilded shore
 To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf
 Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word,
 The seeming truth which cunning time puts on
 T'entrap the wisest: — Therefore thou gaudy
 Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee: [gold,
 Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge
 'Tween man and man: but thou, thou meagre
 lead,
 Which rather threaten'st than dost promise aught,
 Thy plainness moves me more than eloquence,
 And here choose I; joy be the consequence.

Joy on Success.

How all the other passions fleet to air,
 As doubtful thoughts, and rash embrac'd despair,
 And shuddering fear, and green-ey'd jealousy.

O love, be moderate, allay thy ecstasy;
 In measure rein thy joy, scant this excess;
 I feel too much thy blessing, make it less,
 For fear I surfeit!

Portia's Picture.

What find I here?

Fair Portia's counterfeit! What demi-god
 Hath come so near creation? Move those eyes?
 Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
 Seem they in motion? Here are sever'd lips
 Parted with sugar breath: so sweet a bar [hairs
 Should sunder such sweet friends! — Here in her
 The painter plays the spider, and hath woven
 A golden mesh t'entrap the hearts of men
 Faster than gnats in cobwebs: but her eyes!
 How could he see to do them? having made one,
 Methinks it should have power to steal both his,
 And leave itself unfurnish'd.

Successful Lover compared to a Conqueror.

Like one of two contending in a prize,
 That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,
 Hearing applause in universal shout,
 Giddy in spirit, gazing still about,
 Whether those peals of praise be his or no:
 So, thrice fair lady, stand I —

An amiable Bride.

Portia. Tho' for myself alone
 I would not be ambitious in my wish,
 To wish myself much better; yet for you
 I would be treble twenty times myself,
 A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times
 More rich; that to stand high in your account,
 I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
 Exceed account: — but the full sum of me —

— To term in gross,
 Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractis'd:
 Happy in this, she is not yet so old
 But she may learn; happier than this, in that
 She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
 Happiest of all is, that her gentle spirit

Commits

Commits itself to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.

*Lower's Thoughts compared to the inarticulate
Joys of a Crowd.*

Bass. Madam, you have bereft me of all words;
Only my blood speaks to you in my veins:
And there is such confusion in my powers,
As, after some oration fairly spoke
By a beloved prince, there doth appear
Among the buzzing, pleased multitude,
Where every something being blent together,
Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy
Express'd, and not express'd.

Valuable Friend.

Por. Is it your dear friend that is thus in
trouble?

Bass. The dearest friend to me, the kindest
The best condition'd; and unwearied spirit [man,
In doing court'sies; and one in whom
The ancient Roman honour more appears
Than any that draws breath in Italy.

Por. What sum owes he the Jew?

Bass. For me, three thousand ducats.

Por. What, no more?

Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond;
Double six thousand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this description
Should lose a hair through my Bassanio's fault.

Implacable Revenge.

I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee speak,
I'll have my bond; and therefore speak no more;
I'll not be made a soft and dull-eyed fool
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield
To Christian intercessions.

Generous Friendship.

Lor. Madam, although I speak in your pre-
You have a noble and a true conceit [sence,
Of god-like amity: which appears most strongly
In bearing thus the absence of your lord.

But if you knew to whom you shew this honour,
How true a gentleman you send relief,
How dear a lover of my lord your husband,
I know you would be prouder of the work
Than customary bounty can enforce you.

Por. I never did repent for doing good,
Nor shall not now: for in companions
That do converse and waste the time together,
Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,
There must be needs a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit;
Which makes me think, that this Antonio,
Being the bosom lover of my lord,
Must needs be like my lord: if it be so,
How little is the cost I have bestow'd
In purchasing the semblance of my soul
From out the state of hellish cruelty!
This comes too near the praising of myself;
Therefore no more of it.

A pert, bragging Youth.

I'll hold thee any wager,
When we are both apparell'd like young men,
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And wear my dagger with a braver grace;
And speak between the change of man and boy,
With a reed voice; and turn two mincing steps
Into a manly stride; and speak of frays,
Like a fine bragging youth; and tell quaint lies,
How honourable ladies sought my love,
Which I denying, they fell sick and dy'd.
I could not do with all: then I'll repent,
And wish, for all that, that I had not kill'd them!
And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell,
That men shall swear I've discontinued school
Above a twelvemonth. I have within my mind
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging jacks
Which I will practise.

Affection in Words.

O dear discretion, how his words are suited!
The fool hath planted in his memory

An

An army of good words : and I do know
A many fools that stand in better place,
Garnish'd like him, that for a tricksey word
Defy the matter.

Portia's Merit.

It is very meet
The lord Bassanio live an upright life ;
For having such a blessing in his lady,
He finds the joys of heaven here on earth ;
And if on earth he do not merit it, it
Is reason he should never come to heaven.
Why, — if two gods should play some heavenly
match,
And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And Portia one—there must be something else
Pawn'd with the other : for the poor rude world
Hath not her fellow.

The Jew's Reason for his Revenge.

Shyl. I have possess'd your grace of what I
purpose,
And by our holy sabbath have I sworn
To have the due and forfeit of my bond.
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter, and your city's freedom.
You'll ask me why I rather choose to have
A weight of carrion flesh than to receive
Three thousand ducats ? I'll not answer that ;
But say it is my humour : Is it answer'd ?
What if my house be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand ducats
To have it bann'd ? What, are you answer'd yet ?
Some men there are love not a gaping pig ;
Some that are mad if they behold a cat ;
And others when the bagpipe sings i' th' nose,
Cannot contain their urine : for affection,
Masters of passion sways it to the mood
Of what it likes or loaths. Now for your answer ;
As there is no firm reason to be render'd
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig ;
Why a harmless necessary cat ;

Why a woollen bagpipe ; but of force
Must yield to such inevitable shame
As to offend, himself being offended :
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
More than a lodg'd hate, and a certain loathing
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd ?

Unfeeling Revenge.

You may as well go stand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood bate his usual height ;
You may as well use questions with the wolf
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb ;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise,
When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven ;
You may as well do any thing most hard,
As seek to soften that (than which what's
His Jewish heart. [harder])

Retaliation.

Duke. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rendering none ? [wrong ?]

Shyl. What judgment shall I dread, doing no
You have among you many a purchas'd slave,
Which, like your asses, and your dogs, and mules,
You use in abject and in slavish parts,
Because you bought them ; shall I say to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs ;
Why sweat they under burdens ? let their beds
Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates
Be season'd with such viands ? you will answer,
The slaves are yours. So do I answer you :
The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought, is mine, and I will have it :
If you deny me, fie upon your law ;
There is no force in the decrees of Venice :
I stand for judgment ; answer, shall I have it ?

The Jew's Wolfish Spirit, an Argument for Transmigration.

Gra. O, be thou damn'd, inexorable dog !
And for thy life, let justice be accus'd.

Thou

Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith,
To make me hold opinion with Pythagoras,
That souls of animals infuse themselves
Into the trunks of men: thy currish spirit
Govern'd a wolf, — who, hang'd for human
slaughter,

Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,
And, whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam,
Inslus'd itself in thee; for thy desires
Are wolfish, bloody, starv'd, and ravenous.

Shyl. Till thou canst rail the seal from off my
bond,

Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud:
Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
To cureless ruin. — I stand here for law.

Mercy.

The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath. It is twice blessed;
It blesteth him that gives, and him that takes.
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown:
The sceptre shews the force of temporal pow'r,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings.
But mercy is above the scepter'd sway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings;
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then shew likest God's
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this, —
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Shou'd see salvation: we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy.

Justice must be impartial.

I beseech you,

Wrest once the laws to your authority;
To do a great right, do a little wrong;
And curb this cruel devil of his will.

Por. It must not be; there is no power in Ve-
Can alter a decree established: [nice

'Twill be recorded for a precedent,
And many an error, by the same example,
Will rush into the state: it cannot be.

Cheerful Resignation, with Friendly Tendernefs.

I am arm'd and well prepar'd —
Give me your hand, Bassanio, fare you well;
Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you;
For herein Fortune shews herself more kind
Than is her custom. — It is still her use
To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,
To view with hollow eye and wrinkled brow
An age of poverty; from which ling'ring penance
Of such a misery doth she cut me off.
Commend me to your honourable wife:
Tell her the process of Antonio's end;
Say how I lov'd you, speak me fair in death;
And when the tale is told, bid her be judge,
Whether Bassanio had not once a love?
Repent not you that you shall lose your friend,
And he repents not that he pays your debt.

Ample Payment.

He is well paid that is well satisfied.

*Description of a Moon-light Night, with fine
Music.*

Lor. The moon shines bright: in such a night
as this,

When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
And they did make no noise; in such a night
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan wall,
And sigh'd his soul towards the Grecian tents,
Where Cressida lay that night.

Jes. In such a night
Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew;
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,
And ran dismay'd away.

Lor. In such a night
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand
Upon the wide sea-banks, and wast her love

To come again to Carthage.

Jes. In such a night
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Æson.

Lor. In such a night
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew,
And with an unthrif love did run from Venice
As far as Belmont.

Jes. And in such a night
Did young Lorenzo swear he lov'd her well;
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,
And ne'er a true one.

Lor. And in such a night
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

How sweet the moon-light sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears; soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sir, Jessica; look how the floor of heav'n
Is thick inlaid with patterns of bright gold;
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubims;
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.—
Come, ho, and wake Diana with a hymn:
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,
And draw her home with music.

Jes. I'm never merry when I hear sweet music.

Lor. The reason is, your spirits are attentive;
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing
loud

(Which is the hot condition of their blood);
If they perchance but hear a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand;
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,

By the sweet power of music. Therefore the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and
floods;

Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change its nature.
The man that hath not music in himself,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted.

*A good Deed compared to a Candle, and the Effects
of Time, Circumstance, &c.*

Por. How far that little candle throws his
beams!

So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

Ner. When the moon shone we did not see the
candle.

Por. So doth the greater glory dim the less:
A substitute shines brightly as a king,
Until a king be by; and then his state
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
Into the main waters. Music! hark.

Ner. It is your music, madam, of the house.

Por. Nothing is good, I see, without respect;
Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day.

Ner. Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.

Por. The crow does sing as sweetly as the lark
When neither is attended; and I think
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.
How many things by season season'd are
To their right praise and true perfection!
Peace! how the moon sleeps with Endymion,
And would not be awak'd!

Moon-light Night.

This night, methinks, is but the day-light sick;
It looks a little paler; 'tis a day,
Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

Professions

Professions
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§ 4

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Professions needless, where Intentions are sincere.

Sir, you are very welcome to our house;
It must appear in other ways than words;
Therefore I scant this breathing courtesy.

§ 4 THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.
SHAKESPEARE.

Hounds.

THY hounds shall make the welkin answer
them,
And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.

Painting.

Dost thou love pictures? —we will fetch thee
Adonis, painted by a running brook; [strait
And Citherea all in sedges hid, [breath,
Which seem to move and wanton with her
Ev'n as the waving sedges play with wind.

Mirth and Merriment, its Advantage.

Seeing too much sadness hath congeal'd your
blood,
And melancholy is the nurse of phrenzy,
Therefore they thought it good you hear a play,
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thousand harms, and lengthens life,

The Uses of Travel and Study.

Luc. Tranio, since—for the great desire I had
To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,—
I am arriv'd from fruitful Lombardy,
The pleasant garden of great Italy;
And by my father's love and leave am arm'd
With his good will, and thy good company,
My trusty servant, well approv'd in all;
Here let us breathe, and happily institute
A course of learning and ingenious studies.
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens,
Gave me my being, and my father first,
A merchant of great traffic thro' the world,
Vincentio, come of the Bentivoli;

Vincentio his son, brought up in Florence,
It shall become, to serve all hopes conceiv'd,
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds:
And therefore, Tranio, for the time I study,
Virtue and that part of philosophy
Will I apply that treats of happiness
By virtue 'specially to be achiev'd.

Tell me thy mind: for I have Pisa left,
And am to Padua come; as he that leaves
A shallow plash, to plunge him in the deep,
And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.

Tra. Mi perdonate, gentle master mine,
I am in all affected as yourself;
Glad that you thus continue your resolve,
To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.
Only, good master, while we do admire
This virtue and this moral discipline,
Let's be no stoics, nor no stocks, I pray;
Or so devote to Aristotle's checks,
As Ovid be an outcast quite abjur'd:
Talk logic with acquaintance that you have,
And practise rhetoric in your common talk:
Music and poesy use to quicken you;
The mathematics and the metaphysics,
Fall to them as you find your stomach serves you:
No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en;—
In brief, Sir, study what you most affect.

Love at first Sight.

Tra. I pray, Sir, tell me,—is it possible
That love should of a sudden take such hold?

Luc. O, Tranio, till I found it to be true,
I never thought it possible or likely;
But see! while idly I stood looking on,
I found the effect of love in idleness:
And now in plainness do confess to thee,
Thou art to me as secret and as dear
As Anna to the queen of Carthage was—
Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish; Tranio,
If I achieve not this young modest girl,
Counsel me, Tranio, for I know thou canst;
Assist me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.

Tra.

Tra. Master, it is no time to chide you now ;
Affection is not rated from the heart :
If love have touch'd you, nought remains but so,
Redime te captum quam minimo

Travel.

Such wind as scatter young men thro' the
world,
To seek their fortunes further than at home,
Where small experience grows.

Woman's Tongue.

Think you a little din can daunt my core ?
Have I not in my time heard lions roar ?
Have I not heard the sea puff'd up with winds,
Rage like an angry boar, chafed with sweat ?
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field ?
And heav'n's artillery thunder in the skies ?
Have I not in a pitched battle heard [clang ?
Loud larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue
That gives not half so great a blow to th'ear
As will a chafinut in a farmer's fire ?

Extremes cure each other.

When two raging fires meet together,
They do consume the thing that feeds their fury ;
Though little fire grows great with little wind,
Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all.

Beauty.

Say that she frowns ; I'll say she looks as clear
As morning roses newly wash'd with dew.

Musie.

Prepost'rous as, that never read so far
To know the cause why music was ordain'd !
Was it not to refresh the mind of man
After his studies of his usual pain ?
Then give me leave to read philosophy,
And, when I pause, terye in your harmony.

Wife married to all her Husband's Fortunes.

To me she's married, not unto my clothes :
Could I repair what she will wear in me,
As I can change these poor accoutrements,
'Twere well for Kate, and better for myself.

Description of a Mad Wadding.

—When the priest
Did ask if Catherine should be his wife, [loud,
“ Ay, by gogs woons,” quoth he, and swore so
That, all amaz'd, the priest let fall the book ;
And as he stoop'd again to take it up,
This mad-brain'd bridegroom took him such a
cuff, [priest ;
That down fell priest and book, and book and
“ Now take them up,” quoth he, “ if any list.”

Tran. What said the wench when he rose up
again ? [stampt and swore,
Grem. Trembled and shook ; for why, he
As if the vicar meant to cozen him ;
But after many ceremonies done,
He calls for wine : “ a health,” quoth he, as if
H'ad been aboard carousing to his mates
After a storm ; quafft off the muscadel,
And threw the sops all in the sexton's face ;
Having no other cause, but that his beard
Grew thin and hungerly, and seem'd to ask
His sops as he was drinking. This done, he took
The bride about her neck, and kist her lips
With such a clamorous smack, that at the parting
All the church echo'd.

Petruchio's Trial of his Wife in the Article of Dress.

Hab. Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.
Pet. Why this was moulded on a porringer,
A velvet dish ;—fie, fie, 'tis lewd and filthy :
Why, 'tis a cockle, or a walnut-shell,
A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap ;
Away with it, come, let me have a bigger.
Cath. I'll have no bigger ; this doth fit the time,
And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.

Pet.

Pet. When you are gentle you shall have one
And not till then. [too,

Hor. That will not be in haste. [speak;

Cath. Why, Sir, I trust I may have leave to
And speak I will; I am no child, no babe;
Your betters have endur'd me say my mind;
And, if you cannot, best you stop your ears,
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart;
Or else my heart concealing it will break:
And, rather than it shall, I will be free,
Even to the uttermost, as I please in words.

Pet. Why, thou say'st true: it is a paltry cap,
A custard coffin, a bauble, a silken pye:
I love thee well in that thou lik'st it not.

Cath. Love me or love me not, I like the cap;
And it I will have, or I will have none. [see't.

Pet. Thy gown? why ay: come taylor, let's
O, mercy, God! what masking stuff is here!
What's this? a sleeve? 'tis like a demi-cannon;
What! up and down, carv'd like an apple-tart?
Here's snip and nip, and cut, and slish and slash,
Like to a center in a barber's shop.

Why, what a devil's name, taylor, call'st thou
this? [gown.

Hor. I see, she's like to have neither cap nor
Tayl. You bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the fashion and the time.

Pet. Marry, and did; but, if you be remem-
I did not bid you mar it to the time. [ber'd,
Go, hop me over every kennel home,
For you shall hop without my custom, Sir:
I'll none of it: hence! make your best of it.

Cath. I never saw a better fashion'd gown,
More quaint, more pleasing, nor more com-
mendable:

Belike, you mean to make a puppet of me.

The Mind alone valuable.

Pet. Well, come, my Kate; we will unto
your father's,
Even in these honest mean habiliments;
Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor;

For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich:
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honour peereth in the meanest habit.
What is the jay more precious than the lark,
Because his feathers are more beautiful?
Or is the adder better than the eel,
Because his painted skin contents the eye?
O no, good Kate, neither art thou the worse
For this poor furniture and mean array.

A Lovely Woman.

Fair, lovely woman, young and affable,
More clear of hue, and far more beautiful
Than precious sardonyx, or purple rocks
Of amethysts, or glittering hyacinth:
—Sweet Catherine, this lovely woman—

Cath. Fair, lovely lady, bright and chryselline,
Beauteous and stately as the eye-train'd bird;
As glorious as the morning wash'd with dew,
Within whose eyes she takes the dawning beams,
And golden summer sleeps upon thy cheeks;
Wrap up thy radiations in some cloud,
Lest that thy beauty make this stately town
Unhabitable as the burning zone,
With sweet reflections of thy lovely face.

Happiness attained.

Happily I have arriv'd at last
Unto the wish'd haven of my bliss.

Others measured by ourselves.

He that is giddy thinks the world turns round.

Greyhound.

O Sir, Lucentio slipt me for his grevhound,
Which runs himself, and catches for his master.

Wife's Submission.

Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life,
And awful rule in right supremacy;
And, to be short, what not, that's sweet and
happy. *The*

The Wife's Duty to her Husband.

Fie! fie! unknit that threat'ning, unkind
brow,

And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor;
It blots thy beauty as frost bites the meads;
Confounds thy fame as whirlwinds shake fair
And in no sense is meet or amiable. [buds;
A woman mov'd, is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;
And while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will deign to sip or touch one drop of it.
Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance; commits his body
To painful labour, both by sea and land;
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
While thou ly'st warm at home, secure and safe,
And craves no other tribute at thy hands,
But love, fair looks, and true obedience;—
Too little payment for so great a debt.
Such duty as the subject owes a prince,
Even such, a woman oweth to her husband:
And when she's froward, peevish, fullen, sour,
And not obedient to his honest will,
What is she but a foul, contending rebel,
And graceless traitor to her loving lord?
I am asham'd, that women are so simple
To offer war wherethey should kneel for peace;
Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.
Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and smooth,
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,
But that our soft conditions and our hearts
Should well agree with our external parts?
Come, come, you froward and unable worms,
My mind hath been as big as one of yours;
My heart as great, my reason haply more,
To bandy word for word, and frown for frown;
But now I see our lances are but straws:
Our strength is weak, our weakness past compare;

That seeming to be most, which we indeed least
are.

Then veil your stomachs, for it is no boot;
And place your hands beneath your husband's
In token of which duty, if he please, [foot:
My hand is ready—may it do him ease!

§ 5. THE TEMPEST SHAKESPEARE.

Miranda and Prospero.

Mir. O I have suffer'd [vessel
With those that I saw suffer! A brave
Who had, no doubt, some noble creatures in her,
Dash'd all to pieces. O the cry did knock
Against my very heart! Poor souls! they perish'd.
Had I been any god of power, I would
Have sunk the sea within the earth, or e'er
It should the good ship so have swallow'd, and
The freighting souls within her.

Prof. Wipe thou thine eyes, have comfort.
The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touch'd
The very virtue of compassion in thee,
I have with such provision in mine art
So safely order'd, that there is no soul,
No not so much perdition as an hair
Betid to any creature in the vessel,
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink.

Caliban's Curses.

As wicked dew as e'er my mother brush'd
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen,
Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye,
And blister you all o'er.

I must eat my dinner.
This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me: when thou cam'st
first, [woud'st give me
Thou strok'st me, and mad'st much of me:
Water with berries in't, and teach me-how

To

To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night: and then I lov'd
And shew'd thee all the qualities o'th'isle, [thee,
The fresh springs, brine pits; barren place and
fertile;

Curs'd be I that I did so; all the charms
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
For I am all the subjects that you have, [me
Who first was mine own king; and ere you fly
In this hard rock, whilst you do keep from me
The rest of th'island.

*Caliban's Exultation after Prospero tells him he
sought to violate the Honour of his Child.*

Oh, ho, oh, ho,—I wou'd it had been done.
Thou didst prevent me, I had peopled else
This isle with Calibans.

Prof. Abhorred slave;
Which any print of goodness will not take,
Being capable of all ill! I pity'd thee, [hour
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each
One thing or other. When thou could'st not,
savage, [like
Shew thine own meaning, but would'st gabble
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them known; but thy
vile race, [good nature
Though thou didst learn, had that in't which
Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou
Deservedly confin'd into this rock,
Who hadst deserv'd more than a prison. [on't

Cal. You taught me language; and my profit
Is, I know how to curse. The red plague rid you
For learning me your language!

Music.

Where should this music be? in air or earth?
It sounds no more, and sure it waits upon
Some god of th' island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the king my father's wreck,
This music crept by me upon the waters;

Allaying both the fury and my passion
With its sweet air.

Ariel's Song.

Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes;
Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell.
Hark, now I hear them, ding-dong bell.

*Amiable Simplicity of Miranda on first View of
Ferdinand.*

Prof. This gallant which thou seest
Was in the wreck: and, but he's something
stain'd [call him
With grief, that beauty's canker, thou might'st
A goodly person.—

Mir. I might call him
A thing divine: for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.

Fer. Most sure the goddess
On whom these airs attend.

Mir. There's nothing ill can dwell in such
If the ill spirit love so fair a house, [a temple:
Good things will strive to dwell with't.

A Lover's Speech.

My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up;
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wreck of all my friends, or this man's threats,
To whom I am subdu'd, were but light to me,
Might I but thro' my prison once a day
Behold this maid; all corners o'th'earth
Let liberty make use of: space enough
Have I in such a prison.

Resignation and Gratitude.

Beseech you, Sir, be merry: you have cause
(So gave we all) of joy; for our escape
Is much beyond our loss: our hint of woe

N

Is

Is common; every day some sailor's wife,
The master of some merchant, and the merchant,
Have just our theme of woe: but for the miracle
(I mean our preservation) few in millions
Can speak like us: then wisely, good Sir, weigh
Our sorrow with our comfort.

Description of Ferdinand's swimming ashore.

I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs: he trod the water,
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted
The surge most swol'n that met him; his bold
head

'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd
Himself with his good arms in lusty strokes
To th'shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bow'd,
As stooping to relieve him. I not doubt
He came alive to land.

Too severe Reproof animadverted upon.

The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness,
And time to speak it in: you rub the sore
When you should find the platter.

Satire on Utopian Forms of Government.

I'the commonwealth I would by contraries
Execute all things; for no kind of traffic
Would I admit; no name of magistrate;
Letters should not be known; poverty, riches,
And use of service, none; contracts, succession,
Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, olive, none;
No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil:
No occupation; all men idle, all,
And women too, but innocent and pure:
No sovereignty:
All things in common Nature should produce,
Without sweat or endeavour: treason, felony,
Sword, spike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,
Would I not have; but nature should bring forth,
Of its own kind, all foison, all abundance,
To feed my innocent people.
I would with such perfection govern, Sir,
To excel the golden age.

Sleep.

Do not omit the heavy offer of it,
It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,
It is a comforter.

A fine Apopoeisis.

They fell together, all as by consent,
They dropt as by a thunder-stroke. What might
Worthy Sebastian—O, what might—no more.
And yet, methinks, I see it in thy face [and
What thou should'st be: th'occasion speaks thee,
My strong imagination sees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.

Caliban's Curses.

All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make
By inch-meal a disease: his spirits hear me, [him
And yet I needs must curse; but they'll not pinch,
Fright me with urchin-shews, pitch me i'th'mire,
Nor lead me, like a firebrand in the dark,
Out of my way, unless he bid them: but
For every trifle are they set upon me:
Sometimes, like apes, that moe and chatter at me,
And after bite me; then like hedge-hogs, who
Lie tumbling in my bare footway, and mount
Their pricks at my foot-fall: sometimes am I
All wound with adders, who with cloven tongues
Do hiss me into madness.—Lo, now, lo!
Here comes a spirit of his, and to torment me,
For bringing wood in slowly. I'll fall flat;
Perchance he will not mind me.

Caliban's Promises.

I'll shew thee the best springs: I'll pluck thee
berries;
I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.
A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!
I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,
Thou wond'rous man.—
I prythee let me bring thee where crabs grow;
And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts;
Shew thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how
To

To snare the nimble marmozet: I'll bring thee
To clust'ring filberds, and sometimes I'll get thee
Young sea-mels from the rock.

True and unbiass'd Affection—Ferdinand bearing a Log.

There be some sports are painful; but their labour

Delight in them sets off; some kinds of baseness
Are nobly undergone: and most poor matters
Point to rich ends. This my mean task would be
As heavy to me as 'tis odious; but
The mistress whom I serve quickens what's dead,
And makes my labours pleasures. O, she is
Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed;
And he's compos'd of harshness. I must remove
Some thousands of these logs, and pile 'em up
Upon a fore injunction. My sweet mistress
Weeps when she sees me work, and says such
baseness

Had ne'er like executor: I forget;
But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labour
Most busylefs when I do it. [bour

Admir'd Miranda!

Indeed the top of admiration; worth
What's dearest to the world! Full many a lady
I have ey'd with best regard; and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear; for several virtues
Have I lik'd several women; never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd,
And put it to the foil; but you, O you,
So perfect and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best.

Miranda's offering to carry the Logs for him is peculiarly elegant.

If you'll sit down,
I'll bear your logs the while; pray give me that,
I'll carry it to the pile;

And afterwards, how innocent!

—I am a fool,
To weep at what I am glad of!
I am your wife, if you will marry me:
If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow
You may deny me; but I'll be your servant
Whether you will or no.

Punishment of Crimes delayed, not forgotten.

For which foul deed
The powers, delaying not forgetting, have
Incens'd the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures
Against your peace.

Guilty Conscience.

O, it is monstrous! monstrous!—
Methought the billows spoke, and told me of it;
The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd
The name of Prosper. It did bask my trespass.

Gon. All three of them are desperate; their
great guilt,
Like poison given to work a great time after,
Now 'gins to bite thy spirit.

Prospero's Boast of Miranda.

O Ferdinand,
Do not smile at me that I boast her off,
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise,
And make it halt behind her.

Continence before Marriage.

Prof. If thou dost break her virgin-knot before
All sanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy rite be minister'd,
No sweet aspersions shall the heav'ns let fall
To make this contract grow: but barren hate,
Sour-eyed disdain, and discord shall bestrew
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly,
That you shall hate it both; therefore take heed,
As Hymen's lamps shall light you.

N 2

A Lover.

A Lover's Protestation.

Ferd. As I hope
For quiet days, fair issue, and long life,
With such love as 'tis now, —the murkiest den,
The most opportune place, the strongest suggestion
Our worse genius can, shall never melt
Mine honour into lust, to take away
The edge of that day's celebration;
When I shall think or Phœbus' steeds are found-
Or night kept chain'd below. [der'd,

Passion too strong for Vows.

Prof. Look thou be true; do not give dalliance
Too much therein; the strongest oaths are straws
To the fire i'th' blood: be more abstemious,
Or else good-night your vow!

Ferdinand's Answer.

I warrant you, Sir;
The white, cold virgin-snow upon my heart
Abates the ardour of my liver.

Vanity of Human Nature.

Prof. Our revels now are ended: these our actors
(As I foretold you) were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air;
And like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea all who it inherit, shall dissolve;
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind! We are such stuff
As dreams are made of; and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

Drunkards enchanted by Ariel.

Ariel. I told you, Sir, they were red-hot with
drinking;
So full of valour, that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces: beat the ground
For kissing of their feet: yet always bending
Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor;
At which, like unback'd colts, they prickt their
ears,

Advanc'd their eye-lids, lifted up their noses
As they smelt music: so I charm'd their ears,
That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd through
Tooth'd briars, sharp furzes, pricking goss, and
thorns,

Which enter'd their frail skins: at last I left 'em
I'th' filthy mantled pool beyond your cell,
There dancing up to the chins.

Caliban.

Prof. A devil, a born devil, in whose nature
Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, are all lost, quite lost;
And as, with age, his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers.

Light of Foot.

Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may
Hear a foot fall. [not

Fine Sentiment of Humanity on Repentance.

Ariel. —The king,
His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted;
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brim-full of sorrow and dismay; but chiefly
Him that you term'd the good old lord Gonzalo.
His tears run down his beard, like winter-drops
From eaves of reeds: your charm so strongly
works 'em,
That if you now behold them, your affections
Would become tender.

Prof. Dost thou think so, spirit?

Ariel. Mine would, Sir, were I human.

Prof. And mine shall.

Hast thou, who art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,
Passion as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou art?
Tho' with their high wrongs I am struck to the
quick,

Yet with my nobler reason, 'gainst my fury
Do I take part; the rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance; they being penitent,
The

The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown farther.

Fairies and Magic.

Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and
groves,
And ye that on the sand with printless foot
Do chace the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him
When he comes back; you demi-puppets, that
By moon-shine do the green four ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you, whose
pastime

Is to make midnight mushrooms, that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid
(Weak masters tho' ye be) I have bedimm'd
The noon-tide sun, call'd forth the mutinous
winds,

And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault
Set roaring war; to the dread rattling thunder
Have I giv'n fire, and risted Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt; the strong-bas'd promontory
Have I made shake, and by the spurs pluckt up
The pine and cedar; graves at my command
Have wak'd their sleepers, op'd and let them forth
By my so potent art.

Senses returning.

The charm dissolves apace;
And as the morning steals upon the night
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
Begin to chace th'ignorant fumes that mantle
Their clearer reason——

Their understanding
Begins to swell, and the approaching tide
Will shortly fill the reasonable shore
That now lies foul and muddy.

Ariel's Song.

Where the bee sucks, there lurk I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry;
On the bat's back I do fly
After sun-set merrily:

Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

Patience.

Alon. Irreparable is the loss; and patience
Says, it is past her cure.

Prof. I rather think
You have not sought her help; of whose soft grace
For the like loss I have her sovereign aid,
And rest myself content.

§ 6. CORIOLANUS. SHAKESPEARE.

Mob.

WHAT would ye have, ye curs,
That like nor peace nor war? The one
affrights you, [to you,
The other makes you proud. He that trusts
Where he should find you lions, finds you hares;
Where foxes, geese; you are no surer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is,
To make him worthy, whose offence subdues
him, [greatness,
And curse that justice did it. Who deserves
Deserves your hate; and your affections are
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that
Which would increase his evil. He that depends
Upon your favours, swims with fins of lead,
And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye——
trust ye!

With every minute you do change a mind,
And call him noble that was now your hate;
Him vile that was your garland.

Aufidius's Hatred to Coriolanus.

——Not sleep, nor sanctuary,
Being naked, sick, nor sane, nor capitol,
The prayers of priests, nor times of sacrifice,
Embarrassments of all fury, shall lift up
Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst
My hate to Marcius. Where I find him, were it
At home upon my brother's guard, ev'n there
Against

Against the hospitable canon, wou'd I
Wash my fierce hand in's heart!

An Imaginary Description of Coriolanus warring.

Methinks, I hither hear your husband's drum:
I see him pluck Aufidius down by th' hair:
As children from a bear, the Volsci shunning
him: [thus—

Methinks I see him stamp thus — and call
‘Come on, ye cowards, ye were got in fear
Though ye were born in Rome!’ his bloody brow
With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes
Like to a harvest-man, that's task'd to mow
Or all, or lose his hire.

Virg. His bloody brow! Oh, Jupiter, no blood!

Vol. Away, you fool; it more becomes a man
Than gilt his trophy. The breast of Hecuba,
When she did suckle Hector, look'd not lovelier
Than Hector's forehead, when it spit forth blood
At Grecian swords contending.

Doing our Duty merits not Praise.

Pray, now no more: my mother,
Who has a charter to extol her blood,
When she does praise me, grieves me:
I have done as you have done, that's what I can;
Induc'd, as you have been, that's for my country;
He that has but effected his good-will
Hath overta'en mine act.

Popularity.

All tongues speak of him, and the bleared
lights
Are spectacl'd to see him. Your prattling nurse
Into a rapture lets her baby cry,
While she chats him: the kitchen malkin pins
Her richest lockram 'bout her reechy neck,
Clamb'ring the walls to eye him; stalls, bulks,
windows,
Are smother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges hors'd
With variable complexions: all agreeing
In earnestness to see him: seld-shown flames
Do press among the popular throngs, and puff

To win a vulgar station; our veil'd dames
Commit the war of white and damask, in
Their nicely gawdied cheeks, to th' wanton spoil
Of Phoebus' burning kisses: such a pothor,
As if that whatsoever god, who leads him,
Were slyly crept into his human powers,
And gave him graceful posture.

Cominius' Speech to the Senate.

I shall lack voice: the deeds of Coriolanus
Should not be utter'd feebly. It is held
That valour is the chiefest virtue, and
Most dignifies the haver: if it be,
The man I speak of cannot in the world
Be singly counterpois'd. At sixteen years,
When Tarquin made a head for Rome, he fought
Beyond the mark of others: our then dictator,
Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight,
When with his Amazonian chin he drove
The bristled lips before him: he bestrid
An o'erprest Roman, and i'th' consul's view
Slew three opposers; Tarquin's self he met,
And struck him on his knee: in that day's feats,
When he might act the woman in the scene,
He prov'd best man i'th' field, and for his meed
Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil-age
Man enter'd thus, he waxed like a sea,
And in the brunt of seventeen battles since
He lurch'd all swords o'th' garland. For this last
Before, and in Corioli, let me say
I cannot speak him home: he stop't the flyers,
And by his rare example made the coward
Turn terror into sport. As waves before
A vessel under sail, so men obey'd, [stamp]
And fell below his stern: his sword (death's)
Where it did mark, it took from face to foot;
He was a thing of blood, whose every motion
Was triu'm'd with dying cries: alone he enter'd
The mortal gate o'th' city, which he painted
With shunless destiny: aidless came off,
And with a sudden reinforcement struck
Corioli, like a planet. Nor all's this;

For by and by the din of war 'gan pierce
His ready sense, when straight his doubled spirit
Requicken'd what in flesh was fatigate,
And to the battle came he; where he did
Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if
'Twere a perpetual spoil; and till we call'd
Both field and city ours, he never stood
To ease his breast with panting.

The Mischief of Anarchy.

My soul akes
To know, when two authorities are up,
Neither supreme, how soon confusion
May enter 'twixt the gap of both, and take
The one by t'other.

Character of Coriolanus.

His nature is too noble for this world:
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Or Jove for's power to thunder: his heart's his
mouth;
What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent,
And, being angry, does forget that ever
He heard the name of death.

Honour and Policy.

I've heard you say,
Honour and policy, like unsever'd friends,
I'th'war do grow together;—grant that, and
tell me
In peace, what each of them by th'other loses,
That they combine not there?

The Method to gain Popular Favour.

Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand,
And thus far having stretch'd it (here be with
them) [sineſt
Thy knee buſſing the ſtones (for in ſuch bu-
ſſion is eloquence, and the eyes of th'ignorant
More learned than the ears); waving thy head,
Which often thus correcting thy ſtout heart,
Now humble as the ripeſt mulberry, [them,
That will not hold the handling;—(or) ſay to

Thou art their ſoldier, and being bred in broils,
Haſt not the ſoft way which, thou doſt confeſs,
Were fit for thee to uſe as they to claim,
In aſking their good loves; but thou wilt frame
Thyſelf (forſooth) hereafter theirs ſo far,
As thou haſt power and perſon.

Coriolanus his Abhorrence of Flattery.

Well, I muſt do't;
Away, my diſpoſition, and poſſeſs me
Some harlot's ſpirit! my throat of war be turn'd,
Which quired with my drum into a pipe
Small as an eunuch's, or the virgin voice
That babies lulls aſleep! the ſmiles of knaves
Tent in my cheeks, and ſchool-boys tears take
The glaſſes of my ſight! a beggar's tongue [up
Makes motion thro' my lips, and my arm'd knees,
Which bow'd but in my ſtirrup, bend like his
That hath receiv'd an alms—I will not do't—
Leſt I ſurceaſe to honour my own truth,
And by my body's action teach my mind
A moſt inherent baſeneſs.

His Mother's Resolution on his stubborn Pride.

At thy choice then:
To beg of thee, it is my more diſhonour
Than thou of them. Come all to ruin, let
Thy mother rather feel thy pride than fear
Thy dang'rous ſtoutneſs: for I mock at death
With as big heart as thou. Do as thou liſt;
Thy valiantneſs was mine, thou ſuck'ſt it from
But own thy pride thyſelf. [me;

His Detestation of the Vulgar.

You common cry of curs, whoſe breath I hate,
As reek o'th'rotten ſens; whoſe loves I prize
As the dead carcaſes of unburied men
That do corrupt my air,—I baniſh you;
And here remain with your uncertainty:
Let every feeble rumour ſhake your hearts!
Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,
Fan you into deſpair! have the power ſtill
To baniſh your defenders, till at length,

Your ignorance (which finds not till it feels,
Making but reservation of yourselves,
Still your own enemies) deliver you,
As most abated captives, to some nation
That won you without blows!

Precepts against Ill-fortune.

You were us'd

To say, extremity was the trier of spirits;
That common chances common men could bear;
That, when the sea was calm, all boats alike
Shew'd mastership in floating. Fortune's blows,
When most struck home, being gently warded,
craves

A noble cunning. You were us'd to load me
With precepts that would make invincible
The heart that conn'd them.

On Common Friendships.

Oh world, thy slippery turns! — Friends now
fast sworn,
Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,
Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal, and exercise
Are still together; who twine, as 'twere, in love
Unseparable, shall within this hour,
On a dissention of a doit, break out
To bitter enmity. So fellest foes,
Whose passions and whose plots have broke their
sleep
To take the one the other, by some chance,
Some trick, not worth an egg,—shall grow dear
friends,
And interjoin their issues.

Martial Friendship.

Let me twine

Mine arms about that body, where-against
My grained ash an hundred times hath broke,
And scarr'd the moon with splinters; here I clip
The anvil of my sword, and do contest
As hotly and as nobly with thy love,
As ever, in ambitious strength, I did
Contend against thy valour. Know thou, first,

I lov'd the maid I married; never man
Sigh'd truer breath: but that I see thee here,
Thou noble thing, more dances my rapt heart
Than when I first my wedded mistress saw
Beside my threshold. Why, thou Mars! I
tell thee,

We have a power on foot; and I had purpose
Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,
Or lose my arm for't: thou hast beat me out
Twelve several times, and I have nightly since
Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyself and me;
We have been down together in my sleep,
Unbuckling helms, fitting each other's throat,
And wak'd half-dead with nothing.

The Season of Solicitation.

He was not taken well, he had not din'd.
The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
We pout upon the morning, are unapt
To give or to forgive; but when we've stuff'd
These pipes and these conveyances of blood
With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls
Than in our priest-like fast; therefore I'll watch
Till he be dieted to my request. [him]

Obstinate Resolution.

My wife comes foremost, then the honour'd
mould
Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand
The grandchild to her blood—But out, affection!
All bond and privilege of nature break!
Let it be virtuous to be obstinate.
What is that court'ly worth; or those dove's
eyes [not
Which can make gods forsworn? I melt, and am
Of stronger earth than others; my mother bows,
As if Olympus to a mole-hill should
In supplication nod; and my young boy
Hath an aspect of intercession, which
Great nature cries, Deny not.—Let the Volsians
Plough Rome and harrow Italy, I'll never
Be such a gossling to obey instinct, but stand

As

As if a man were author of himself,
And knew no other kin.

Relenting Tendernefs.

Like a dull actor now,
I have forgot my part, and I am out
Even to full disgrace. Best of my flesh,
Forgive my tyranny; but do not say,
For that, forgive our Romans.—O, a kiss,
Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge!
Now, by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiss
I carried from thee, dear; and my true lip
Hath virgin'd it e'er since.—Ye gods! I prate;
And the most noble mother of the world
Leave unaluted: sink, my knee, i'th'earth,
Of thy deep duty more impression shew
Than that of common sons.

Chastity.

The noble sister of Poplicola,
The moon of Rome; chaste as the icicle
That's curled by the frost from purest snow,
And hangs on Dian's temple,

Coriolanus's Prayer for his Son.

The god of soldiers,
With the consent of the supreme Jove, inform
Thy thoughts with nobleness, that thou may'st
prove
To shame invulnerable, and stick i'th'wars
Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,
And saving those that eye thee!

Coriolanus's Mother's Pathetic Speech to him.

Think with thyself,
How more unfortunate than all living women
Are we come hither; since thy fight, which should
Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with
comforts, [sorrow;
Constrains them weep, and shake with fear and
Making the mother, wife, and child, to see
The son, the husband, and the father, tearing
His country's bowels out; and to poor we

Thine enmity's most capital; thou barr'st us
Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort
That all but we enjoy. - - -

- - - - We must find
An eminent calamity, though we had
Our wish which side should win. For either thou
Must, as a foreign recreant, be led
With manacles along our streets; or else
Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin,
And bear the palm for having bravely shed
Thy wife and childrens blood. For myself,
I purpose not to wait on fortune, till [son,
These wars determine; if I can't persuade thee,
Rather to shew a noble grace to both parts
Than seek the end of one, thou shalt no sooner
March to assault thy country than to tread
(Trust to't, thou shalt not) on thy mother's
That brought thee to this world. [womb,

Peace after a Siege.

Ne'er thro' an arch so hurried the blown tide,
As the recomforted thro' th'gates. Why, hark
you;

The trumpets, sackbuts, psalteries, and fifes,
Tabors and cymbals, and the shouting Romans,
Make the sun dance.

§ 7. HAMLET. SHAKESPEARE.

Prodigies.

IN the most high and palmy state of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
The grave stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets;
Stars shone with trains of fire, dews of blood fell,
Disasters veil'd the sun, and the moist star,
Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands,
Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse.

*Ghosts vanish at the crowing of the Cock, and
the Reverence paid to Christmas Time.*

Ber. It was about to speak when the cock crew.

Hr. And then it started like a guilty thing,

N 5

Upon

Upon a fearful summons. I have heard,
The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
Awake the god of day; and at his warning,
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
Th'extravagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine. And of the truth herein,
This present object made probation.

Mar. It faded at the crowing of the cock.
Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes,
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
This bird of dawning singeth all night long,
And then they say no spirit walks abroad,
The nights are wholesome, then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, no witch hath power to charm;
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

Morning.

But look, the morn in ruffet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill.

Real Grief.

Seems, madam! nay, it is; I know not seems:
'Tis not alone my inky cloke, good mother,
Nor customary suits of solemn black,
Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected 'haviour of the visage,
Together with all forms, modes, shews of grief,
That can denote me truly. These, indeed, seem,
For they are actions that a man might play;
But I have that within which passeth shew;
These but the trappings and the suits of woe.

Immoderate Grief discommended.

'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature,
Hamlet,
To give these mourning duties to your father:
But you must know your father lost a father;
That father his, and the survivor bound
In filial obligations for some term
To do obsequious sorrow. But to persevere
In obstinate condolment, does express

An impious stubbornness, unmanly grief.
It shews a will most incorrect to Heaven,
A heart unfortify'd, a mind impatient,
An understanding simple and unschool'd:
For what we know must be, and is as common
As any the most vulgar thing to sense,
Why should we, in our peevish opposition,
Take it to heart! Fie! 'tis a fault to Heav'n,
A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
To reason most absurd, whose common theme
Is death of fathers, and who still hath cry'd
From the first corse, till he that dy'd to-day.
This must be so.

Hamlet's Soliloquy on his Mother's Marriage.

O, that this too, too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew;
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd [God!
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! Oh, God! Oh,
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world!
Fie on't! O, fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,
That grows to seed; things rank and gross in
nature
Possess it merely. That it should come to this!
But two months dead! — nay, not so much, not
So excellent a king that was to this, [two—
Hyperion to a satyr: so loving to my mother,
That he might not let e'en the winds of heav'n
Visit her face too roughly. Heav'n and earth!
Must I remember? — why, she would hang on
As if increase of appetite had grown [him
By what it fed on; yet, within a month! —
Let me not think on't! — Frailty, thy name is
woman:

A little month! — or ere those shoes were old
With which she follow'd my poor father's body,
Like Niobe, all tears — Why she, even she —
O Heav'n! a beast that wants discourse of reason
Would have mourn'd longer — married with
mine uncle, [ther!
My father's brother! but no more like my fa-
ther

Than I to Hercules. Within a month !
 Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
 Had left the flushing in her galled eyes
 She married. O most wicked speed, to post
 With such dexterity to incestuous sheets;
 It is not, nor it cannot come to good.

A Complete Man,

He was a man, take him for all in all,
 I shall not look upon his like again.

Cautions to Young Ladies.

For Hamlet and the trifling of his favour,
 Hold it a fashion and a toy in blood :
 A violet in the youth of primy nature, [ing :
 Forward, not permanent: tho' sweet, not last-
 The perfume and suppliance of a minute :
 No more.——

Then weigh what loss your honour may sustain,
 If with too credent ear you list his songs,
 Or loose your heart; or your chaste treasure open
 To his unmaster'd importunity.
 Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister,
 And keep within the rear of your affection,
 Out of the shot and danger of desire.
 The chariest maid is prodigal enough,
 If she unmask her beauty to the moon:
 Virtue itself 'scapes not calumnious strokes;
 The canker galls the infants of the spring
 Too oft before the buttons be disclos'd;
 And in the morn and liquid dew of youth,
 Contagious blastments are most imminent.

A Satire on Ungracious Pastors.

I shall th' effects of this good lesson keep
 As watchmen to my heart: but, good my brother,
 Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
 Shew me the steep and thorny way to heav'n,
 Whilst, like a puff and reckless libertine,
 Himself the primrose paths of dalliance treads,
 And reck's not his own read.

A Father's Advice to his Son, going to travel.

Give thy thoughts no tongue,
 Nor any unproportion'd thought his act;
 Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar;
 The friends thou hast and their adoption try'd,
 Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel;
 But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
 Of each new-hatch'd, unsledg'd comrade. Be-
 Of entrance to a quarrel; but being in, [ware
 Bear't, that th' opposed may beware of thee.
 Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice;
 Take each man's censure, but reserve the judg-
 Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy, [ment.
 But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy;
 For the apparel oft proclaims the man.
 Neither a borrower nor a lender be;
 For loan oft loses both itself and friend;
 And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
 This, above all, to thine own self be true;
 And it must follow, as the night the day,
 Thou can'st not then be false to any man.

Hamlet, on the Appearance of his Father's Ghost.

Angels and ministers of grace, defend us!
 Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
 Bring with thee airs from heav'n or blasts from
 Be thy intents wicked or charitable, [hell;
 Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
 That I will speak to thee; I'll call thee Hamlet,
 King, father, royal Dane; Oh, answer me!
 Let me not burst in ignorance! but tell
 Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearted in death,
 Have burst their cearments? why the sepulchre,
 Wherein we saw thee quietly in-urn'd,
 Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws
 To cast thee up again? What may this mean,
 That thou, dead corpse, again, in complete steel
 Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
 Making night hideous, and us fools of nature,
 So horribly to shake our disposition
 With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?

The Mischiefs it might tempt him to.

What if it tempts you towards the flood, my lord,

Or to the dreadful border of the cliff,
That beetles o'er his base into the sea,
And there assumes some horrible form,
Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason,
And draw you into madness? Think of it,
The very place puts toys of desperation,
Without more motive, into every brain,
That looks so many fathoms to the sea,
And hears it roar beneath.

Enter Ghost and Hamlet.

Ham. Where wilt thou lead me? speak; I'll

Ghost. Mark me. [go no further.

Ham. I will.

Ghost. My hour is almost come,
When I to sulph'rous and tormenting flames
Must render up myself.

Ham. Alas, poor ghost. [ing

Ghost. Pity me not, but lend thy serious hear-
To what I shall unfold.

Ham. Speak; I am bound to hear. [hear.

Ghost. So art thou to revenge when thou shalt

Ham. What?

Ghost. I am thy father's spirit,
Doom'd for a certain time to walk the night,
And for the day confin'd to fast in fires
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature,
Are burnt and purg'd away: but that I am for-
To tell the secrets of my prison-house, [bid
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young
blood, [spheres,

Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine;
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood. List, list, O list!
If thou did'st ever thy dear father love —

Ham. O Heaven!

[murder.

Ghost. Revenge his foul and most unnatural

Ham. Murder!

Ghost. Murder most foul, as in the best it is;
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.

Ham. Haste me to know it, that I with wings
as swift

As meditation, or the thoughts of love,
May sweep to my revenge.

Ghost. I find thee apt;

And duller should'st thou be than the fat weed
That roots itself in ease on Lethe's wharf,
Would thou not stir in this. Now, Hamlet,
hear:—

'Tis given out, that sleeping in my garden,
A serpent stung me; so the whole ear of Den-
Is by a forged process of my death [mark
Rankly abus'd: but know, thou noble youth,
The serpent that did sting thy father's heart
Now wears his crown.

Ham. O my prophetic soul, my uncle!

Ghost. Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate
beast,

With witchcraft of his wits, with trait'rous gifts,
(O wicked wits and gifts, that have the power
So to seduce!) won to his shameful lust
The will of my most seeming virtuous queen.
O, Hamlet, what a falling off was there!
From me, whose love was of that dignity,
That it went hand in hand even with that vow
I made to her in marriage; and to decune
Upon a wretch, whose natural gifts were poor
To those of mine!

But virtue, as it never will be mov'd,
Tho' lewdness court it in a shape of Heav'n;
So vice, tho' to a radiant angel link'd,
Will sate itself in a celestial bed,
And prey on garbage—

But soft; methinks, I scent the morning air,—
Brief let me be: Sleeping within my garden,
My custom always of the afternoon,
Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,

With

With juice of curfed hebenon in a vial,
And in the porches of my ears did pour
The leprous diftilment, whose effect
Holds fuch an enmity with blood of man,
That fwift as quickfilver it courfes through
The natural gates and alleys of the body,
And, with a fudden vigour, it doth poffet
And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
The thin and wholefome blood; fo did it mine,
And a moft infant tetter bark'd about,
Moft lazarus-like, with vile and loathfome cruft,
All my fincoth body.
Thus was I, fleeping, by a brother's hand,
Of life, of crown, of queen, at once difpatch'd:
Cut off even in the bloffoms of my fin,
Unhoufell'd, unanointed, unanneal'd;
No reckoning made, but fent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head!
O, horrible! O, horrible! moft horrible!
If thou haft nature in thee, bear it not;
Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
A couch for luxury and damn'd inceft.
But howfoever thou purfu'ft this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy foul defign
Againft thy mother aught; leave her to Heav'n,
And to thofe thorns that in her bofom lodge,
To goad and fting her. Fare thee well at once;
The glow-worm fhews the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his uneffeetual fire;
Adieu, adieu, adieu; remember me. [Exit.

Ham. O, all you hoft of heaven! O earth;
what elfe? [heart,
And fhall I couple hell? O, fie! hold, hold my
And you, my finews, grow not infant old,
But bear me ftiffly up. Remember thee!
Ay, thou poor Ghof, while memory holds a feat
In this diftracted globe. Remember thee!
Yea, from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All faws of books, all forms, all preffures paff,
That youth and obfervation copied there;

And thy commandment all alone fhall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmix'd with bafier matter; yes, by Heaven:
O, moft pernicious woman!
O, villain, villain, fmiling damned villain;
My tables:—meet it is I fet down,
That one may fmile, and fmile, and be a villain;
At leaft I'm fure he may be fo in Denmark.

[*swining.*

So, uncle, there you are: now to my word,
It is, Adieu, adieu; remember me!

Ophelia's Description of Hamlet's Mad Addrefs to her.

My lord, as I was fewing in my clofet,
Prince Hamlet, with his doublet all unbrac'd,
No hat upon his head, his ftocking loofe,
Ungarter'd and down-gyred to his ankle,
Pale as his fhirt, his knees knocking each other,
And with a look fo piteous, in purport
As if he had been loofed out of hell
To fpeak of horrors; thus he comes before me.

Pol. Mad for thy love?

Oph. My Lord, I do not know,
But truly I do fear it.

Pol. What faid he?

Oph. He took me by the wrift and held me
hard,

Then goes he to the length of his arm,
And with his other hand, thus, o'er his brow,
He falls to fuch perufal of my face,
As he would draw it: long time ftaid he fo;
At laft, a little fhaking of my arm,
And thrice his head thus waving up and down,
He rais'd a figh fo piteous and profound,
As it did feem to fhatter all his bulk
And end his being. That done, he lets me go,
And with his head over his fhoulder turn'd,
He feem'd to find his way without his eyes;
For out of doors he went without their help,
And to the laft bended their light on me.

Old

Old Age.

Beshrew my jealousy,
It seems it is as proper to our age
To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions,
As it is common for the younger sort
To lack discretion.

Happiness consists in Opinion.

Why then 'tis none to you:
For there is nothing, either good or bad,
But thinking makes it so:
To me it is a prison.

Hamlet's Reflections on the Player and himself.

O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!
Is it not monstrous that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit,
That from her working, all his visage warm'd;
Tears in his eyes, distraction in his aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
With forms to his conceit, and all for nothing,—
For Hecuba!

What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba, [do
That he should weep for her? What would he
Had he the motive and the cue of passion
That I have? He would drown the stage with
tears,

And cleave the gen'ral ear with horrid speech,
Make mad the guilty and appal the free,
Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed
The very faculties of eyes and ears: yet I,
A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak
Like John-a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing; no, not for a king,
Upon whose property, and most dear life
A damn'd defeat was made. Am I a coward?
Who calls me villain, breaks my pate across,
Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face?
Tweaks me by the nose, gives me the lie i'th'
throat,

As deep as to the lungs? Who does me this?
Ha! why, I should take it—for it cannot be

But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall
To make oppression bitter, or ere this
I should have fatted all the region kites
With this slave's offal. Bloody, bawdy villain!
Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless
Oh, vengeance! — [villain!
Why, what an ass am I! This is most brave,
That I, the son of a dear father murder'd,
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,
Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,
And fall a cursing like a very drab — [brain!
A scullion — fie upon't — fo! — About, my
I have heard that guilty creatures at a play,
Have by the very cunning of the scene
Been struck so to the soul, that presently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions:
For murder, tho' it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ. I'll have these
players

Play something like the murder of my father,
Before my uncle; I'll observe his looks,
I'll tent him to the quick: if he but blench,
I know my course. The spirit that I have seen
May be the devil; and the devil may have power
To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and perhaps
Out of my weakness and my melancholy
(As he is very potent with such spirits)
Abuses me to damn me. I'll have grounds
More relative than this; the play's the thing,
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king.

Hypocrisy.

We are oft to blame in this;
'Tis too much prov'd, that with devotion's visage
And pious action, we do sugar o'er
The devil himself.

King. O, 'tis too true:
How smart a lash that speech doth give my con-
science!
The harlot's cheek beautify'd with plastring art,
Is not more ugly to the things that helps it
Than is my deed to my most painted word.

Life

Life and Death weigh'd.

To be, or not to be, that is the question;—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The stings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them? To die,—to sleep;
— No more; and by a sleep, to say, we end
The heart-ach, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to! 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die,—to sleep;—
To sleep! perchance to dream! ay, there's the
rub;

For in that sleep of death what dreams may come
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause;—there's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life.
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
Th'oppressor's wrong, the proud man's con-
tumely,

The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his *quietus* make
With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,
To groan and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death
(That undiscover'd country from whose bourn
No traveller returns) puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sickly'd o'er with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprizes of great pith and moment
With this regard their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.

Calumny.

Be thou as chaste ice as pure as snow,
Thou shalt not escape calumny.

A Noble Mind disordered.

O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's eye, tongue,
sword,
Th'expectancy and rose of this fair state,
The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,
Th'observ'd of all observers, quite, quite down.
I am of ladies most deject and wretched,
That suck'd the honey of his music vows;
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled out of tune, and harsh,
That unmatch'd form and stature of blown youth
Blasted with ecstasy.

On Flattery, and an Even-minded Man.

Nay, do not think I flatter;
For what advancement may I hope from thee,
That no revenue hast, but thy good spirits
To feed and clothe thee? Why should the poor
be flatter'd?
No; let the candid tongue lick absurd pomp,
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou
hear?

Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,
And could of men distinguish, her election
Hath seal'd thee for herself: for thou hast been
As one in suffering all, that suffers nothing;
A man that fortune's buffets and rewards
Hast ta'en with equal thanks: and blest are those
Whose blood and judgment are so well com-
mingled,
That they are not a pipe for Fortune's finger,
To sound what stop she please. Give me the man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core,—ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee.

Midnight.

'Tis now the very witching time of night,
When church-yards yawn, and hell itself
breathes out

Contagion

Contagion to the world! Now could I drink hot
And do such bitter business as the day [blood,
Would quake to look on. Soft! now to my
mother—

O heart, lose not thy nature! let not ever
The foul of Nero enter this firm bosom;
Let me be cruel, not unnatural:
I will speak daggers to her, but use none.

The King's Despairing Soliloquy, and Hamlet's Reflections on him.

O, my offence is rank! it smells to Heaven!
It hath the primal, eldest curse upon't,
A brother's murder! Pray I cannot,
Tho' inclination be as sharp as will;
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent;
And, like a man to double business bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin, —
And both neglect. What if this curst hand
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood?
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens
To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves
But to confront the visage of offence? [mercy,
And what's in prayer, but his twofold force,
To be forestalled ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd being down? Then I'll look up;
My fault is past; but, oh! what form of prayer
Can serve my turn? Forgive me my foul murder
That cannot be, since I am still possess'd [der!
Of those effects for which I did the murder,
My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.
May one be pardon'd and retain the offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice;
And oft 'tis seen the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law: but 'tis not so above;
There is no shuffling; there the action lies
In its true nature; we ourselves compell'd
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence. What then? what rests?
Try what repentance can; what can it not?
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?

O, wretched state! O bosom black as death!
O, limed soul! that, struggling to be free,
Art more engag'd! Help, angels, make assay!
Bow, stubborn knees; and heart, with strings of
Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe; [steel,
All may be well. *[The King kneels.*

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now, might I do it pat, now he is praying;

And now I'll do't, and so he goes to heaven,
And so am I reveng'd! — that would be scann'd
A villain kills my father, and for that,
I, his sole son, do this same villain send [venge.
To heaven! O! this is hire and salary, not re-
He took my father grossly, full of bread,
With all his crimes broad blown, as flush as
May; *[Heaven?*

And how his audit stands, who knows, save
But in our circumstance and course of thought,
'Tis heavy with him. — Am I then reveng'd,
To take him in the purging of his soul,
When he is fit and season'd for his passage?
Up, sword, and know thou a more horrid bent,
When he is drunk, asleep, or in his rage,
Or in th'incestuous pleasures of his bed;
At gaming, swearing, or about some act
That has no relish of salvation in't:
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven,
And that his soul may be as damn'd and black
As hell whereto it goes.

Hamlet and his Mother.

Queen. What have I done, that thou dar'st
In noise so rude against me? [wag thy tongue

Ham. Such an act,
That blurs the grace and blush of modesty,
Calls virtue hypocrite, takes off the rose
From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
And sets a blister there; makes marriage-vows
As false as dicers' oaths: Oh, such a deed,
As from the body of contraction plucks

Th:

The very soul, and sweet religion makes
A rhapsody of words.

Queen. Ah me, what act! [this;

Ham. Look here, upon this picture, and on
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.
See what a grace was seated on this brow;
Hyperion's curls, the front of Jove himself,
An eye like Mars to threaten or command,
A station like the herald Mercury,
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;
A combination and a form indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man: [follows:
This was your husband. Look you now what
Here is your husband, like a mildew'd ear,
Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes?
Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
And batten on this moor?

Queen. O, Hamlet, speak no more;
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul,
And there I see such black and grained spots
As will not leave their tinct.

Enter Ghost.

Ham. Save me, and hover o'er me with your
wings, [cious figure?
You heavenly guards!—What would your gra-

Queen. Alas! he's mad. [chide,

Ham. Do you not come your tardy son to
That, laps'd in time and passion, lets go by
Th'important acting of your dread command?
O, say ———

Ghost. Do not forget: this visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But, look! amazement on thy mother sits:
O step between her and her fighting soul!
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works:
Speak to her, Hamlet.

Ham. How is it with you, madam?

Queen. Alas! how is't with you?
That thus you bend your eye on vacancy,
And with th'incorporeal air do hold discourse?
Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep;

And as the sleeping soldiers in th'alarm
Your bedded hairs, like life in excrements,
Start up and stand on end. O, gentle son!
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle cool patience: whereon do you look?

Ham. On him, on him! look you how pale
he glares!

His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones
Would make them capable: do not look on me,
Left with this piteous action you convert
My stern effects! then what I have to do

Will want true colour, tears, perchance, for

Queen. To whom do you speak this? [blood.

Ham. Do you see nothing here?

[Pointing to the Ghost.

Queen. Nothing at all: yet all that is, I see.

Ham. Nor did you nothing hear?

Queen. No, nothing but ourselves.

Ham. Why look you there! look how it steals
My father in his habit as he liv'd! [away!
Look where he goes, even now, out at the portal.

[Exit Ghost.

Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain;
This bodiless creation, ecstasy
Is very cunning in.

Ham. What ecstasy?

My pulse as yours, doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful music: 'tis not madness
That I have utter'd; bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word; which madness
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
That not your trespass, but my madness, speaks:
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place,
Whiles rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unseen. Confess yourself to Heaven,
Repent what's past; avoid what is to come.

Queen. O, Hamlet, thou hast cleft my heart
in twain.

Ham. Then throw away the worser part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.
Good-night, but go not to my uncle's bed:

Assume

Assume a virtue if you have it not.
 That monster Custom, who all sense doth eat
 Of habits evil, is angel yet in this,
 That to the use of actions fair and good
 He likewise gives a frock or livery,
 That aptly is put on: refrain to-night,
 And that shall lend a kind of easiness
 To the next abstinence, the next more easy;
 For use can almost change the stamp of nature,
 And master even the devil, or throw him out
 With wondrous potency. Once more, good-
 And when you are desirous to be blest, [night;
 I'll blessing beg of you.

Queen. What shall I do?

Ham. Not this by no means that I bid you do;
 Let the foud king tempt you to bed again,
 Pinch wanton on your cheek; call you his mouse;
 And let him for a pair of reeky kisses,
 Or paddling in your neck with his damned fin-
 Make you to ravel all this matter out [gers,
 That I essentially am not in madness,
 But mad in craft; 'twere good you let him know.

Queen. Be thou assur'd, if words be made of
 breath,

And breath of life, I have no life to breathe
 What thou hast said to me.

Ham. I must to England; you know that.

Queen. Alack, I had forgot,

'Tis so concluded on. [school-fellows,

Ham. There's letters seal'd, and my two
 Whom I will trust as I will adders fang'd,
 They bear the mandate, they must sweep my way,
 And marshal me to knavery: let it work,—
 For 'tis the sport to have the engineer
 Hoist with his own petar: and it shall go hard
 But I will delve one yard below their mines,
 And blow'em at the moon.

Hamlet's Reflection on his own Irresolution.

How all occasions do inform against me,
 And spur my dull revenge! What is a man
 If his chief good and market of his time

Be but to sleep and feed? a beast no more.
 Sure he has made us with such large discourse,
 Looking before and after, gave us not
 That capability and godlike reason
 To rust in us unus'd. Now whether it be
 Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple
 Of thinking too precisely on th'event [wisdom,
 (A thought which, quarter'd, hath but one part
 And ever three parts coward) I do not know
 Why yet I live to say this thing's to do, [means
 Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and
 To do't. Examples gross as earth exhort me;
 Witness this army of such mafs and charge,
 Led by a delicate and tender prince,
 Whose spirit with divine ambition puffed,
 Makes mouths at the invisible event,
 Exposing what is mortal and unsure
 To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,
 Even for an egg-shell. 'Tis not to be great,
 Never to stir without great argument;
 But greatly to find quarrel in a straw,
 When honour's at the stake. How stand I then
 That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd
 (Excitements of my reason and my blood)
 And let all sleep, while to my shame I see
 The imminent death of twenty thousand men,
 That for a phantasy and trick of fame
 Go to their graves like beds, fight for a plot
 Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
 Which is not tomb enough and continent
 To hide the slain? O then, from this time forth,
 My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth!

Sorrows rarely single.

O, Gertrude, Gertrude!

When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
 But in battalions.

The Divinity of Kings.

Let him go, Gertrude: do not fear our person:
 There's such divinity doth hedge a king,
 That treason can but peep to what it wou'd,
 And little of its will.

Description

Description of Ophelia's Drowning.

There is a willow grows aslant a brook,
That shews his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;
There with fantastic garlands did she come,
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long pur-
ples

(That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,
But our cold maids do dead mens fingers call)
There on the pendant boughs her coronet weeds
Clambering to hang, an envious sliwer broke,
When down her weedy trophies and herself
Fell in the weeping brook; her clothes spread
wide,

And, mermaid-like, a while they bore her up,
Which time she chaunted snatches of old tunes,
As one incapable of her own distress,
Or like a creature native and indued
Unto that element; but long it could not be,
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

A Spotless Virgin buried.

Lay her i'th'earth,
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring! I tell thee, churlish priest,
A ministr'ing angel shall my sister be,
When thou liest howling.

Melancholy.

This is mere madness,
And thus a while the fit will work on him;
Anon, as patient as the female dove,
When first her golden couplets are disclos'd,
His silence will fit drooping.

Providence directs our Actions.

And that should teach us
There's a Divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

A Health.

Give me the cups,
And let the kettle to the trumpets speak,
The trumpets to the cannoneer without,
The cannons to the heavens, the heavens to
Now the King drinks to Hamlet. [earth;

§ 8. THE FIRST PART OF HENRY IV.

SHAKESPEARE.

Peace after Civil War.

SO shaken as we are, so wan with care,
Find we a time for frightened peace to pant,
And breathe short-winded accents of new broils
To be commenc'd in strands afar remote.
No more the thirsty entrance of this soil [blood:
Shall damp her lips with her own childrens
No more shall trenching war channel her fields,
Nor bruise her flow'rets with the armed hoofs
Of hostile paces. Those oppos'd files,
Which like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
All of one nature, of one substance bred,
Did lately meet in the intestine shock
And furious close of civil butchery,
Shall now in mutual well-beseeming ranks
March all one way; and be no more oppos'd
Against acquaintance, kindred, and allies:
The edge of war, like an ill-sheathed knife,
No more shall cut his master.

*King Henry's Character of Percy, and of his Son
Prince Henry.*

Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, and mak'st me
In envy, that my lord Northumberland [sin
Should be the father of so blest a son:
A son who is the theme of honour's tongue;
Amongst a grove the very straightest plant,
Who is sweet fortune's mirror and her pride;
Whilst I by looking on the praise of him,
See riot and dishonour stain the brow
Of my young Harry.

Prince

Prince Henry's Soliloquy.

I know you all, and will a while uphold
 The unyok'd humour of your idleness :
 Yet herein will I imitate the sun,
 Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
 To smother up his beauty from the world,
 That when he please again to be himself,
 Being wanted, he may more be wonder'd at,
 By breaking through the foul and ugly mists
 Of vapours that did seem to strangle him.
 If all the year were playing holidays,
 To sport would be as tedious as to work ;
 But when they feldom come, they wish'd-for
 And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents. [come,
 So when this loose behaviour I throw off,
 And pay the debt I never promised ;
 By how much better than my word I am,
 By so much shall I falsify mens hopes :
 And, like bright metal on a sullen ground,
 My reformation glitt'ring o'er my fault,
 Shall shew more goodly, and attract more eyes,
 Than that which hath no foil to set it off.
 I'll so offend, to make offence a skill ;
 Redeeming time, when men think least I will.

Hotspur's Description of a Finical Courtier.

But I remember, when the fight was done,
 When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,
 Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
 Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dress'd :
 Fresh as a bridegroom, and his chin new-reap'd,
 Shew'd like a stubble-land at harvest home.
 He was perfum'd like a milliner :
 And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
 A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
 He gave his nose (and took't away again ;
 Who, therewith angry when it next came there,
 Took it in snuff). And still he smil'd and talk'd.
 And as the soldiers bare dead bodies by,
 He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
 To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse
 Betwixt the wind and his nobility.

With many a holiday and lady terms
 He question'd me ; among the rest demanded
 My prisoners in your majesty's behalf.
 I then, all smarting with my wounds, being cold,
 Out of my grief and my impatience
 To be so pester'd with a popinjay,
 Answer'd neglectingly, I know not what
 He should, or should not ; for he made me mad,
 To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
 And talk so like a waiting gentlewoman,
 Of guns, and drums, and wounds — (God save
 the mark) ;
 And telling me the sovereign'st thing on earth
 Was parmacety for an inward bruise ;
 And that it was great pity, so it was,
 This villainous salt-petre should be digg'd
 Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
 Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
 So cowardly : and but for these vile guns,
 He would himself have been a soldier.

Danger.

I'll read you matter deep and dangerous :
 As full of peril and advent'rous spirit
 As to o'erwalk a current, roaring loud,
 On the unstedfast footing of a spear.

Honour.

By heav'ns ! methinks it were an easy leap,
 To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd
 Or drive into the bottom of the deep, [moon !
 Where fathom line could never touch the
 ground,
 And pluck up drowned honour by the locks !
 So he that doth redeem her thence, might wear,
 Without co-rival, all her dignities.
 But out upon this half-fac'd fellowship !

Lady Percy's Pathetic Speech to her Husband.

O, my good lord, why are you thus alone ?
 For what offence have I this fortnight been
 A banish'd woman from my Harry's bed ?
 Tell me, sweet lord, what is't that takes from thee
 Thy

Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep;
 Why dost thou bend thy eyes upon the earth,
 And start so often when thou sitt'st alone?
 Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks,
 And giv'n my treasures and my rights of thee
 To thick-ey'd musing and curs'd melancholy?
 In thy faint slumbers I by thee have watcht,
 And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars;
 Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed!
 Cry, courage! to the field! and thou hast talk'd
 Of sallies, and retires: of trenches, tents,
 Of palisadoes, fortins, parapets;
 Of basilisks, of cannon-culverin,
 Of prisoners ransom, and of soldiers slain,
 And all the current of a heady fight.
 Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war,
 And thus hath so bestirr'd thee in thy sleep,
 That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow,
 Like bubbles in a late disturbed stream:
 And in thy face strange motions have appear'd,
 Such as we see when men restrain their breath
 On some great sudden haste. O, what portents
 are these!
 Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,
 And I must know it, else he loves me not.

Prodigies ridiculed.

I blame him not: at my nativity
 The front of heav'n was full of fiery shapes
 Of burning crests; know that, at my birth,
 The frame and the foundation of the earth
 Shook like a coward.

Her. So it would have done
 At the same season, if your mother's cat [born.
 Had kitten'd, though yourself had ne'er been

Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth
 In strange eruptions; and the teeming earth
 Is with a kind of cholic pinch'd and vext,
 By the imprisoning of unruly wind [striving,
 Within her womb;— which for enlargement
 Shakes the old beldame earth, and topples down.

High tow'rs and moss-grown steeples.

On Miserable Rhymers.

I had rather be a kitten and cry, mew!
 Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers:
 I'd rather hear a brazen candlestick turn'd,
 Or a dry wheel grate upon the axle-tree,
 And that would nothing set my teeth on edge,
 Nothing so much as mincing poetry;
 'Tis like the forc'd gate of a shuffling nag.

Punctuality in Bargain.

I'll give thrice as much land
 To any well-deserving friend;
 But in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
 I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.

A Husband sung to sleep by a fair Wife.

She bids you
 All on the wanton rushes lay you down,
 And rest your gentle head upon her lap,
 And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,
 And on your eye-lids crown the god of sleep,
 Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness;
 Making such difference betwixt wake and sleep,
 As is the difference betwixt day and night.
 The hour before the heavenly-harness'd team
 Begins his golden progress in the east.

King Henry IV. to his Son.

Had I so lavish of my presence been,
 So common hackney'd in the eyes of men,
 So stale and cheap to vulgar company;
 Opinion that did help me to the crown,
 Had still kept loyal to possession,
 And left me in reputeless banishment,
 A fellow of no mark nor likelihood.
 And being seldom seen, I could not stir,
 But, like a comet, I was wonder'd at! [he."
 That men would tell their children, "This is
 Others would say, "Where? which is Boling-
 broke?"
 And then I stole all courtesy from Heav'n,
 And dress'd myself in such humility,

That

That I did pluck allegiance from mens hearts,
 Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,
 Even in the presence of the crowned king.
 Thus did I keep my person fresh and new,
 My presence like a robe pontifical,
 Ne'er seen but wonder'd at: and so my state
 Seldom, but sumptuous, shewed like a feast,
 And won by rareness such solemnity.
 The skipping king he ambled up and down
 With shallow jesters and rash bavin wits,
 Soon kindled, and soon burnt: 'scarded his
 state:

Mingled his royalty with carping fools:
 Had his great name profaned with their scorns;
 And gave his countenance against his name,
 To laugh with gibing boys and stand the push
 Of every beardless vain comparative:
 Grew a companion to the common streets,
 Enseoff'd himself to popularity:
 That being daily swallow'd by mens eyes,
 They surfeited with honey, and began
 To loath the taste of sweetness; whereof a little
 More than a little is by much too much.
 So when he had occasion to be seen,
 He was but as the cuckow is in June,
 Heard, not regarded; seen, but with such eyes
 As, sick and blunted with community,
 Afford no extraordinary gaze;
 Such as is bent on sun-like majesty,
 When it shines seldom in admiring eyes:
 But rather drowz'd, and hung their eye-lids
 down,
 Slept in his face, and render'd such aspect
 As cloudy men use to their adversaries,
 Being with his presence glutted, gorg'd, and full.

Prince Henry's Modest Defence of himself.

—Heav'n forgive them that so much have
 sway'd

Your Majesty's good thoughts away from me!
 I will redeem all this on Percy's head:
 And in the closing of some glorious day,

Be bold to tell you, that I am your son.
 When I will wear a garment all of blood,
 And stain my favours in a bloody mask,
 Which, wash'd away, shall scower my shame
 with it:

And that shall be the day, whene'er it lights,
 That this same child of honour and renown,
 This gallant Hotspur, this all-prais'd knight,
 And your unthought-of Harry chance to meet;
 For every honour sitting on his helm,
 Would they were multitudes, and on my head
 My shames redoubled! for the time will come
 That I shall make this northern youth exchange
 His glorious deeds for my indignities.
 Percy is but my factor, good my lord,
 T'ingross up glorious deeds on my behalf:
 And I will call him to so strict account,
 That he shall render every glory up,
 Yea, even the slightest worship of his time;
 Or I will tear the reck'ning from his heart.
 This, in the name of Heav'n, I promise here:
 The which, if I perform, and do survive,
 I do beseech your Majesty, may salve
 The long-grown wounds of my intemperance.
 If not, the end of life cancels all bonds;
 And I will die a hundred thousand deaths
 Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

A Gallant Warrior.

I saw young Harry with his beaver on,
 His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,
 Rise from the ground, like feather'd Mercury,
 And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
 As if an angel drop'd down from the clouds
 To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,
 And witch the world with noble horsemanship.

Hotspur's Impatience for the Battle.

—Let them come,
 They come like sacrifices in their trim,
 And to the fire-ey'd maid of smoky war,
 All hot and bleeding, will we offer them.
 The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit

Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire
To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh,
And yet not ours. Come, let me take my horse,
Who is to bear me, like a thunder-bolt,
Against the bosom of the Prince of Wales!
Harry to Harry shall (not horse to horse)
Meet, and ne'er part till one drop down a corse.
Oh, that Glendower were come!

Prince Henry's Modest Challenge.

—Tell your nephew,
The Prince of Wales doth join with all the world
In praise of Harry Percy: by my hopes
(This present enterprise set off his head)
I do not think a braver gentleman,
More active-valiant, or more valiant-young,
More daring, or more bold, is now alive,
To grace this latter age with noble deed.
For my part, I may speak it to my shame,
I have a truant been to chivalry;
And so, I hear, he doth account me too;
Yet this before my father's majesty,
I am content that he shall take the odds
Of his great name and estimation,
And will, to save the blood on either side,
Try fortune with him in a single fight.

Prince Henry's Pathetic Speech on the Death of Hotspur.

—Brave Percy—fare thee well;
All-weav'd ambition, how much art thou shrunk!
When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound:
But now two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough. This earth that bears thee
dead,
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.
If thou wert sensible of courtesy,
I should not make so great a show of zeal.
But let my favours hide thy mangled face,
And ev'n in thy behalf, I'll thank myself
For doing these fair rites of tenderness.

Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heav'n;
Thy ignominy sleep with thee in the grave,
But not remember'd in thy epitaph.

Life demands Action.

O Gentlemen, the time of life is short:
To spend that shortness basely were too long,
Tho' life did ride upon a dial's point,
Still ending at th'arrival of an hour.

§ 9. SECOND PART OF HENRY IV.

SHAKESPEARE.

Prologue.—Rumour.

I From the orient to the drooping west,
Making the wind my post-horse, still unfold
The acts commenced on this ball of earth;
Upon my tongue's continual slanders ride,
The which in every language I pronounce,
Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.
I speak of peace, while covert enmity,
Under the smile of safety, wounds the world;
And who but Rumour, who but only I,
Make fearful musters, and prepar'd defence,
Whilst the big year, swollen with some other
griefs,
Is thought with child by the stern tyrant War,
And no such matter. Rumour is a pipe
Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures;
And of so easy and so plain a stop,
That the blunt monster, with uncounted heads,
The still-discordant wavering multitude,
Can play upon it.

Contention.

—Contention, like a horse
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose,
And bears down all before him.

Post-Messenger.

After him came spurring hard
A gentleman almost forespent with speed,

That

That stopp'd by me to breathe his bloodied horse:
 He ask'd the way to Chester; and of him
 I did demand the news from Shrewsbury.
 He told me that rebellion had ill luck;
 And that young Harry Percy's spur was cold.
 With that he gave his able horse the head,
 And, bending forward, struck his agile heels
 Against the panting sides of his poor jade
 Up to the rowel head; and starting so,
 He seem'd in running to devour the way,
 Staying no longer question.

Messenger with Ill News.

Yea, this man's brow, like to a title-leaf,
 Foretels the nature of a tragic volume;
 So looks the strand, whereon th'imperious flood
 Hath left a witness'd usurpation.

Thou tremblest, and the whiteness in thy
 cheek

Is apter than any tongue to tell thy errand.
 Ev'n such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
 So dull, so dead in look, so woe-be-gone,
 Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,
 And would have told him half his Troy was
 burn'd.

I see a strange confession in thine eye;
 Thou shak'st thy head, and hold'st it fear or sin
 To speak a truth. If he be slain, say so:
 The tongue offends not that reports his death:
 And he doth sin that doth belie the dead,
 Not he who says the dead is not alive.
 Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news
 Hath but a losing office; and his tongue
 Sounds ever after as a fullen bell,
 Remember'd, tolling a departed friend.

Greater Griefs destroy the less.

As the wretch, whose fever-weaken'd joints
 Like strengthless hinges, buckle under life,
 Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire
 Out of his keeper's arms; ev'n so my limbs,

Weaken'd with grief, being now enrag'd with
 grief, [nice crutch,
 Are thrice themselves. Hence, therefore, thou
 A scaly gauntlet now with joints of steel
 Must glove his hand: and hence thou sickly
 Thou art a guard too wanton for the head, [coif,
 Which princes, flush'd with conquest, aim to hit.
 Now bind my brows with iron, and approach
 The rugged hour that time and spite dare
 bring

To frown upon th'enrag'd Northumberland!
 Let heav'n kiss earth! now let not nature's hand
 Keep the wild flood confin'd! Let order die,
 And let this world no longer be a stage
 To feed contention in a ling'ring act:
 But let one spirit of the first-born Cain
 Reign in all bosoms, that, each heart being set
 On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,
 And darkness be the burier of the dead!

The Fickleness of the Vulgar.

An habitation giddy and unsure
 Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart.
 O thou fond man! with what loud applause
 Didst thou beat heav'n with blessing Bolingbroke,
 Before he was what thou would'st have him be!
 And now being trim'd up in thine own desires,
 Thou, beastly feeder, art so full of him,
 That thou provok'st thyself to cast him up.

On Sleep.

O gentle sleep,
 Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
 That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-lids down,
 And steep my senses in forgetfulness!
 Why rather, Sleep, ly'st thou in smoky cribs,
 Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee, [slumber,
 And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy
 Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,
 Under the canopies of costly state,
 And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody?
 O thou dull god, why ly'st thou with the vile

In

In loathsome beds, and leav'st the kingly couch
 A watch-case to a common larum bell?
 Wilt thou, upon the high and giddy mast,
 Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
 In cradle of the rude imperious surge;
 And in the visitation of the winds,
 Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
 Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
 With deaf'ning clamours in the slippery shrouds,
 That with the hurly, death itself awakes?
 Can'st thou, O partial Sleep! give thy repose
 To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude?
 And, in the calmest and the stillest night,
 With all appliances, and means to boot,
 Deny it to a king?

The Character of King Henry V. by his Father.

He is gracious, if he be observ'd:
 He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
 Open as day, for melting charity:
 Yet notwithstanding, being incens'd, he's flint:
 As humorous as winter, and as sudden
 As flaws congealed in the spring of day.
 His temper, therefore, must be well observ'd;
 Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,
 When you perceive his blood inclin'd to mirth;
 But being moody, give him line and scope,
 Till that his passions, like a whale on ground,
 Confound themselves with working.

On Fortune.

Will fortune ever come with both hands full,
 But write her fair words still in foulest letters?
 She either gives a stomach and no food,
 Such are the poor in health; or else a feast,
 And takes away the stomach; such the rich,
 That have abundance and enjoy it not.

Dialogue between Prince Henry and his Father.

Come hither to me, Harry.
 Depart the chamber, leave us here alone.

[*Ex. Ls.*]

P. Hen. I never thought to hear you speak agian.
K. Hen. Thy wish was father, Harry, to that
 I stay too long by thee, I weary thee. [thought.
 Dost thou so hunger for my empty chair,
 That thou wilt needs invest thee with my honors
 Before thy hour be ripe? O foolish youth! [thee.
 Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm
 Stay but a little; for my cloud of dignity
 Is held from falling with too weak a wind,
 That it will quickly drop; my day is dim.
 Thou hast stol'n that, which after some few hours
 Were thine without offence: and at my death
 Thou hast seal'd up my expectation:
 Thy life did manifest thou lov'd'st me not,
 And thou wilt have me die assur'd of it.
 Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts,
 Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,
 To stab at half an hour of my frail life.
 What! can'st thou not forbear me half an hour?
 Then get thee gone and dig my grave thyself,
 And bid the merry bells ring to thy ear
 That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.
 Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse
 Be drops of balm to sanctify thy head;
 Only compound me with forgotten dust,
 Give that which gave thee life unto the worms.
 Pluck down my officers, break my decrees.
 For now a time is come to mock at form.
 Henry the Fifth is crown'd: up vanity!
 Down royal state! All you sage counsellors, hence!
 And to the English court assemble now,
 From every region, apes of idleness: [scum;
 Now, neighbour-confines, purge you of your
 Have you a ruffian that will swear? drink? dance?
 Revel the night? rob? murder? and commit
 The oldest sins the newest kind of ways?
 Be happy, he will trouble you no more:
 England shall give him office, honour might:
 For the fifth Harry from curb'd licence plucks
 The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog
 Shall flesh his tooth in every innocent.
 O my poor kingdom! sick with civil blows:

O

When

When that my care could not with-hold thy riots,
What wilt thou do when riot is thy care?
O, thou wilt be a wilderness again,
Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants!

P. Hen. O pardon me, my liege! but for my tears
[*Kneeling.*]

(The moist impediments unto my speech)
I had forefall'd this dear and deep rebuke,
Ere you with grief had spoke, and I had heard
The course of it so far. There is your crown;
And He that wears the crown immortally,
Long guard it yours! If I affect it more,
Than as your honour or as your renown,
Let me no more from this obedience rise,
Which my most true and inward-duteous spirit
Teacheth this prostrate and exterior bending.
Heav'n witness with me, when I here came in,
And found no course of breath within your Majesty—
How cold it struck my heart! If I do feign, [ty,
O let me in my present wildness die,
And never live to shew th'incredulous world
The noble change that I have purposed.
Coming to look on you, thinking you dead
(And dead almost my liege, to think you were)
I spake unto the crown, as having sense,
And thus upbraided it. The care on thee de-
Hath fed upon the body of my father, spending
Therefore thou best of gold art worst of gold;
Other, less fine in carrat, is more precious,
Preserving life in medicine portable: [known'd,
But thou, most fine, most honour'd, most re-
Hast eat thy bearer up. Thus, my most royal
Accusing it, I put it on my head, [liege,
To try with it (as with an enemy
That had before my face murder'd my father)
The quarrel of a true inheritor.
But if it did infect my blood with joy,
Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride;
If any rebel or vain spirit of mine
Did with the least affection of a welcome
Give entertainment to the might of it,
Let Heaven for ever keep it from my head!

And make me as the poorest vassal is,
That doth with awe and terror kneel to it!

K. Hen. O my son!

Heaven put it in thy mind to take it hence,
That thou might'st win the more thy father's love,
Pleading so wisely in excuse of it.
Come hither, Harry, sit thou by my bed,
And hear, I think, the very latest counsel [son,
That ever I shall breathe. Heav'n knows, my
By what by-paths and indirect crook'd ways
I met this crown; and I myself know well
How troublesome it sat upon my head.
To thee it shall descend with better quiet,
Better opinion, better confirmation:
For all the foil of the achievement goes
With me into the earth. It seem'd in me
But as an honour snatch'd with boisterous hand;
And I had many living to upbraid
My gain of it by their assistances,
Which daily grew to quarrel and to bloodshed,
Wounding supposed peace. All these bold fears,
Thou seest, with peril I have answered;
For all my reign hath been but as a scene
Acting that argument: and now my death
Changes the mode; for what in me was purchas'd
Falls upon thee in a much fairer sort.
So thou the garland wear'st successively;
Yet tho' thou stand'st more sure than I could do,
Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are green;
And all thy friends, which thou must make thy
friends,
Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en out;
By whose fell workings I was first advanc'd,
And by whose pow'r I well might lodge a fear
To be again displac'd: which to avoid
I cut them off, and had a purpose now
To lead out many to the Holy Land,
Lest rest and lying still might make them look
Too near into my state. Therefore, my Harry,
Be it thy course to busy giddy minds
With foreign wars; that action, hence borne out
May waste the memory of former days.

More

More would I, but my lungs are wasted so,
That strength of speech is utterly deny'd me.
How I came by the crown, O God, forgive!
And grant it may with thee in true peace live!

P. Hen. My gracious siege,
You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me;
Then plain and right must my possession be;
Which I with more than with a common pain
'Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain.

Reflections on a Crown.

O polish'd perturbation! golden care!
That keeps the ports of slumber open wide
To many a watchful night: sleep with it now!
Yet not so sound, nor half so deeply sweet,
As he, whose brow with homely biggen bound,
SnORES out the watch of night. O majesty!
When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit
Like a rich armour, worn in heat of day,
That scalds with safety.

Gold.

How quickly nature
Falls to revolt, when gold becomes her object.
For this, the foolish, over-careful fathers
Have broke their sleep with thought, their brains
with care,

Their bones with industry; for this engross'd
The canker'd heaps of strange atchieved gold;
For this they have been thoughtful to invest
Their sons with arts and martial exercises;
When like the bee, culling from every flower,
Our thighs are pack'd with wax, our mouths
with honey,
We bring it to the hive; and, like the bees,
Are murder'd for our pains.

The Chief Justice to King Henry V. whom he had imprisoned.

If the deed were ill,
Be you contented, wearing now the garland,
To have a son set your decrees at nought,
To pluck down justice from your awful bench,

To trip the course of law, and blunt the sword
That guards the peace and safety of your person;
Nay more, to spurn at your most royal image,
And mock your working in a second body.
Question your royal thoughts, make the case
Be now the father, and propose a son; [yours,
Hear your own dignity so much profan'd;
See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted,
Behold yourself so by a son disdain'd,
And then imagine me taking your part,
And in your power so silencing your son.

§ 10. THE LIFE OF HENRY V.
SHAKESPEARE,

Prologue.

O For a muse of fire, that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention!
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act,
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene!
Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,
Assume the port of Mars; and at his heels,
(Leasht in, like hounds) should famine, sword,
Crouch for employment. [and fire,

Consideration.

Consideration, like an angel came,
And whipt th'offending Adam out of him;
Leaving his body as a Paradise,
T'invelope and contain celestial spirits.

King Henry V. his Perfections.

Hear him but reason in divinity,
And all-admiring with an inward wish,
You would desire the King were made a prelate:
Hear him debate in commonwealth affairs,
You'd say, it had been all in all his study.
List his discourse of war, and you shall hear
A fearful battle render'd you in music.
Turn him to any cause of policy,
The gordian knot of it he will unloose,
Familiar as his garter. When he speaks,

The air, a charter'd libertine, is still;
And the mute wonder lurketh in mens ears,
To steal his sweet and honied sentences.

The Commonwealth of Bees.

So work the honey-bees;
Creatures that, by a ruling nature, teach
The art of order to a peopled kingdom;
They have a king and officers of sort,
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home;
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad;
Others, like soldiers, arm'd in their stings,
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds;
Which pillage they with merry march bring
To the tent-royal of their emperor; [home
Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
The singing mason, building roofs of gold;
The civil citizens kneading up the honey;
The poor mechanic porters crowding in
Their heavy burthens at his narrow gate;
The sad-ey'd justice, with his surly hum,
Delivering o'er to executors pale
The lazy, yawning drone.

Warlike Spirit.

Now all the youth of England are in arms,
And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies;
Now strive the armourers, and honour's thought
Reigns solely in the breast of every man;
They sell the pasture now to buy the horse,
Following the mirror of all Christian kings,
With winged heels, as English Mercuries.
For now sits expectation in the air,
And hides a sword from hilts unto the point,
With crowns imperial, crowns and coronets,
Promis'd to Harry and his followers.

England.

O England! model to thy inward greatness,
Like little body with a mighty heart,
What might'st thou do, that honour would thee
Were all thy children kind and natural! [do,
But see thy fault; France hath in thee found out

A nest of hollow bosoms, which he fills
With treach'rous crowns.

False Appearance.

Oh! how thou hast with jealousy infected
The sweetness of affiance! Shew men dutiful?
Why so did'st thou: or seem they grave and
learned?

Why so did'st thou. Come they of noble family?
Why so did'st thou. Seem they religious?
Why so did'st thou. Or are they spare in diet,
Free from gross passion, or of mirth or anger,
Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood;
Garnish'd and deck'd in modest compliment,
Not working with the eye without the ear,
And but in purged judgment trusting neither?
Such, and so finely bolted did'st thou seem.
And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,
To mark the full-fraught man, the best endu'd
With some suspicion.

King Henry's Character, by the Constable of France.

You are too much mistaken in this king:
Question your grace the late ambassadors,
With what great state he heard their embassy:
How well supply'd with noble counsellors,
How modest in exception, and, withal,
How terrible in constant resolution,—
And you shall find his vanities fore-spent
Were but the outside of the Roman Brutus,
Covering discretion with a coat of folly,
As gardeners do with ordure hide those roots
That shall first spring and be most delicate.

Description of a Fleet setting Sail.

Suppose that you have seen
The well-appointed king at Hampton-pier
Embark his royalty; and his brave fleet
With silken streamers the young Phœbus fan-
ning,
Play with your fancies: and in them behold,
Upon the hempen-tackle, ship-boys climbing;
Hear

Hear the shrill whistle, which doth order give
To sounds confus'd; behold the threaded sail,
Borne with th'invisible and creeping wind,
Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd
Breasting the lofty surge! [sea,

Description of Night in a Camp.

From camp to camp, thro' the foul womb of
The hum of either army stilly sounds, [night,
That the fix'd sentinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch.
Fire answers fire; and through their paly flames,
Each battle sees the other's umber'd face.
Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs,
Piercing the night's dull ear; and from the tents,
The armourers accomplishing the knights,
With busy hammers closing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation.
The country cocks do crow; the clocks do toll:
And (the third hour of drowsy morning nam'd)
Proud of their numbers and secure in soul,
The confident and over-lusty French
Do the low-rated English play at dice;
And chide the cripple tardy-gated night,
Who, like a foul and ugly witch, does limp
So tediously away: the poor condemned English,
Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires
Sit patiently, and inly ruminate
The morning's danger: and their gesture sad
(Investing lank lean cheeks and war-worn coats)
Presenteth them unto the gazing moon
So many horrid ghosts. Who now beholds
The royal captain of this ruin'd band,
Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,
Let him cry praise and glory on his head!
For forth he goes, and visits all his host,
Bids them good-morrow, with a modest smile,
And calls them brothers, friends, and country-
Upon his royal face there is no note [men.
How dread an army hath enrounded him;
Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour
Unto the weary and all-watched night;

But freshly looks, and overbears attaint,
With cheerful semblance and sweet majesty;
That ev'ry wretch, pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks.
A largess universal, like the sun,
His lib'ral eyes doth give to ev'ry one,
Thawing cold fear.

The Miseries of Royalty. [ncls,

O hard condition, and twin-born with great-
Subject to breath of ev'ry fool, whose sense
No more can feel but his own wringing.
What infinite heart-ease must kings neglect,
That private men enjoy! And what have kings
That private have not too,—save ceremony?—
Save gen'ral ceremony?
And what art thou, thou idle ceremony?
What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more
Of mortal griefs than do thy worshippers?
What are thy rents? what are thy comings-in?
O ceremony, shew me but thy worth:
What is the soul of adoration?
Art thou aught but place, degree, and form,
Creating awe and fear in other men?
Wherein thou art less happy, being fear'd,
Than they in fearing.
What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,
But poison'd flattery? O be sick, great greatness,
And bid thy ceremony give the cure.
Think'st thou the fiery fever will go out
With titles blown from adulation?
Will it give place to flexure and low bending?
Can'st thou, when thou command'st the beggar's
knee, [dream,
Command the health of it? No, thou proud
That play'st so subtly with a king's repose;
I am a king, that find thee, and I know
'Tis not the balm, the sceptre, and the ball,
The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,
The enter-tissued robe of gold and pearl,
The farfed titled running 'fore the king,
The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp,
That beats upon the high shore of this world!

No, not all these thrice-gorgeous ceremonies,
 Not all these, laid in bed majestical,
 Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave
 Who, with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,
 Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread;
 Never sees horrid night, the child of hell,
 But, like a lacquey, from the rise to set,
 Sweats in the eye of Phœbus; and all night
 Sleeps in Elysium: next day, after dawn,
 Doth rise and help Hyperion to his horse:
 And follows to the ever-running year
 With profitable labour to his grave:
 And (but for ceremony) such a wretch,
 Winding up days with toil, and nights with sleep,
 Hath the forehand and 'vantage of a king.

A Description of the miserable State of the English Army.

Yon island carrions, desp'rate of their bones,
 Ill-favour'dly become the morning field:
 Their ragged curtains poorly are let loose,
 And our air shakes them passing scornfully;
 Big Mars seems bankrupt in their beggar'd host,
 And faintly through a rusty beaver peeps.
 The horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks, [jades
 With torch-staves in their hands: and the poor
 Lob down their heads, dropping the hide and
 hips:
 The gum down roping from their pale dead eyes;
 And in their pale dull mouths the ymold bit
 Lies foul with chew'd grass, still and motionless;
 And their executors, the knavish crows,
 Fly o'er them all impatient for their hour.

King Henry's Speech before the Battle of Agincourt.

He that outlives this day, and comes safe
 home,
 Will stand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,
 And rouse him at the name of Crispian:
 He that outlives this day, and sees old age,
 Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbour,

And say, to-morrow is Saint Crispian:
 Then will he strip his sleeve, and shew his scars:
 Old men forget; yet shall not all forget,
 But they'll remember, with advantages, [names,
 What feats they did that day. Then shall our
 Familiar in their mouth, as household words,
 Harry the King, Bedford, and Exeter,
 Warwick, and Talbot, Salisbury, and Gloucester,
 Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.

Description of the Earl of York's Death.

He smil'd me in the face, gave me his hand,
 And, with a feeble gripe, says, Dear my lord,
 Commend my service to my sovereign;
 So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck
 He threw his wounded arm, and kiss'd his lips;
 And so espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd
 A testament of noble-ending love.
 The pretty and sweet manner of it forc'd
 Those waters from me, which I would have
 But I had not so much of man in me; [stopp'd;
 And all my mother came into mine eyes,
 And gave me up to tears.

The Miseries of War.

Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,
 Unpruned lies: her hedges even pleach'd
 Like prisoners, wildly overgrown with hair,
 Put forth disorder'd twigs: her fallow lens
 The darnel, hemlock, and rank fumitory,
 Doth root upon; while that the culture rusts
 That should deracinate such savagery:
 The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth
 The freckled cowslip, burnet, and green clover,
 Wanting the scythe, all uncorrected, rank,
 Conceive by idleness; and nothing teems
 But hateful docks, rough thistles, kecksies, burs,
 Losing both beauty and utility: [hedges,
 And all our vineyards, fallows, meads, and
 Defective in their natures, grow to wildness.

§ 11. THE FIRST PART OF HENRY VI.

SHAKESPEARE.

Glory.

GLORY is like a circle in the water;
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,
Till by broad spreading it disperse to nought.

Marriage.

For marriage is a matter of more worth
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship.

For what is wedlock forced but a hell,
An age of discord and continual strife?
Whereas the contrary bringeth forth bliss,
And is a pattern of celestial peace.

§ 12. THE SECOND PART OF HENRY VI.

SHAKESPEARE.

A resolved Ambitious Woman.

FOLLOW I must, I cannot go before,
While Glo'ster bears this base and humble
mind.

Were I a man, a duke, and next of blood,
I wou'd remove these tedious stumbling-blocks,
And smooth my way upon their headless necks.
And being a woman, I will not be slack
To play my part in fortune's pageant.

The Lord ever to be remembered.

Let never day or night unhallow'd pass,
But still remember what the Lord hath done.

*Eleanor to the Duke of Glo'ster, when doing
Penance.*

For whilst I think I am thy married wife,
And thou a prince, protector of this land,
Methinks, I should not thus be led along,
Mail'd up in shame, with papers on my back;
And follow'd with a rabble, that rejoice
To see my tears, and hear my deep-fetch'd
groans.

The ruthless flint doth cut my tender feet;
And, when I start, the cruel people laugh,
And bid me be advis'd how I tread.

Silent Repentment deepest.

Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep;
And in his simple shew he harbours treason.

A Guilty Countenance.

Upon the eye-balls murd'rous tyranny
Sits in grim majesty to fright the world.

Description of a Murdered Person.

See how the blood is settled in his face!
Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost,
Of ashy semblance, meagre, pale, and bloodless
Being all descended to the lab'ring heart,
Who, in the conflict that it holds with death,
Attracts the same for aidance 'gainst the enemy
Which with the heart there cools, and ne'er re-
turneth

To blush and beautify the cheek again.
But see his face is black, and full of blood!
His eye-balls further out than when he liv'd:
Staring full ghastly, like a strangled man!
His hair up-rear'd, his nostrils stretch'd with
struggling!

His hands abroad display'd, as one that gaspt
And tugg'd for life, and was by strength subdu'd!
Look on the sheets; his hair, you see, is sticking
His well-proportion'd beard, made rough and
rugged,

Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodg'd.
It cannot be, but he was murder'd here:
The least of all these signs were probable.

A good Conscience.

What stronger breastplate than a heart un-
tainted?
Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just;
And he but naked (though lock'd up in steel)
Whole conscience with injustice is corrupted.

Remorseless Hatred.

A plague upon'em! wherefore should I curse them.

Would curses kill as doth the mandrake's groan,
I would invent as bitter searching terms,
As curs'd, as harsh, as horrible to hear,
Deliver'd strongly through my fixed teeth,
With full as many signs of deadly hate,
As lean-fac'd envy in her loathsome cave.
My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words,
Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint,
Mine hair be fix'd on end like one distract:
Ay, ev'ry joint should seem to curse and ban,
And even now, my burden'd heart would break,
Should I not curse them. Poison be their drink,
Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest meat they taste!
Their sweetest shade a grove of cypress-trees!
Their sweetest prospect murd'ring basilisks!
Their softest touch as smart as lizards stings!
Their music frightful as the serpent's hiss!
And boding screech-owls make the concert full!
All the foul terrors of dark-seated hell——

Now by the ground that I am banish'd from,
Well could I curse away a winter's night,
Though standing naked on a mountain top,
Where biting cold would never let grass grow.

Parting Lovers.

And banished I am, if but from thee:
Go, speak not to me: even now be gone—
Oh! go not yet--ev'n thus two friends condemn'd,
Embrace and kiss, and take ten thousand leaves,
Loth'er a hundred times to part than die:
Yet, now farewell; and farewell life with thee!
Suff. Thus is poor Suffolk ten times banished,
Once by the king, and three times thrice by thee.
'Tis not the land I care for, wert thou hence;
A wilderness is populous enough,
So Suffolk had thy heavenly company:

For where thou art, there is the world itself,
With ev'ry sev'ral pleasure in the world;
And where thou art not, desolation.

Dying with the Person below'd, preferable to parting.

If I depart from thee, I cannot live;
And in thy sight to die, what were it else,
But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?
Here could I breathe my soul into the air,
As mild and gentle as the cradle-babe
Dying with mother's dug between his lips.

The Death-bed Horrors of a Guilty Conscience.

Bring me unto my trial when you will.
Dy'd he not in his bed? Where should he die?
Can I make men live whether they will or no?
Oh, torture me no more, I will confess—
Alive again? Then shew me where he is:
I'll give a thousand pounds to look upon him—
He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them:
Comb down his hair; look! look! it stands
upright
Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul:
Give me some drink, and bid th'apothecary
Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.

Night.

The gaudy, babbling, and remorseful day,
Is crept into the bosom of the sea:
And now loud howling wolves arouse the jades
That drag the tragic melancholy night;
Who with their drowsy, slow, and flagging wings,
Clip dead mens graves; and from their misty
jaws
Breathe foul contagious darkness in the air.

Kent.

Kent, in the commentaries Cæsar writ,
Is term'd the civil'st place of all this isle:
Sweet is the country, because full of riches;
The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy.

Lord

Lord Say's Apology for himself.

Justice, with favour have I always done;
Prayers and tears have mov'd me, gifts could
never:

When have I aught exacted at your hands,
Kent to maintain, the king, the realm, and you?
Large gifts have I bestow'd on learned clerks,
Because my book prefer'd me to the king:
And seeing ignorance is the curse of God,
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven.
Unless you be possess'd with dev'l'sh spirits,
You cannot but forbear to murder me.

§ 13. THE THIRD PART OF HENRY VI.
SHAKESPEARE.

The Transports of a Crown.

—DO but think
How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown;
Within whose circuit is Elysium,
And all that poets feign of bliss and joy.

A hungry Lion.

So looks the pent-up lion o'er the wretch
That trembles under his devouring paws;
And so he walks insulting o'er his prey,
And so he comes to rend his limbs asunder.

*The Duke of York on the gallant Behaviour of
his Sons.*

My sons, God knows what hath bechanc'd
them:
But this I know, they have demean'd themselves
Like men born to renown, by life or death.
Three times did Richard make a lane to me,
And thrice cry'd, Courage, father! fight it out:
And full as oft came Edward to my side,
With purple falchion painted to the hilt
In blood of those that had encounter'd him:
And when the hardiest warriors did retire;
Richard cry'd, Charge! and give no foot of
ground!

And cry'd, "A crown, or else a glorious tomb!
A sceptre, or an earthly sepulchre!"
With this we charg'd again; but out, alas;
We bodg'd again; as I have seen a swan
With bootless labour swim against the tide,
And spend her strength with over-matching
waves.

*A Father's Passion on the Murder of a Favourite
Child.*

Oh tyger's heart wrapt in a woman's hide!
How couldst thou drain the life-blood of the
To bid the father wipe his eyes withal, [child,
And yet be seen to wear a woman's face?
Women are soft, mild, pitiful, and flexible;
Thou stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless.

That face of his the hungry cannibals
Would not have touch'd, would not have stain'd
with blood:

But you are more inhuman, more inexorable,
Oh ten times more, than tygers of Hyrcania.
See, ruthless queen, a hapless father's tears:
This cloth thou dipp'dst in blood of my sweet
And I with tears do wash the blood away. [boy,
Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of this;
And if thou tell'st the heavy story right,
Upon my soul, the hearers will shed tears,
Yea, even my foes will shed fast-falling tears,
And say, "Alas, it was a piteous deed!"

The Duke of York in Battle.

Methought, he bore him in the thickest troop
As doth a lion in a herd of neat;
Or as a bear encompass'd round with dogs,
Who having pinch'd a few, and made them cry,
The rest stand all aloof, and bark at him.

The Morning.

See how the morning opes her golden gates,
And takes her farewell of the glorious sun!
How well resembles it the prime of youth,
Trim'd like a youngling prancing to his love!

The Morning's Dawn.

This battle fares like to the morning's war,
When dying clouds contend with growing light;
What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,
Can neither call it perfect day or night.

The Blessings of a Shepherd's Life.

O God! methinks it were a happy life
To be no better than a homely swain;
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
Thereby to see the minutes how they run:
How many make the hour full complete,
How many hours bring about the day,
How many days will finish up the year,
How many years a mortal man may live.
When this is known, then to divide the time:
So many hours must I tend my flock;
So many hours must I take my rest;
So many hours must I contemplate;
So many hours must I sport myself;
So many days my ewes have been with young;
So many weeks ere the poor fools will yearn;
So many months ere I shall shear the fleece;
So minutes, hours, days, weeks, months, and
Past over, to the end they were created, [years,
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
Oh! what a life were this! how sweet! how
lovely!

Gives not the hawthorn-bush a sweeter shade
To shepherds looking on their silly sheep,
Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy
To kings that fear their subjects treachery?
O, yes, it doth, a thousandfold it doth.
And to conclude, the shepherd's homely curds,
His cold thin drink out of his leathern bottle,
His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
Is far beyond a prince's delicates,
His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
His body couched in a curious bed,
When cares, mistrust, and treason wait on him.

Mob.

Look, as I blow this feather from my face,
And as the air blows it to me again,
Obeying with my wind when I do blow,
And yielding to another when it blows,
Commanded always by the greater guff;
Such is the lightness of your common men.

A Simile on Ambitious Thoughts.

Why, then I do but dream on sov'reignty,
Like one that stands upon a promontory,
And spies a far-off shore where he would tread,
Wishing his foot were equal with his eye,
And chides the sea that sunders him from thence,
Saying, he'll lave it dry, to have his way.

Gloucester's Deformity.

Why, love forswore me in my mother's womb;
And, for I should not deal in her soft laws,
She did corrupt frail nature with some bribe
To shrink mine arm up, like a wither'd shrub,
To make an envious mountain on my back,
Where sits deformity to mock my body;
To shape my legs of an unequal size;
To disproportion me in every part
Like to a chaos, or unlick'd bear-whelp,
That carries no impression like the dam.
And am I then a man to be belov'd?

Gloucester's Dissimulation.

Why, I can smile, and murder while I smile;
And cry content to that which grieves my heart;
And wet my cheeks with artificial tears;
And frame my face to all occasions:
I'll drown more sailors than the mermaid shall;
I'll slay more gazers than the basilisk;
I'll play the orator as well as Nestor;
Deceive more slyly than Ulysses could;
And, like a Sinon, take another Troy:
I can add colours even to theameleon;
Change shapes with Proteus for advantages;
And

And set th'aspiring Catiline to school.
Can I do this, and cannot get a crown?

Henry VI. on his own Lenity.

I have not stop't mine ears to their demands,
Nor posted off their suits with slow delays,
My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds;
My mildness hath allay'd their swelling griefs;
My mercy dry'd their water-flowing tears.
I have not been desirous of their wealth,
Nor much oppress'd them with great subsidies,
Nor forward of revenge, tho' they much err'd.

The Earl of Warwick's Dying Speech.

Ah, who is nigh? Come to me, friend or foe,
And tell me who is victor, York or Warwick?
Why ask I that? My mangled body shews,
My blood, my want of strength, my sick heart
That I must yield my body to the earth, [shews,
And by my fall, the conquest to my foe.

Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,
Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle;
Under whose shade the ramping lion slept;
Whose top-branch over-peer'd Jove's spreading
tree, [wind.

And kept low shrubs from winter's pow'rful
These eyes that now are dimm'd with death's
black veil,

Have been as piercing as the mid-day sun,
To search the secret treasons of the world.
The wrinkles in my brow now fill'd with blood,
Were liken'd oft to kingly sepulchres:
For who liv'd king but I could dig his grave?
And who durst smile when Warwick bent his
brow?

Lo! now my glory smear'd in dust and blood,
My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,
Ev'n now forsake me; and all my lands
Is nothing left me but my body's length.

*Queen Margaret's Speech before the Battle of
Tewksbury.*

Lords, Knights, and Gentlemen, what I shou'd
My tears gainsay; for every word I speak, [say

Ye see I drink the water of my eye; [reign
Therefore no more but this: Henry, your sove-
Is prisoner to the foe, his state usurp'd,
His realm a slaughter-house, his subjects slain,
His statutes cancell'd and his treasures spent;
And yonder is the wolf that makes this spoil:
You fight in justice; then in God's name, Lords,
Be valiant, and give signal to the battle.

Omens on the Birth of King Richard III.

The owl shriek'd at thy birth, an evil sign;
The night-erow cry'd a boding luckless tune;
Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempests shook down
trees;

The raven croak'd hoarse on the chimney's top,
And chattering pyes in dismal discord sung:
Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,
And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope,
To wit, an indigested deformed lump,
Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree. [born,
Teeth had'st thou in thy mouth when thou wast
To signify thou cam'st to bite the world:
And, if the rest be true which I have heard,
Thou cam'st into the world with thy legs for-
ward.

§ 14. THE LIFE OF HENRY VIII.

SHAKESPEARE.

Anger.

— **T**O climb steep hills [like
Requires slow pace at first. Anger is
A full hot horse, who being allowed his way,
Self-mettle tires him.

Action to be carried on with Resolution.

If I'm traduc'd by tongues, which neither
My faculties nor person, yet will be [know
The chronicles of my doing, let me say,
'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake
That virtue must go through: we must not stint
Our necessary actions in the fear

To

To cope malicious censurers ; which ever,
As ravenous fishes do a vessel follow
That is new trimm'd ; but benefit no further
Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,
By sick interpreters, or weak ones, is
Not ours, or not allow'd : what worst, as oft
Hitting a grosser quality, is cry'd up
For our best act : if we stand still, in fear,
Our motion will be mock'd or carped at.
We should take root here, where we sit ; or sit
State-statues only.

New Customs.

———— New customs,
Though they be ever so ridiculous,
Nay, let'em be unmanly, yet are follow'd.

The Duke of Buckingham's Prayer for the King.

———— May he live
Longer than I have time to tell his years !
Ever belov'd, and loving may his rule be !
And when old time shall lead him to his end,
Goodness and he fill up one monument !

Dependants not to be too much trusted by great Men.

This from a dying man receive as certain :
Where you are liberal of your loves and counsels,
Beware you be not loose ; those you make friends
And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found again,
But where they mean to sink ye.

A good Wife.

———— A loss of her
That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre ;
Of her that loves him with that excellence
That angels love good men with ; even of her,
That when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,
Will bless the king.

The Blessings of a Low Station.

———— 'Tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glitt'ring grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.

Queen Catherine's Speech to her Husband.

———— Alas, Sir,
In what have I offended you ? What cause
Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,
That thus you should proceed to put me off,
And take your good grace from me ? Heaven
witness,
I've been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable ;
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
Yea, subject to your count'nance ! glad or sorry,
As I saw it inclin'd. When was the hour
I ever contradicted your desire,
Or made it not mine too ? Which of your friends
Have I not strove to love, although I knew,
He were mine enemy ? What friend of mine
That had to him deriv'd your anger, did I
Continue in my liking ? Nay, give notice,
He was from thence discharged. Sir, call to mind,
That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
Upwards of twenty years ; and have been blest
With many children by you. If in the course
And process of this time, you can report,
And prove it too against mine honour aught,
My bond of wedlock, or my love and duty
Against your sacred person, in God's name,
Turn me away, and let the foulest contempt
Shut door upon me, and so give me up
To the sharpest kind of justice.

Queen Catherine's Speech to Cardinal Wolsey.

———— You are meek and humble mouth'd ;
You sign your place and calling, in full seeming,
With meekness and humility : but your heart
Is cramm'd with arrogancy, spleen, and pride :
You

You have by fortune, and his highness' favours,
Gone slightly o'er low steps: and now are
mounted [words,

Where powers are your retainers; and your
Domestics to you, serve your will as't please
Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell you,
You tender more your person's honour than
Your high profession spiritual.

King Henry's Character of Queen Catherine.

That man i'th'world who shall report he has
A better wife, let him in nought be trusted,
For speaking false in that. Thou art alone
(If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government,
Obeying in commanding, and thy parts
Sovereign and pious, could but speak thee out)
The queen of earthly queens.

On her own Merit.

Have I liv'd thus long (let me speak myself,
Since virtue finds no friends) a wife, a true one?
A woman (I dare say without vainglory)
Never yet branded with suspicion?
Have I with all my full affections, [him?
Still met the king? lov'd him, next heaven obey'd
Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him?
Almost forgot my prayers to content him?
And am I thus rewarded? 'Tis not well, lords.
Bring me a woman constant to her husband;
One, that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleasure;
And to that woman when she has done most,
Yet will I add an honour; a great patience.

Queen Catherine compared to a Lily.

Like the lily,
That once was mistress of the field and flourish'd,
I'll hang my head and perish.

Obedience to Princes.

The hearts of princes kiss obedience,

So much they love it: but to stubborn spirits,
They swell and grow as terrible as storms.

Horror, its outward Effects.

Some strange commotion
Is in his brain; he bites his lip and starts;
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,
Then lays his finger on his temple; straight
Springs out into fast gait, then stops again;
Strikes his breast hard, and then, anon he casts
His eye against the moon. In most strange postures
We've seen him set himself. [tures

Firm Allegiance.

Though perils did [and
Abound as thick as thought could make 'em,
Appear in forms as horrid; yet my duty,
As doth a rock against the chiding flood,
Should the approach of this wild river break,
And stand unthaken yours.

Anger, its External Effects.

What sudden anger's this? How have I reap'd
He parted frowning from me, as if ruin [it?
Leap'd from his eyes. So looks the chafed lion
Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him;
Then makes him nothing.

Falling Greatness.

Nay, then farewell!
I've touch'd the highest point of all my greatness,
And from that full meridian of my glory
I haste now to my setting. I shall fall,
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more.

The Vicissitudes of Life.

So farewell to the little good you bear me.
Farewell, a long farewell to all my greatness!
This is the state of man; to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him;
The

The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
 And when he thinks, goodeasy man, full surely
 His greatness is a ripening, nips his root,
 And then he falls as I do. I have ventur'd,
 Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
 These many summers in a sea of glory;
 But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
 At length broke under me; and now has left me,
 Weary and old with service, to the mercy
 Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
 Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye!
 I feel my heart new open'd. Oh, how wretched
 Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours!
 There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
 That sweet aspect of princes, and our ruin,
 More pangs and fears than war or women have;
 And, when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
 Never to hope again.

Cardinal Wolsey's Speech to Cromwell.

Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
 In all my miseries, but thou hast forc'd me,
 Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman—
 Let's dry our eyes, and thus far hear me, Crom—
 And when I am forgotten, as I shall be, [well;
 And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
 Of me must more be heard; say then I taught thee!
 Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
 And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,
 Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in:
 A sure, and safe one, though thy master mis'd it.
 Mark but my fall, and that which ruin'd me.
 Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition:
 By that sin fell the angels; how can man then
 (The image of his Maker) hope to win by't?
 Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate
 Corruption wins not more than honesty. [thee:
 Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace, [not.
 To silence envious tongues. Be just and fear
 Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
 Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O
 Cromwell,

Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king;
 And, pr'ythee lead me in —
 There take an inventory of all I have;
 To the last penny, 'tis the king's. My robe
 And my integrity to Heav'n is all [well!
 I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell! Crom—
 Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
 I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age
 Have left me naked to mine enemies!

Applause.

—Such a noise arose

As the shrouds at sea in a stiff tempest,
 As loud, and to as many tunes. Hats, clokes,
 Doublets, I think, flew up; and had their faces
 Been loose this day they had been lost. Such joy
 I never saw before. Great belly'd women,
 That had not half a week to go, like rams
 In the old time of war, would shake the press,
 And make 'em reel before 'em. No man living
 Could say, this is my wife there; all were woven
 So strangely in one piece.

Cardinal Wolsey's Death.

At last with easy roads he came to Leicester;
 Lodg'd in the abbey where the reverend abbot,
 With all his convent, honourably receiv'd him;
 To whom he gave these words: 'O father abbot,
 'An old man broken with the storms of state,
 'Is come to lay his weary bones among you;
 'Give me a little earth for charity!
 So went to bed; where eagerly his sickness
 Pursu'd him still, and three nights after this,
 About the hour of eight (which he himself
 Foretold should be his last) full of repentance,
 Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,
 He gave his honours to the world again,
 His blessed part to heav'n, and slept in peace.

His Vices and Virtues.

So may he rest, his faults lie gently on him!
 Yet thus far Griffith, give me leave to speak him,
 And yet with charity: he was a man

Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking
Himself with princes; one, that by suggestion
Ty'd all the kingdom: simony was fair play;
His own opinion was his law. I'th'presence
He would say untruths, and be ever double,
Both in his words and meaning. He was never,
But where he meant to ruin, pitiful.
His promises were, as he then was, mighty:
But his performance, as he now is, nothing.
Of his own body he was ill, and gave
The clergy his example.

Griff. Noble Madam,
Mens evil manners live in bras; their virtues
We write in water. - - -
- - - This cardinal,
Tho' from an humble stock, undoubtedly
Was fashion'd to much honour from his cradle.
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one;
Exceeding wise; fair spoken and persuading:
Lofty and sour to them that lov'd him not:
But to those men that sought him, sweet as sum-
And though he was unsatisfy'd in getting [mer;
(Which was a sin) yet in bestowing, madam,
Exceeding wise; fair spoken and persuading:
Lofty and sour to them that lov'd him not;
He was most princely; ever witness for him
Those twins of learning that he rais'd in you,
Ipswich and Oxford! one of which fell with him,
Unwilling to outlive the good he did it:
The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,
So excellent in art, and still so rising,
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him;
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little;
And, to add greater honours to his age
Than man could give him, he dy'd fearing God.

Malicious Men

—Men that make
Envy and crooked malice nourishment,
Dare bite the best.

A Churchman.

—Love and meekness, Lord,
Become a churchman better than ambition:
Win straying souls with modesty again;
Cast none away.

Inhumanity.

—'Tis a cruelty
To load a falling man.

Archbishop Cranmer's Prophecy.

—Let me speak, Sir;
(For Heav'n now bids me) and the words I utter
Let none think flattery; for they'll find'em truth.
This royal infant (Heav'n still move about her!)
Tho' in a cradle, yet now promises
Upon this land a thousand, thousand blessings,
Which time shall bring to ripeness. She shall be
(But few now living can behold that goodness)
A pattern to all princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed. Sheba was never
More covetous of wisdom and fair virtue
Than this blest soul shall be. All princely graces
That mould up such a mighty piece as this,
With all the virtues that attend the good, [her;
Shall still be doubled on her. Truth shall nurse
Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her:
She shall be lov'd and fear'd. Her own shall
bless her:
Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn.
And hang their heads with sorrow. Good grows
with her,
In her days every man shall eat in safety
Under his own vine what he plants, and sing
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours.
God shall be truly known, and those about her;
From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,
And claim by those their goodness, not by blood.
Nor shall this peace sleep with her; but as when
The bird of wonder dies the maiden phoenix,
Her ashes new create another heir,
As great in admiration as herself;
So shall she leave her blessedness to one



(When

(When Heav'n shall call her from this cloud of darkness)

Who, from the sacred ashes of her honour,
Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
And so stand fix'd. Peace, plenty, love, truth,
terror,

That were the servants to this chosen infant,
Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him:
Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,
His honour and the greatness of his name [rith,
Shall be, and make new nations. He shall flou-
And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches
To all the plains about him; childrens children
Shall see this, and bless Heav'n.

§ 15. THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING

JOHN. SHAKESPEARE

New Titles.

GOOD-DEN, Sir Richard — God-a'mercy,
fellow.

And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter:
For new-made honour doth forget mens names;
'Tis too respectful and unsociable

For your conversing. Now your traveller,
He and his toothpick at my worship's mess;
And when my nightly stomach is stuff'd,
Why then I suck my teeth, and catechise
My piked man of countries; — my dear Sir,
(Thus leaning on mine elbow I begin)

I shall beseech you — that is the question now;

And then comes answer like an A B C book:

O Sir, says answer, at your best command,

At your employment, at your service, Sir: —

No, Sir, says question, I, sweet Sir, at yours.

And so ere answer knows what question would,
Saving in dialogue of compliment;

And talking of the Alps and Apennines,

The Pyrenean and the river Po,

It draws towards supper in conclusion, so.

But this is worshipful society,

And sits the mountain spirit like myself;

For he is but a bastard to the time
That doth not smack of observation.

A Description of England.

That pale, that white-fac'd shore,
Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides,
And coops from other lands her islanders;
Ev'n till that England, hedg'd in with the main,
That water-walled bulwark, still secure
And confident from foreign purposes,
Ev'n till that utmost corner of the west
Salutes thee for her king.

Description of an English Army.

His marches are expedient to this town,
His forces strong, his soldiers confident.
With him along is come the mother queen;
An Até stirring him to blood and strife.
With her, her niece, the lady Blanch of Spain;
With them a bastard of the king deceas'd;
And all th'unsettled humours of the land;
Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,
With ladies faces, and fierce dragons spleens,
Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,
Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs,
To make a hazard of new fortunes here.
In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits,
Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er,
Did never float upon the swelling tide,
To do offence and scarfe in Christendom.
The interruption of their churlish drums
Cuts off more circumstance: they are at hand.

Courage.

By how much unexpected, by so much
We must awake endeavour for defence;
For courage mounteth with occasion.

A Boaster.

What cracker is this fame, that deafs our ears
With this abundance of superfluous breath?

Description of Victory, by the French.

You men of Angiers, open wide your gates,
And let young Arthur, Duke of Bretagne, in;
Who

Who by the hand of France this day hath made
 Much work for tears in many an English mother,
 Whose sons lie scatter'd on the bleeding ground:
 And many a widow's husband grovelling lies,
 Coldly embracing the discolour'd earth;
 While victory with little loss doth play
 Upon the dancing banners of the French;
 Who are at hand, triumphantly display'd,
 To enter conquerors.

By the English.

Rejoice, you men of Angiers, ring your bells,
 King John, your king, and England's, doth approach,
 Commander of this hot malicious day: [bright,
 Their armours that march'd hence, so silver
 Hither return all! gilt in Frenchmen's blood;
 There stuck no plume in any English crest
 That is removed by a staff of France.
 Our colours do return in those same hands
 That did display them when we first march'd
 And like a jolly troop of horsemen, come [forth:
 Our lusty English, all with purple hands,
 Dy'd in the dying slaughter of their foes.

A Complete Lady.

If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,
 Where shou'd he find it fairer than in Blanch?
 If zealous love should go in search of virtue,
 Where should he find it fairer than in Blanch?
 If love, ambitious, sought a match of birth,
 Whose veins bound richer blood than lady
 Blanch?

On Commodity, or Self-Interest.

Rounded in the ear

With that same purpose-changer, that sly devil,
 That broker, that still breaks the pate of faith,
 That daily break-vow, he that wins of all,
 Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men,
 Who having no external thing to lose [maids,
 But the word *maid*, cheats the poor maid of that;

That smooth-fac'd gentleman, tickling commodity,
 Commodity, the bias of the world: [dity,
 The world, which of itself is poised well,
 Made to run even upon even ground;
 Till this advantage, this vile-drawing bias,
 This sway of motion, this commodity,
 Makes it take head from all indifferency,
 From all direction, purpose, course, intent,
 And this same bias, &c.

A Woman's Fears.

Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frightening me,
 For I am sick and capable of fears,
 Oppress'd with wrongs, and therefore full of tears;
 A widow, husbandless, subject to fears;
 A woman, naturally born to fears:
 And tho' thou now confess thou did'st but jest,
 With my vex'd spirits I cannot take a truce,
 But they will quake and tremble all the day.

Tokens of Grief.

What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head?
 Why dost thou look so sadly on my son?
 What means that hand upon that breast of
 thine?

Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,
 Like a proud river peering o'er its bounds!
 Be these sad sighs confirmers of thy words?
 Then speak again, not all thy former tale,
 But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

A Mother's Fondness for a beautiful Child.

If thou that bid'st me be content, wert grim,
 Ugly, and stand'rous to thy mother's womb,
 Full of unpleasing blots, and sightless stains,
 Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious,
 Patch'd with foul moles, and eye-offending
 marks,

I would not care, I then would be content:
 For then I should not love thee: no, nor thou
 Become thy great birth, nor deserve a crown.
 But thou art fair; and at thy birth, dear boy,
 Nature and fortune join'd to make thee great.

Of nature's gifts thou may'st with lilies boast,
And with the half-blown rose.

Grief.

I will instruct my sorrows to be proud;
For grief is proud, and makes the owner stout.

Constance to Austria.

O Lymoges, O Austria! thou dost shame
That bloody spoil: thou slave, thou wretch, thou
coward,
Thou little valiant, great in villainy!
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!
Thou fortune's champion, that durst never fight
But when her humorous ladyship is by
To teach thee safety! thou art perjur'd too,
And sooth'd up greatness. What a fool art thou,
A ramping fool, to brag, to stamp and swear,
Upon my party; thou cold-blooded slave,
Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side?
Being sworn my soldier, bidding me depend
Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength?
And dost thou now fall over to my foes?
Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for shame,
And hang a calf's skin on those recreant limbs.

The Horrors of a Conspiracy.

I had a thing to say,—but, let it go:
The sun is in the heav'n, and the proud day,
Attended with the pleasures of the world,
Is all too wanton, and too full of gawds,
To give me audience. If the midnight bell
Did with his iron tongue and brazen mouth
Sound one unto the drowsy race of night;
If this same were a church-yard where we stand,
And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs;
Or if that surly spirit, melancholy,
Had bak'd thy blood, and made it heavy-thick,
Which else runs tickling up and down thy veins,
Making that idiot laughter keep mens eyes,
And strain their cheeks to idle merriment
(A passion hateful to my purposes);
Or if that thou could'st see me without eyes,

Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
Without a tongue, using conceit alone,
Without eyes, ears, and harmful soul of words;
Then, in despite of broad-eyed watchful day,
I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts:
But ah, I will not—

A Mother's Ravings.

I am not mad; this hair I tear is mine;
My name is Constance, I was Gessery's wife:
Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost!
I am not mad: I would to Heav'n I were!
For then 'tis like I should forget myself.
Oh, if I could, what grief should I forget!
Preach some philosophy to make me mad,
And thou shalt be canoniz'd, Cardinal;
For, being not mad, but sensible of grief,
My reasonable part produces reason
How I may be deliver'd of these woes,
And teaches me to kill or hang myself.
If I were mad, I should forget my son,
Or madly think a babe of clouts were he.
I am not mad; too well, too well I feel
The different plague of each calamity.

Apostrophe to Death.

Oh! amiable, lovely death!
Thou odoriferous stench, sound rottenness,
Arise forth from thy couch of lasting night,
Thou hate and terror to prosperity,
And I will kiss thy detestable bones;
And put my eye-ball in thy vaulty brows;
And ring these fingers with thy household worms,
And stop this gap of breath with fustsome dust,
And be a carrion monster like thyself.
Come, grin on me, and I will think thou smil'st,
And kiss thee as thy wife; misery's love.
O, come to me!

A Mother's Grief.

Father Cardinal, I have heard you say,
That we shall see and know our friends in heav'n;
If that be, I shall see my boy again.

For

For since the birth of Cain, the first male child,
To him that did but yesterday suspire,
There was not such a gracious creature born.
But now will canker sorrow eat my bud,
And chace the native beauty from his cheek;
And he will look as hollow as a ghost;
As dim and meagre as an ague's fit;
And so he'll die; and rising so again,
When I shall meet him in the court of heav'n,
I shall not know him; therefore, never, never
Must I behold my pretty Arthur more!

Pand. You hold too heinous a respect of grief.

Const. He talks to me, that never had a son.—

K.Phil. You are as fond of grief as of your child.

Const. Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me;
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts;
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form:
Then have I reason to be fond of grief.

Despondency.

There's nothing in this world can make me
Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale, [joy;
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man.

Departing Diseases.

Before the curing of a strong disease,
Ev'n in the instant of repair and health,
The fit is strongest: evils that take leave,
On their departur- most of all shew evil.

Danger lays hold of any Support.

He that stands upon a slippery place,
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up.

Arthur's Pathetic Speeches to Hubert.

Methinks, nobody should be sad but I;
Yet I remember when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
Only for wantonness. By my Christendom,
So were I out of prison and kept sheep,

I should be merry as the day is long.

Have you the heart? when your head did but
I knit my handkerchief about your brows [ake,
(The best I had, a princess wrought it me)
And I did never ask it you again;
And with my hand at midnight held your head;
And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time;
Saying, what lack you, and where lies your grief?
Or what good love may I perform for you?
Many a poor man's son would have lain still,
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;
But you at your sick service had a prince.
Nay you may think my love was crafty love,
And call it cunning. Do, and if you will:
If Heav'n be pleas'd that you must use me ill,
Why then you must — Will you put out mine
These eyes that never did, nor never shall, [eyes?
So much as frown on you.—

Alas, what need you be so boist'rous rough?
I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.
For Heav'n's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound.
Nay, hear me, Hubert, drive these men away,
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb.
I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,
Nor look upon the iron angrily:
Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,
Whatever torment you do put me to:
Is there no remedy?

Hub. None, but to lose your eyes. [in yours,

Arth. O heav'n! that there were but a moth
A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wand'ring hair,
Any annoyance in that precious sense: [there,
Then, feeling what small things are boist'rous
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

To add to Perfection, superfluous and suspicious.

To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,

To

To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper light
To seek the beauteous eye of heav'n to garnish,
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.

In this the antique and well-noted face
Of plain old form is much disfigured;
And, like a shifted wind unto a sail,
It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about;
Startles and frights consideration;
Makes sound opinion sick, and truth suspected,
For putting on so new a fashion'd robe.

Murderer's Look.

This is the man should do the bloody deed;
The image of a wicked heinous fault
Lives in his eye: that close aspect of his
Does shew the mood of a much troubled breast.

Struggling Conscience.

The colour of the king doth come and go,
Between his purpose and his conscience,
Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles sent.
His passion is so ripe, it needs must break.

News-tellers on the Death of Arthur.

Old men and beldams, in the streets,
Do prophecy upon it dangerously: [mouths;
Young Arthur's death is common in their
And, when they talk of him, they shake their
And whisper one another in the ear. [heads,
And he that speaks doth gripe the hearer's wrist,
Whilst he that hears makes fearful action,
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling
I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus, [eyes.
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth, swallowing a taylor's news;
Who with his shears and measure in his hand,
Standing on slippers, which his nimble haste
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet,
Told of a many thousand warlike French,
That were embattled and rank'd in Kent.

Another lean, unwash'd artificer
Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.

Kings evil Purposes too servilely and hastily executed.

It is the curse of kings to be attended
By slaves that take their humours for a warrant,
To break into the bloody house of life;
And, on the winking of authority,
To understand a law, to know a meaning
Of dang'rous majesty, when perchance it frowns
More upon humour than advis'd respect.

A Villain's Look, and wicked Zeal.

How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
Makes deeds ill done! For had'st not thou been
A fellow, by the hand of nature mark'd, [by,
Quoted and sign'd to do a deed of shame,
This murder had not come into my mind.
Had'st thou but shook thy head, or made a pause,
When I spake darkly what I purposed;
Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,
Or bid me tell my tale in express words? [off,
Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break
And those thy fears might havewrought fears in me.

Hypocrisy.

Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,
For villany is not without such rheum;
And he, long traded in it, makes it seem
Like rivers of remorse and innocence.

Despair.

If thou did'st but consent
To this most cruel act, do but despair;
And if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread
That ever spider twisted from her womb
Will strangle thee; a rush will be a beam
To hang thee on: or would'st thou drown thyself,
Put but a little water in a spoon,
And it shall be as all the ocean,
Enough to stifle such a villain up.

A Man's

A Man's Tears.

Let me wipe off this honourable dew,
That silverly doth progress on thy cheeks.
My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,
Being an ordinary inundation :
But this effusion of such manly drops,
This show'r blown up by tempest of the soul,
Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd
Than had I seen the vaulty top of heav'n
Figur'd quite o'er with burning meteors.
Lift up thy brow, renowned Salisbury,
And with a great heart heave away this storm :
Commend these waters to those baby-eyes
That never saw the giant-world enrag'd ;
Nor met with fortune, other than at feasts,
Full warm of blood, of mirth, of gossiping.

Drums.

Strike up the drums, and let the tongue of war
Plead for our int'rest.

Do but start
An echo with the clamour of thy drum,
And ev'n at hand a drum is ready brac'd
That shall reverb'rate all as loud as thine.
Sound but another, and another shall,
As loud as thine, rattle the welkin's ear,
And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder.

The Approach of Death.

It is too late, the life of all his blood
Is touch'd corruptibly ; and his pure brain
(Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-
house)
Doth, by the idle comments that it makes,
Foretell the ending of mortality.

Madness, occasioned by Poison.

Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow-room,
It would not out at windows, nor at doors.
There is so hot a summer in my bosom,
That all my bowels crumble up to dust :
I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen

Upon a parchment, and against this fire
Do I shrink up.

Poison'd, ill fare ! dead, forsook, cast off ;
And none of you will bid the winter come
To thrust his icy fingers in my maw ;
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course
Through my burn'd bosom ; nor intreat the north
To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips,
And comfort me with cold.

England invincible, if unanimous.

England never did, nor never shall
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.
Now these her princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them.—Nought shall make
If England to itself do rest but true. [us rue

§ 16. ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

SHAKESPEARE.

Fortune forms our Judgment.

I SEE, mens judgments are
A parcel of their fortunes, and things out-
ward
Do draw the inward quality after them,
To suffer all alike.

Loyalty.

Mine honesty and I begin to square ;
The loyalty well held to fools, does make
Our faith mere folly ; yet he that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fall'n lord,
Does conquer him that did his master conquer,
And earns a place i'th'story.

Wisdom superior to Fortune.

Wisdom and fortune, combating together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may shake it.

Vicious

Vicious Persons insatuated by Heaven.

Good, my lord;

When we in our viciousness grow hard,
Oh misery on't! the wise gods seal our eyes
In our own filth, drop our clear judgments, make
Adore our errors, laugh at's, while we strut [us
To our confusion.

Fury expels Fear.

Now he'll outstare the lightning; to be furious
Is to be frighted out of fear, and, in that mood
The dove will peck the ostrich; I see still
A diminution in our captain's brain
Restores his heart; when valour preys on reason,
It eats the sword it fights with.

A Master taking Leave of his Servants.

Tend me to-night;

May be, it is the period of your duty:
Haply you shall not see me more, or if,—
A mangled shadow. It may chance to-morrow,
You'll serve another master. I look on you
As one that takes his leave. Mine honest
friends,

I turn you not away; but, like a master,
Married to your good service, stay till death;
Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more;
And the gods yield you for't.

Early Rising the Way to Eminence.

This morning, like the spirit of a youth
That means to be of note, begins betimes.

Antony to Cleopatra, at his Return with Victory.

O, thou day o'th'world,
Chain mine arm'd neck, leap thou, attire and all,
Thro' proof of harness to my heart, and there
Ride on the pants triumphing.

Loathed Life.

Oh, sovereign mistress of true melancholy,
The poisonous damp of night dispunge upon me,

That life, a very rebel to my will,
May hang no longer on me.

Antony's Despondency.

Oh sun, thy uprise shall I see no more:
Fortune and Antony parts here, even here
Do we shake hands—All come to this!—The
hearts

That pannell'd me at heels, to whom I gave
Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets
On blossoming Cæsar; and this pine is bark'd
That overtopt them all.

Departing Greatness.

The soul and body rive not more in parting,
Than greatness going off.

Antony, on his Faded Glory.

Ant. Sometimes, we see a cloud that's dra-
gonish;

A vapour sometimes, like a bear, or a lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory,
With trees upon't, that nod unto the world,
And mock our eyes with air.—Thou hast seen
They are black vesper's pageants. [these signs,
Eros. Ay, my lord. [a thought

Ant. That which is now a horse, even with
The rack dissolves, and makes it indistinct
As water is in water.

Eros. It does, my lord.

Ant. My good knave, Eros, now thy captain is
Even such a body; here I'm Antony,
Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.
I made these wars for Egypt, and the Queen,
Whose heart I thought I had, for she had mine
(Which, whilst it was mine, had annex'd to it
A million more, now lost); she, Eros, has
Packt cards with Cæsar, and false play'd my
Unto an enemy's triumph. [glory
Nay, weep not gentle Eros, there is left us
Ourselves to end ourselves.

Description

Description of Cleopatra's (supposed) Death.

Death of one person can be paid but once,
And that she has discharg'd. What thou wouldst
Is done unto thy hand; the last the spake [do
Was Antony! most noble Antony!
Then in the midst a tearing groan did break
The name of Antony! it was divided
Between her heart and lips: she render'd life,
Thy name so buried in her.

Cleopatra on the Death of Antony.

It were for me
To throw my sceptre at th'injurious gods,
To tell them that this world did equal theirs,
Till they had stol'n our jewel. All's but nought;
Patience is fortiff, and impatience does
Become a dog that's mad: then is it sin
To rush into the secret house of death,
Ere death dare come to us? How do ye, women?
What, what good cheer? Why, how now,
Charmian?

My noble girls!—Ah, women, women! Look,
Our lamp is spent; it's out—Good Sirs, take
heart, [noble,
We'll bury him: and then what's brave, what's
Let's do it after the high Roman fashion,
And make death proud to take us. Come, away,
This case of that huge spirit now is cold.

Death.

My desolation does begin to make
A better life: 'tis paltry to be Cæsar:
Not being fortune, he's but fortune's knave,
A minister of her will; and it is great
To do that thing that ends all other deeds,
Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change;
Which sleeps, and never palates more the dung,
The beggar's nurse, and Cæsar's.

Cleopatra's Dream, and Description of Antony.

Cleo. I dreamt, there was an emperor Antony;
Oh, such another sleep, that I might see

But such another man!

Dol. If it might please ye—

Cleo. His face was as the heav'ns, and there-
in stuck

A sun and moon, which kept their course, and
The little O o'th'earth. [lighted

Dol. Most sovereign creature—

Cleo. His legs befrid the ocean, his rear'd arm
Crested the world; his voice was propertyed
As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends:
But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,
He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,
There was no winter in't; an autumn 'twas
That grew the more by reaping; his delights
Were dolphin-like; they shew'd his back above
The elements they liv'd in; in his livery
Walk'd crowns and coronets; realms and
As plates dropt from his pocket. [islands were

Firm Resolution.

How poor an instrument

May do a noble deed! he brings me liberty.
My resolution's plac'd, and I have nothing
Of woman in me: now from head to foot
I'm marble constant; now the fleeting moon
No planet is of mine.

Cleopatra's Speech on applying the Asp.

—Give me my robe, put on my crown;
I have

Immortal longings in me. Now no more
The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip.
Yare, yare, good Iras: quick—methinks I hear
Antony call; I see him rouse himself
To praise my noble act. I hear him mock
The lark of Cæsar, which the gods give men
T'excuse their afterwrath. Husband, I come;
Now to that name, my courage, prove my title!
I am fire and air; my other elements
I give to baser life. So—have you done?
Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips
Farewell, kind Charmian? Iras, long farewell

[Applying the asp.
Have

Have I the asp in my lips? Do'st fall? [*To Iras.*
 If thou and nature can so gently part,
 The strokes of death is as a lover's pinch,
 Which hurts, and is desir'd. Do'st thou lie still?
 If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world
 It is not worth leave-taking. [*Iras dies.*

Char. Dissolve, thick cloud and rain, that I
 The gods themselves do weep. [*may say*

Cleo. This proves me base—
 If she first meet the curled Antony,
 He'll make demand of her, and spend that kiss
 Which is my heaven to have. Come mortal
 wretch, [*To the asp.*

With thy sharp teeth, this knot intricate
 Of life at once untie. Oh, couldst thou speak,
 That I might hear thee call great Cæsar ass,
 Unpoliced!

Char. Oh, eastern star!

Cleo. Peace, peace!

Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
 That sucks the nurse asleep?

Char. O, break! O, break! [*gentle,—*

Cleo. As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as
 O Antony! Nay, I will take thee too—

[*Applying another asp.*

What should I stay.—— [*Dies.*

Char. In this wild world? so fare thee well;
 Now, boast thee, death, in thy possession lies
 A last unparallel'd.

§ 17. JULIUS CÆSAR. SHAKESPEARE.

Patriotism.

WHAT is it that you would impart to me?
 If it be aught towards the general good,
 Set honour in one eye, and death i'th'other,
 And I will look on both indifferently:
 For let the gods so speed me, as I love
 The name of honour more than I fear death.

Cassius, in Contempt of Cæsar.

I was born free as Cæsar, so were you;
 We both have fed as well; and we can both
 Endure the winter's cold as well as he.
 For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
 The troubled Tyber chafing with his shores,
 Cæsar says to me, "Dar'st thou, Cassius, now,
 Leap in with me into this angry flood,
 And swim to yonder point?"—Upon the word,
 Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
 And bid him follow: so, indeed, he did.
 The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
 With lusty sinews; throwing it aside,
 And stemming it with hearts of controversy.
 But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,
 Cæsar cried, "Help me, Cassius, or I sink!"
 I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
 Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
 The old Anchises bear, so, from the waves of
 Did I the tired Cæsar: and this man [*Tyber*
 Is now become a god; and Cassius is
 A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
 If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
 He had a fever when he was in Spain,
 And when the fit was on him, I did mark
 How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake;
 His coward lips did from their colour fly, [*world,*
 And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the
 Did lose its lustre: I did hear him groan: [*mans*
 Aye, and that tongue of his, that bade the Ro-
 Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
 Alas!—it cry'd—"Give me some drink, Titi-
 nius"—

As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
 A man of such a feeble temper should
 So get the start of this majestic world,
 And bear the palm alone. [*Shout, flourish.*

Brn. Another general shout!
 I do believe that these applauses are
 For some new honours that are heap'd on Cæsar.
Cas.

Cas. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow
Like a Colossus: and we petty men [world,
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
Men at some times are masters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus and Cæsar! what should be in that Cæsar?
Why should that name be founded more than
yours?

Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with them,
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.
Now, in the name of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd;
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods.
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was fam'd with more than with one man?
When could they say, till now, that talk'd of
Rome,

That her wide walls encompass'd but one man?

Ambition covered with specious Humility.

But 'tis a common proof
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber upward turns his face;
But when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back;
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend.

Conspiracy dreadful till executed.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or hideous dream:
The genius and the mortal instruments
Are then in council; and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

Conspiracy.

O, conspiracy, [night,
Sham'st thou to shew thy dang'rous brow by
When evils are most free? O then, by day
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none,
Hide it in smiles and affability: [Conspiracy,
For if thou put thy native semblance on,
Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

Against Cruelty.

Gentle friends,
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
Not hew him as a carcase fit for hounds:
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
Stir up their servants to an act of rage,
And after seem to chide them.

Portia's Speech to Brutus.

You've ungently, Brutus,
Stole from my bed: and yesternight at supper
You suddenly arose and walk'd about,
Musing and sighing, with your arms across:
And, when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You star'd upon me with ungentle looks.
I urg'd you further; then you scratch'd your head,
And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot:
Yet I insisted, yet you answered not;
But with an angry westure with your hand,
Gave sign for me to leave you: so I did,
Fearing to strengthen that impatience
Which seem'd too much inkindled; and, withal,
Hoping it was but an effect of humour,
Which sometimes hath his hour with ev'ry man.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep;
And could it work so much upon your shape,
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

P

Against

Against the Fears of Death.

Cowards die many times before their deaths :
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange, that men should fear,
Seeing that death, necessary end,
Will come when it will.

Antony to the Corpse of Cæsar.

O, mighty Cæsar, dost thou lie too low ?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure ? Fare thee well.

His Address to the Conspirators.

I know not, gentlemen, what you intend ;
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank.
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Cæsar's death-hour ; nor no instrument [rich
Of half that worth as those your swords, made
With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech you, if you bear me hard, [smoke,
Now whilst your fury-led hands do reckon
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die.
No place will please me so, no means of death,
As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of the age.

Antony's Funeral Oration.

Friends, Romans, Countrymen, lend me
your ears ;
I am come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them ;
The good is oft interred with their bones ;
So let it be with Cæsar ! Noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious ;
If it were so, it was a grievous fault ;
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest
(For Brutus is an honourable man,
So are they all, all honourable men)
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me ;
But Brutus says he was ambitious,
And Brutus is an honourable man.

He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill ;
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious ?
When that the poor hath cry'd, Cæsar hath wept ;
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff.
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious,
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did see that, on the Lupercal,
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition ?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious,
And sure he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke ;
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause :
What cause with-holds you then to mourn for
him ?
O judgment ! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason.—Bear with me,
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world ; now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters ! if I were dispos'd to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong ;
Who, you all know, are honourable men.
I will not do them wrong ; I rather chuse
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable men.
But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar,
I found it in his cloister, 'tis his will.
Let but the commons hear this testament
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read)
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood ;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory ;
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue.

4 *Pleb.* We'll hear the will; read it, Mark Antony. [will.]

All. The will, the will; we will hear Cæsar's

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;

It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd you;
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men:
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad.

'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
For if you should—O what would become of it?

4 *Pleb.* Read the will, we will hear it, Antony shall read us the will, Cæsar's will. [tony;

Ant. Will you be patient? Will you stay a while?

(I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it.)

I fear I wrong the honourable men,
Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar—I do fear it.

4 *Pleb.* They were traitors—honourable men!

All. The will! the testament!

Ant. You will compel me then to read the will—
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me shew you him that made the will.
Shall I descend, and will you give me leave?

All. Come down.

2 *Pleb.* Descend.

[*He comes down from the pulpit.*]

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them
You all do know this mantle; I remember [now.]
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;

'Twas on a summer's evening in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii—
Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger thro';—
See, what a rent the envious Casca made.—

Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;
And as he pluck'd his curst steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it!

As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel.
Judge, oh you gods, how dearly Cæsar lov'd
This, this, was the unkindest cut of all; [him]

For, when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitor's arms,
Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty
And in his mantle muffling up his face, [heart;
Even at the base of Pompey's statue [fell.

(Which all the while ran blood) great Cæsar
O what a fall was there, my countrymen!

Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.

O now you weep: and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity; these are gracious drops.

Kind souls! what, weep you, when you but
behold

Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? look you here!
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, by traitors.

1 *Pleb.* O piteous spectacle!

2 *Pleb.* We will be reveng'd; revenge!
About—seek—burn—fire—kill—slay! let not a
traitor live.

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not
To such a sudden flood of mutiny: [stir you up
They that have done this deed are honourable;
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;
I am no orator, as Brutus is;

But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man
That loves my friend; and that they know full
That give me public leave to speak of him; [well
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action or utterance, nor the power of speech,

To stir mens blood; I only speak right on.
I tell you that which you yourselves do know;
Shew you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor
dumb mouths!

And bid them speak for me. But were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

Ceremony insincere.

Ever note, Lucilius,

When love begins to sicken and decay,

It useth an enforced ceremony :

There are no tricks in plain and simple faith ;
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant shew and promise of their mettle ;
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crest, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial.

Opportunity to be seized on all Affairs.

There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune ;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat :
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

The Parting of Brutus and Cassius.

Bru. No, Cassius, no ; think not, thou noble Roman,

That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome ;
He bears too great a mind. But this same day
Must end that work the ides of March began :
And, whether we shall meet again, I know not ;
Therefore our everlasting farewell take ;
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius !
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile ;
If not, why then this parting was well made.

Cas. For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus !
If we do meet again we'll smile indeed :
If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.

Bru. Why then, lead on. O, that a man
might know
The end of this day's business ere it come !
But it sufficeth, that the day will end ;
And then the end is known.

Melancholy the Parent of Error.

O, hateful error, melancholy's child !
Why dost thou shew to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not ? Error, soon conceiv'd,

Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee.

Antony's Character of Brutus.

This was the noblest Roman of them all :
All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in envy of great Caesar :
He only, in a general honest thought,
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle, and the elements
So mixt in him, that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, " This was a man ! "

§ 18. KING LEAR. SHAKESPEARE.

An alienated Child.

LET it be so, thy truth then be thy dower :
For, by the sacred radiance of the sun,
The mysteries of Hecate and the night,
By all the operations of the orbs,
From whom we do exist and cease to be,
Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity and property of blood ;
And as a stranger of my heart and me,
Hold thee, from this, for ever. The barb'rous
Scythian,

Or he that makes his generation messes
To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom
Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and reliev'd,
As thou, my sometime daughter.

Bastardy.

Thou, Nature, art my goddess : to thy law
My services are bound ; wherefore should I
Stand in the plague of custom, and permit
The courtesy of nations to deprive me, [shines
For that I am some twelve or fourteen moon-
Lag of a brother ? Why bastard ? Wherefore
base,
When my dimensions are as well compact,
My mind as gen'rous, and my shape as true,

As

As honest madam's issue? Why brand they us
With base? with baseness? bastardy? base, base!
Who, in the lusty stealth of Nature, take
More composition and fierce quality
Than doth within a dull, stale, tired bed,
Go to creating a whole tribe of fops,
Got 'tween asleep and wake?

A Father cursing his Child.

Hear, Nature!

Dear goddess, hear; and if thou dost intend
To make that creature fruitful, change thy
purpose;

Pronounce upon her womb the barren curse,
That from her blasted body never spring
A babe to honour her; but if she must bring forth,
Defeat her joy with some distorted birth,
Or monstrous form, the prodigy o'th'time;
And so perverse of spirit, that it may live
Her torment as 'twas born, to fret her cheeks
With constant tears, and wrinkle her young
brow.

Turn all her mother's pains to shame and scorn,
That she may curse her crime too late, and feel
How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child!—

Ingratitude in a Child.

Ingratitude! thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous, when thou shew'st thee in a child,
Than the sea-monster.

Flattering Sycophants.

That such a slave as this should wear a sword,
Who wears no honesty: such smiling rogues as
these,

Like rats, oft bite the holy cords in twain
Which are too intrice t'unloose: soothe ev'ry
passion

That in the nature of their lords rebels:
Bring oil to fire, snow to their colder mood's;
Renege, affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks

With ev'ry gale and vary of their masters;
As knowing nought, like dogs, but following.

Plain, blunt Men.

This is some fellow [affect
Who, having been prais'd for bluntness, doth
A faucy roughness; and constrains the garb,
Quite from his nature. He can't flatter, he,—
An honest mind and plain, he must speak truth;
And they will take it, so; if not, he's plain.
These kind of knaves, I know, which in this
plainness

Harbour more craft, and far corrupter ends,
Than twenty silly, ducking observants,
That stretch their duties nicely.

The Faults of Infirmary pardonable.

Fiery! the fiery duke! tell the hot duke, that—
No, but not yet; may be, he is not well;
Infirmary doth still neglect all office, [selves
Whereto our health is bound; we're not our-
When nature, being oppress'd, commands the
To suffer with the body. I'll forbear; [mind
And am fall'n out with my more headier will,
To take the indispos'd and sickly fit
For the sound man.—

The Necessaries of Life few.

O, reason not the need: our basest beggars
Are in the poorest things superfluous:
Allow not nature more than nature needs,
Man's life is cheap as beasts.

Lear on the Ingratitude of his Daughters.

You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,
As full of grief as age; wretched in both!
If it be you that stir these daughters hearts
Against their father, fool me not so much
To bear it tamely; touch me with noble anger:
O let not womens weapons, water-drops,
Stain my man's cheeks. No, you unnatural hags,
I will have such revenges on you both,
That all the world shall—I will do such things:—

What they are, yet I know not! but they shall be
The terrors of the earth. You think I'll weep;
No, I'll not weep. I have full cause of weeping:
This heart shall break into a thousand flaws
Or e'er I weep. O fool, I shall go mad.

Cordelia on the Ingratitude of her Sisters.

O, my dear father! Restoration hang
Thy medicine on my lip; and let this kiss
Repair those violent harms that my two sisters
Have in thy reverence made!
Had you not been their father, those white flakes
Did challenge pity of them. Was this a face
To be expos'd against the warring winds?
To stand against the deep, dread bolted thunder?
In the most terrible and nimble stroke
Of quick, cross lightning?
- - - And wast thou fain, poor father,
To hovel thee with swine and rogues forlorn,
In short and musty straw? Alack, alack!
'Tis wonder that thy life and wits, at once,
Had not concluded all.

Scene between Lear and Cordelia.

Cor. How does my royal Lord? how fares
your majesty? [grave.

Lear. You do me wrong to take me out o'th'
Ha! is this too a world of cruelty?
I know my privilege: think not that I will
Be us'd like a wretched mortal. No,
No more of that.

Cord. Speak to me, Sir; who am I?

Lear. You are a foul in bliss: but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire, which my own tears
Do scald like molten lead.

Cord. Sir, do you know me? [you die?

Lear. You are a spirit, I know: where did

Cord. Still, still, far wide.

Phys. Madam, he's scarce awake; he'll soon
grow more compos'd. day-light!

Lear. Where have I been! where am I? Fair
I am mightily abus'd; I should even die with pity

To see another thus. I will not swear
These are my hands.

Cord. O look upon me, Sir,
And hold your hands in blessing over me; nay,
You must kneel.

Lear. Pray do not mock me.
I am a very foolish fond old man,
Fourscore and upward: and, to deal plainly with
you,

I fear I am not in my perfect mind. [for me,

Cord. Nay, then farewell to patience: witness
Ye mighty pow'rs, I ne'er complain'd till now!

Lear. Methinks I should know you, and
know this man;

Yet I am doubtful, for I am mainly ignorant
What place this is: and all the skill I have
Remembers not these garments; nor do I know
Where I did sleep last night—Pray do not mock
For, as I am a man, I think that lady [me,
To be my child Cordelia.

Cord. O my dear, dear father! [not weep,

Lear. Be your tears wet? yes, faith: pray do
I know I have giv'n thee cause, and am so
With crosses since, that I cou'd ask [humbled
Forgiveness of thee, were it possible
That thou cou'dst grant it, but I'm well assur'd
Thou can'st not; therefore I do stand thy justice:
If thou hast poison for me I will drink it,
Bless thee, and die.

Cord. O pity, Sir, a bleeding heart, and cease
This killing language.

Lear. Tell me, friends, where am I?

Gent. In your own kingdom, Sir.

Lear. Do not abuse me. [violence

Gent. Be comforted, good madam, for the
Of his distemper's past: we'll lead him in,
Nor trouble him, till he is better settled.
Will't please you, Sir, walk into freer air?

Lear. You must bear with me, I am old and
foolish.

Lear

Lear to Cordelia when taken Prisoners.

No, no, no, no! come, let's away to prison:
 We two alone will sing like birds i'th' cage:
 When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel down,
 And ask of thee forgiveness: so we'll live,
 And pray and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
 At gilded butterflies; and hear poor rogues
 Talk of court news, and we'll talk with them
 too,

Who loses and who wins; who's in, who's out:
 And take upon's the mystery of things,
 As if we were God's spies. And we'll wear out
 In a wall'd prison, packs and sects of great ones,
 That ebb and flow by the moon.

Edm. Take them away.

Lear. Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia,
 The Gods themselves throw incense.

§ 19. MACBETH. SHAKESPEARE.

Witches described.

—**WHAT** are these,
 So wither'd and so wild in their attire,
 That look not like th'inhabitants o'th'earth,
 And yet are on't? Live you, or are you aught
 That man may question? you seem to under-
 stand me,
 By each at once her choppy finger laying
 Upon her skinny lips. —You should be women;
 And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
 That you are so.

Macbeth's Temper.

Yet do I fear thy nature;
 It is too full o'th'milk of human kindness
 To catch the nearest way. Thou would'st be
 great;
 Art not without ambition; but without
 The illness should attend it. What thou would'st
 highly, [false,
 That would'st thou holily; would'st not play
 And yet would'st wrongly win.

Macbeth's Irresolution.

If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere
 It were done quickly: if th'assassination [well
 Could trammel up the consequence, and catch
 With its surcease success: that but this blow
 Might be the be-all and the end-all here;
 But here upon this bank and shoal of time,
 We'd jump the life to come—But, in these cases,
 We still have judgment here, that we but teach
 Bloody instructions; which, being taught, re-
 turn

To plague th'inventor. Even-handed justice
 Returns th'ingredients of our poison'd chalice
 To our own lips. He's here in double trust:
 First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
 Strong both against the deed: then as his host,
 Who should against his murd'rer shut the door,
 Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Dun-
 can

Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
 So clear in his great office, that his virtues
 Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongu'd, against
 The deep damnation of his taking off:
 And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
 Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim, hors'd
 Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
 Shall blow the horrid deed in ev'ry eye;
 That tears shall drown the wind—I have no spur
 To prick the sides of my intent, but only
 Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,
 And falls on th'other.

True Fortitude.

I dare do all that may become a man;
 Who dares do more, is none.

The Murdering Scene. Macbeth alone.

Is this a dagger which I see before me, [thee;
 The handle't ward my hand? come, let me clutch
 I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
 Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
 To feeling as to sight; or art thou but

A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
 Proceeding from the heart-oppressed brain?
 I see thee yet, in form as palpable
 As this which now I draw——
 Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;
 And such an instrument I was to use.
 Mine eyes are made the fools o'th'other senses,
 Or else worth all the rest—I see thee still;
 And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,
 Which was not so before. — There's no such
 thing—

It is the bloody business which informs [world
 Thus to mine eyes. — Now o'er one half the
 Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
 The curtain'd sleep; now witchcraft celebrates
 Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd murder
 (Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf, [pace,
 Whose howl's his watch) thus with his stealthy
 With Tarquin's ravishing stride, towards his
 design, [set earth,
 Moves like a ghost. — Thou found and firm—
 Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
 Thy very stones prate of my whereabouts,
 And take the present horror from the time
 Which now suits with it. — Whilst I threat, he
 lives— [A bell rings.

I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.
 Hear it not, Duncan, for it is a knell
 That summons thee to heaven, or to hell.

[Exit.

Reflections on Life.

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
 Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
 To the last syllable of recorded time;
 And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
 The way to study death. Out, out, brief candle!
 Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player,
 That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
 And then is heard no more! it is a tale,
 Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
 Signifying nothing!

§ 20. OTHELLO. SHAKESPEARE.

Preferment.

'TIS the curse of service:
 Preferment goes by letter and affection,
 And not by old gradation, where each second
 Stood heir to th'first.

Love the sole Motive of Othello's marrying.

For know, Iago,
 But that I love the gentle Desdemona,
 I would not my unhoused free condition
 Put into circumscription and confine,
 For the sea's worth.

Othello's Relation of his Courtship to the Senate.

Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
 My very noble and approv'd good masters;
 That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
 It is most true; true, I have married her;
 The very head and front of my offending
 Hath this extent; no more. Rude am I in my
 speech,
 And little blest with the soft phrase of peace;
 For since these arms of mine had seven years pith,
 Till now, some nine moons wasted, they have
 us'd

Their dearest action in the tended field;
 And little of this great world can I speak,
 More than pertains to feats of broils and battle;
 And therefore little shall I grace my cause
 In speaking for myself. Yet by your gracious
 patience,

I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver
 Of my whole course of love. What drugs, what
 charms,

What conjuration, and what mighty magic
 (For such proceeding I am charg'd withal)
 I won his daughter with.

Her father lov'd me, oft invited me;
 Still question'd me the story of my life,
 From year to year; the battles, sieges, fortunes,
 That I've past.

I ran

I ran it through, ev'n from my boyish days,
To the very moment that he bade me tell it:
Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field;
Of hair-breadth 'scapes i'th' imminent deadly
Of being taken by the insolent foe [breach;
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,
And with it all my travels history.

All these to hear
Would Desdemona seriously incline;
But still the house affairs would draw her thence;
Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse: which I observing,
Took once a pliant hour, and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not distinctively; I did consent,
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke
That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs;
She swore in faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing
strange,
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wond'rous pitiful——
She wish'd she had not heard it, yet she wish'd
That Heaven had made her such a man: — she
thank'd me,
And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story;
And that would woo her. On this hint I spake;
She lov'd me for the dangers I had past,
And I lov'd her that she did pity them.

Jealousy.

Trifles, light as air,
Are to the jealous confirmations strong,
As proofs of holy writ.

§ 21. THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING
RICHARD III.

SHAKESPEARE.

Richard on his own Deformity.

NOW are our brows bound with victorious
wreaths,
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments:
Our stern alarums chang'd to merry meetings:
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
Grim-visag'd war hath smooth'd his wrinkled
front;
And now, instead of mounting barbed steeds,
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.
But I, that am not shap'd for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass;
I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty
To strut before a wanton, ambling nymph;
I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
And that so lamely and unfashionably,
That dogs bark at me as I halt by them:
Why I (in this meek piping time of peace)
Have no delight to pass away the time;
Unless to spy my shadow in the sun,
And descant on my own deformity.
And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover,
To entertain these fair, well-spoken days,
I am determin'd to prove a villain,
And hate the idle pleasures of these days.

Richard's Hypocrisy.

But then I sigh, and, with a piece of scripture,
Tell them, that God bids us do good for evil;
And thus I clothe my naked villainy
With old odd ends, stol'n forth of holy writ,
And seem a saint when most I play the devil.

P 5

Sorrow

Sorrow.

Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing hours,
Makes night morning, and the noon-tide night.

Greatness, its Cares.

Princes have but their titles for their glories,
And outward honour for an inward toil;
And, for unfelt imaginations,
They often feel a world of endless cares:
So that, between their titles and low name,
There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

Deceit.

Ah! that deceit should steal such gentle shape,
And with a virtuous vizard hide deep vice!

Submission to Heaven our Duty.

In common worldly things 'tis call'd ungrate-
With dull unwillingness to pay a debt, [ful
Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent:
Much more to be thus opposite to Heav'n;
For it requires the royal debt it lent you.

The Vanity of Trust in Man.

O momentary grace of mortal men,
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God!
Who builds his hope in air of your fair looks,
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast,
Ready with every nod to tumble down
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

Description of the Murder of the two young Princes in the Tower.

The tyrannous and bloody act is done:
The most arch-deed of piteous massacre
That ever yet this land was guilty of!
Dighton and Forrest, whom I did suborn
To do this piece of ruthless butchery,
Albeit they were flesh'd villains, bloody dogs,
Melting with tenderness and mild compassion,
Wept like two children in their death's sad story.
O thus (quoth Dighton) lay the gentle babes;—
Thus, thus (quoth Forrest) girdling one another

Within their innocent alabaſter arms;
Their lips were four red roſes on a ſtalk,
And in their ſummer beauty kiſſ'd each other.
A book of prayers on their pillow lay,
Which once (quoth Forrest) almoſt chang'd my
mind:

But, oh! the devil—there the villain ſtopt:
When Dighton thus told on—we ſmothered
The moſt replenish'd ſweet work of nature,
That from the prime creation e'er the frain'd—
Hence both are gone with conſcience and re-
morſe:

They could not ſpeak, and ſo I left them both
To bear theſe tidings to the bloody king.

Richmond's Prayer.

O thou, whoſe captain I account myſelf,
Look on my forces with a gracious eye:
Put in their hands thy bruizing irons of wrath,
That they may crush down with a heavy fall
Th' uſurping helmets of our adverſaries!
Make us thy miniſters of chaſtiſement,
That we may praiſe thee in thy victory!
To thee I do commend my watchful ſoul,
Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes:
Sleeping and waking, oh, defend me ſtill!

Richard ſtarting out of his Dream.

Give me another horſe—bind up my wounds!
Have mercy, Jeſu—Soft! I did but dream.
O coward conſcience! how doſt thou afflict me!
The light burns blue—is it not dead midnight?
Cold fearful drops ſtand on my trembling fleſh.
What! do I fear myſelf?

§ 22. ROMEO AND JULIET.

* SHAKESPEARE.

Love.

LOVE is a ſmoke rais'd with a fume of ſighs;
Being purg'd, a fire ſparkling in lovers eyes;
Being vex'd, a ſea, nourish'd with lovers tears.
What

What is it else? a madness most discreet,
A choking gall, and a preserving sweet!

Violent Delights not lasting.

These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die, like fire and powder,
Which as they meet consume.

Juliet's Resolution.

O bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
From off the battlements of yonder tower;
Or chain me to some steepy mountain's top,
Where roaring bears and savage lions roam;
Or shut me nightly in a charnel-house;
Or cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,
With reeky shanks and yellow chafless skulls,
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud
(Things that, to hear them nam'd, have made me
tremble)

And I will do it without fear or doubt,
To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

Juliet's Soliloquy on drinking the Potion.

Farewell — God knows when we shall meet
again!

I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
That almost freezes up the heat of life.

I'll call them back again to comfort me,
Nurse — What should she do here?

My dismal scene I needs must act alone:
Come, vial — what if this mixture do not work

at all?

Shall I of force be married to the Count?

No, no, this shall forbid it; lie thou there —

[Pointing to a dagger.]

What if it be a poison, which the friar
Subtly hath minister'd, to have me dead,
Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,
Because he married me before to Romeo?

I fear it is; and yet, methinks, it should not,
For he hath still been try'd a holy man. —

How if, when I am laid into the tomb,

I wake before the time that Romeo
Comes to redeem me? there's a fearful point!
Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,
To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes
And there be strangled ere my Romeo comes? [in,
Or, if I live, is it not very like
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place
(As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,
Where for these many hundred years, the bones
Of all my buried ancestors are packt;
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,
Lies fest'ring in his shroud: where, as they say,
At some hours in the night, spirits resort—)
Alas, alas! is it not like, that I

So early waking, what with loathsome smells
And shrieks, like mandrakes torn out of the earth,
That living mortals, hearing them, run mad—
Oh! If I wake, shall I not be distraught
(Invironed with all these hideous fears)

And madly play with my forefathers joints,
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?
And in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,
As with a club, dash out my desp'rate brains?

O look; methinks, I see my cousin's ghost
Seeking out Romeo, that did split his body
Upon a rapier's point! — Stay, Tybalt, stay!
Romeo, I come: this do I drink to thee.

[She throws herself on the bed.]

*Romeo's Description of and Discourse with the
Apothecary.*

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night;
Let's see for means — O mischief! thou art swift
To enter in the thought of desperate men!

I do remember an Apothecary,
And hereabouts he dwells, whom late I noted
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of simples: meagre were his looks,
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones;
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
An alligator stuff'd, and other skins

Of ill-shap'd fishes; and about his shelves
 A beggarly account of empty boxes,
 Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,
 Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses,
 Were thinly scatter'd to make up a show.
 Noting this penury, to myself I said,
 And if a man did need a poison now,
 Whose sale is present death, in Mantua
 Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.
 Oh, this same thought did but forerun my need,
 And this same needy man must sell it me.
 As I remember this should be the house.
 Being holy-day, the beggar's shop is shut:
 What, ho! apothecary!

Enter Apothecary.

Ap. Who calls so loud? [poor;

Rom. Come hither, man; I see that thou art
 Hold, there is forty ducats: let me have
 A dram of poison, such soon-speeding geer
 As will disperse itself through all the veins,
 That the life-weary taker may fall dead,
 And that the trunk may be discharg'd of breath
 As violently as hasty powder fir'd
 Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

Ap. Such mortal drugs I have, but Mantua's
 law

Is death to any he that utters them. [nefs,

Rom. Art thou so bare and full of wretched-
 And fear'st to die? famine is in thy cheeks;
 Need and oppression stare within thine eyes,
 Contempt and beggary hang upon thy back;
 The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law;
 The world affords no law to make thee rich,
 Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

Ap. My poverty, but not my will, consents.

Rom. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.

Ap. Put this in any liquid thing you will,
 And drink it off, and if you had the strength
 Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight.

Rom. There is thy gold; worse poison to
 mens souls,

Doing more murders in this loathsome world,
 Than these poor compounds that thou may'st
 not sell:

I tell thee poison, thou hast sold me none—
 Farewell, buy food, and get thee into flesh.

Romeo's last Speech over Juliet in the Vault.

O, my love, my wife!

Death, that has suck'd the honey of thy breath,
 Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:
 Thou art not conquer'd: beauty's ensign yet
 Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,
 And death's pale flag is not advanced there.
 Tybalt, ly'st thou there in thy bloody sheet?
 Oh, what more favour can I do to thee
 Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain
 To funder his that was thy enemy?
 Forgive me, cousin.—Ah, dear Juliet,
 Why art thou yet so fair? shall I believe
 That unsubstantial death is amorous,
 And that the lean abhorred monster keeps
 Thee here in dark to be his paramour?
 For fear of that, I still will stay with thee;
 And never from this palace of dim night
 Depart again: here, here will I remain,
 With worms that are thy chambermaids: oh here
 Will I set up my everlasting rest,
 And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
 From this world-weary'd flesh. Eyes, look your
 last!

Arms, take your last embrace! and lips, oh you
 The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
 A dateless bargain to engrossing death!
 Come, bitter conduct! come, unfav'ry guide!
 Thou desp'rate pilot, now at once run on
 The dashing rocks my sea-sick, weary bark:
 Here's to my love! oh, true apothecary!

[Drinks the poison.]

Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die.

[Dies.]

TIMON

§ 23. TIMON OF ATHENS.
SHAKESPEARE.

The Grace of a Cynic Philosopher.

IMMORTAL Gods, I crave no pelf;
I pray for no man but myself.
Grant I may never prove so fond,
To trust man on his oath or bond:
Or a harlot for her weeping;
Or a dog that seems a-sleeping;
Or a keeper with my freedom,
Or my friends, if I should need 'em.
Amen, Amen; so fall to't;
Great men sin, and I eat root.

A faithful Steward.

So the gods bless me,
When all our offices have been oppress'd
With riotous feeders; when our vaults have wept
With drunken spilt of wine; when every room
Hath blaz'd with lights, and bray'd with min-
I have retir'd me to a wasteful cock, [strelche,
And set mine eyes at flow.

Against Duelling.

Your words have took such pains, as if they
labour'd [ling
To bring manslaughter into form, set quarrel-
Upon the head of valour, which, indeed,
Is valour misbegot, and came into the world
When sects and factions were but newly born.
He's truly valiant that can wisely suffer
The worst that man can breathe, and make his
wrongs [lessly;
His outsides, wear them like his raiment, care-
And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.

A Friend forsaken.

As we do turn our backs
From our companion thrown into his grave,
So his familiars from his buried fortunes
Slink all away, leave their false vows with him,
Like empty purses pick'd; and his poor self,
A dedicated beggar to the air,
With his discase of all-shunn'd poverty,
Walks, like contempt, alone.

On Gold.

What is here?
Gold! yellow, glittering precious gold!
No, gods, I am no idle votarist.
Roots, you clear heavens! thus much of this
will make
Black white; foul, fair; wrong, right;
Base, noble; old, young; coward, valiant.
You gods! why this? what this? you gods!
why this [sides!
Will lug your priests and servants from your
Pluck stout mens pillows from below their heads.
This yellow slave
Will knit and break religions; bless th'accurs'd;
Make the hoar leprosy ador'd; place thieves,
And give them title, knee, and approbation
With senators on the bench: this is it
That makes the waped widow wed again;
She, whom the spittle-house and ulcerous sores
Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and spices
To th'April day again. Come, damned earth,
Thou common whore of mankind, that putt'st
odds
Among the rout of nations, I will make thee
Do thy right nature.

DETACHED SCENES AND PASSAGES

FROM VARIOUS DRAMATIC WRITERS.

§ 24. *From Addison's Cato.*

Cato solus, sitting in a thoughtful Posture: in his hand Plato's Book on the Immortality of the Soul.

A drawn Sword on the Table by him.

IT must be so—Plato, thou reason'st well—
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?

Or whence this secret dread and inward horror
Of falling into nought? Why thinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?

'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis Heav'n itself that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man:

Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful thought!
Through what variety of untry'd being,
Through what new scenes and changes must we
pass?

The wide, th'unbounded prospect lies before me;
But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.
Here will I hold. If there's a Power above
(And that there is all nature cries aloud
Through all her works) he must delight in vir-
tue;

And that which he delights in must be happy.
But when! or where—This world was made for
Cæsar.

I'm weary of conjectures—this must end 'em.

[Laying his hand on his sword.]

Thus am I doubly arm'd: my death and life,
My bane and antidote, are both before me.

This in a moment brings me to an end;
But this informs me I shall never die.

The soul, secur'd in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years,
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.
What means this heaviness that hangs upon me?
This lethargy that creeps through all my senses?
Nature oppress'd, and harass'd out with care,
Sinks down to rest. This once I'll favour her,
That my awaken'd soul may take her flight,
Renew'd in all her strength, and fresh with life,
An offering fit for Heav'n. Let guilt or fear
Disturb man's rest, Cato knows neither of 'em;
Indifferent in his choice to sleep or die.

Enter Portius.

But, ha! how's this, my son? Why this in-
trusion?

Were not my orders that I would be private?
Why am I disobey'd?

Por. Alas, my father!
What means this sword, this instrument of death?
Let me convey it hence.

Cato. Rath youth, forbear!

Por. Oh, let the pray'rs, th'intreaties of your
friends, [you!
Their tears, their common danger, wrest it from
Cato. Would'st thou betray me? Would'st thou
give me up,

A slave, a captive into Cæsar's hands?
Retire, and learn obedience to a father,
Or know, young man!—

Por.

Por. Look not thus sternly on me;
You know I'd rather die than disobey you.

Cato. 'Tis well! again I'm master of myself.
Now, Cæsar, let thy troops beset our gates,
And bar each avenue; thy gathering fleets
O'erspread the sea, and stop up ev'ry port;
Cato shall open himself a passage,
And mock thy hopes——

Por. O Sir, forgive your son,
Whose grief hangs heavy on him. O my father!
How am I sure it is not the last time
I e'er shall call you so! Be not displeas'd,
Oh, be not angry with me whilst I weep,
And, in the anguish of my heart, beseech you
To quit the dreadful purpose of your soul!

Cato. Thou hast been ever good and dutiful.
[Embracing him.]

Weep not, my son, all will be well again;
The righteous gods, — whom I have fought to
please,

Will succour Cato, and preserve his children.

Por. Your words give comfort to my droop-
ing heart. [duet;]

Cato. Portius, thou may'st rely upon my con-
Thy father will not act what misbecomes him.
But go, my son, and see if aught be wanting
Among thy father's friends; see them embark'd,
And tell me if the winds and seas befriend them.
My soul is quite weigh'd down with care, and
asks

The soft refreshment of a moment's sleep. [Exit.]

Por. My thoughts are more at ease, my heart
revives.

Enter Marcia.

O Marcia, O my sister, still there's hope!
Our father will not cast away a life
So needful to us all, and to his country.
He is retir'd to rest, and seems to cherish
Thoughts full of peace. He has dispatch'd me
hence
With orders that bespeak a mind compos'd,

And studious for the safety of his friends.
Marcia, take care that none disturb his slumbers.

[Exit.]

Mar. O ye immortal powers, that guard the
just,

Watch round his couch, and soften his repose,
Banish his sorrows and becalm his soul
With easy dreams: remember all his virtues!
And shew mankind that goodness is your care.

Enter Lucia.

Lucia. Where is your father, Marcia? where
is Cato?

Mar. Lucia, speak low, he is retir'd to rest.
Lucia, I feel a gentle dawning hope
Rise in my soul. We shall be happy still.

Luc. Alas! I tremble when I think on Cato;
In every view, in every thought, I tremble!
Cato is stern and awful as a god;
He knows not how to wink at human frailty,
Or pardon weakness that he never felt.

Mar. Though stern and awful to the foes of
He is all goodness, Lucia, always mild, [Rome,
Compassionate, and gentle to his friends.
Fill'd with domestic tenderness, the best,
The kindest father I have ever found him;
Easy and good, and bounteous to my wishes.

Luc. 'Tis his consent alone can make us blest'd.
Marcia, we are both equally involv'd
In the same intricate, perplex'd, distress.

The cruel hand of Fate, that has destroy'd
Thy brother Marcus, whom we both lament —

Mar. And ever shall lament, unhappy youth!

Luc. Has set my soul at large, and now I
stand

Loose of my vow. But who knows Cato's
thoughts?

Who knows how yet he may dispose of Portius,
Or how he has determin'd of thyself?

Mar. Let him but live, — commit the rest to
Heav'n.

Antony

§ 25. *Antony and Ventidius.* DRYDEN.

Ant. **T**HEY tell me, 'tis my birth-day; and
I'll keep it

With double pomp of sadness.

'Tis what the day deserves which gave me breath.

Why was I rais'd the meteor of the world,

Hung in the skies, and blazing as I travell'd,

Till all my fires were spent, and then cast down—
To be trod out by Cæsar? [wards

Vent. [*Aside.*] On my soul

'Tis mournful, wond'rous mournful!

Ant. Count thy gains,

Now, Antony, would'st thou be born for this?

Glutton of fortune, thy devouring youth

Has starv'd thy wanting age.

Vent. [*Aside.*] How sorrow shakes him!

So, now the tempest tears him up by th' roots,

And on the ground extends the noble ruin.

Ant. [*Having thrown himself down.*] Lie

there, thou shadow of an emperor;

The place thou preffest on thy mother earth

Is all thy empire now: now it contains thee;

Some few days hence, and then't will be too large,

When thou'rt contracted in thy narrow urn,

Shrunk to a few cold ashes: then Octavia

(For Cleopatra will not live to see it)

Octavio then will have thee all her own,

And bear thee in her widow'd hand to Cæsar.

Cæsar will weep, the crocodile will weep,
To see his rival of the universe [on't.

Lie still and peaceful there. I'll think no more

Give me some music; look that it be sad.

I'll loath my melancholy, till I swell

And burst myself with sighing—

'Tis somewhat to my humour. Stav, I fancy

I'm now turn'd wild, a commoner of nature;

Of all forsaken, and forsaking all;

Live in a shady forest's sylvan scene,

Stretch'd at my length beneath some blasted oak,

I lean my head upon the mossy bark,

And look just of a piece; as I grew from it:

My uncomb'd locks, matted like mistletoe,

Hang o'er my hoary face; a murmuring brook
Runs at my foot—

Vent. Methinks I fancy

Myself there too.

Ant. The herd come jumping by me,

And, fearless quench their thirst, while I look on,

And take me for their fellow-citizen.

More of this image, more; it lulls my thoughts.

Vent. I must disturb him. I can hold no

longer. [*Stands before him.*

Ant. [*Starting up.*] Art thou Ventidius?

Vent. Are you Antony?

I'm liker what I was, than you to him

I left you last.

Ant. I'm angry.

Vent. So am I.

Ant. I would be private. Leave me.

Vent. Sir, I love you,

And therefore will not leave you.

Ant. Will not leave me?

Where have you learnt that answer? Who am I?

Vent. My emperor; the man I love next Heav'n.

If I said more, I think 'twere scarce a sin:

You're all that's good and god-like.

Ant. All that's wretched.

You will not leave me then?

Vent. 'Twas too presuming

To say I would not: but I dare not leave you;

And 'tis unkind in you to chide me hence

So soon, when I so far have come to see you.

Ant. Now thou hast seen me, art thou satisfy'd?

For, if a friend, thou hast beheld enough;

And, if a foe, too much.

Vent. Look, emperor, this is no common dew,

I have not wept these forty years; but now

My mother comes afresh into my eyes;

I cannot help her softness. [he weeps!

Ant. By Heav'n he weeps, poor good old man,

The big round drops course one another down

The furrows of his cheeks. Stop'em Ventidius,

Or I shall blush to death; they set my shame,

That caus'd'em, full before me.

Vent.

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Vent. I'll do my best.

[friends;

Ant. Sure there's contagion in the tears of
See, I have caught it too. Believe me, 'tis not
For my own griefs, but thine—Nay, farther—

Vent. Emperor!

Ant. Emperor! Why that's the style of victory,
The conquering soldier, red with unfelt wounds,
Salutes his general for but never more
Shall that sound reach my ears.

Vent. I warrant you.

Ant. Actium, Actium! Oh—

Vent. It sits too near you.

Ant. Here, here it lies; a lump of lead by day;
And in my short, distracted, nightly slumbers,
The hag that rides my dreams—

Vent. Out with it; give it vent.

Ant. Urge not my shame—
I lost a battle.

Vent. So has Julius done [thou think'st;

Ant. Thou favour'st me, and speak'st not half
For Julius fought it out, and lost it fairly:
But Antony—

Vent. Nay, stop not.

Ant. Antony

(Well, thou wilt have it) like a coward, fled,
Fled while his soldiers fought; fled first, Ven-
tidius.

Thou long'st to curse me, and I give thee leave.
I know thou can'st prepar'd to rail.

Vent. I did. [tidius.

Ant. I'll help thee—I have been a man, Ven-

Vent. Yes, and a brave one; but—

Ant. I know thy meaning.

But I have lost my reason, have disgrac'd
The name of soldier with inglorious ease.
In the full vintage of my flowing honours,
Sat still, and saw it press'd by other hands.
Fortune came smiling to my youth and woo'd it;
And purple greatness met my ripen'd years.
When first I came to empire, I was borne
On tides of people, crowding to my triumphs;
The wish of nations, and the willing world

Receiv'd me as its pledge of future peace.

I was so great, so happy, so belov'd,
Fate could not ruin me; till I took pains, [me,
And work'd against my fortune, chid her from
And turn'd her loose: yet still she came again.
My careless days and my luxurious nights,
At length have wearied her, and now she's gone,
Gone, gone divorc'd for ever. Help me, soldier,
To curse this madman, this industrious fool,
Who labour'd to be wretched. Pr'ythee, curse me.

Vent. No.

Ant. Why?

Vent. You are too sensible already [ings;
Of what you've done; too conscious of your fail-
And like a scorpion, whipt by others first
To fury, sting yourself in mad revenge.
I would bring balm, and pour it in your wounds,
Cure your distemper'd mind, and heal your for-

Ant. I know thou would'st. [tunes.

Vent. I will.

Ant. Ha, ha, ha!

Vent. You laugh.

Ant. I do, to see officious love
Give cordials to the dead.

Vent. You would be lost then?

Ant. I am.

Vent. I say you are not. Try your fortune.

Ant. I have to th'utmost. Dost thou think me
desperate

Without just cause? No, when I found all lost
Beyond repair, I hid me from the world,
And learnt to scorn it here; which now I do
So heartily, I think it is not worth
The cost of keeping.

§ 49. *Sebastian and Dorax.* DRYDEN.

*Re-enter Dorax, having taken off his Turban
and put on an European Habit.*

Dor. NOW do you know me?

Seb. Thou should'st be Alonzo.

Dor. So you should be Sebastian;

But

But when Sebastian ceas'd to be himself,
I ceas'd to be Alonzo.

Seb. As in a dream,
I see thee here, and scarce believe mine eyes.

Dor. Is it so strange to find me where my
wrongs

And your inhuman tyranny have sent me?
Think not you dream: or, if you did, my injuries
Shall call so loud, that lethargy should wake;
And death should give you back to answer me.
A thousand nights have brush'd their balmy
wings

Over these eyes; but ever when they clos'd,
Your tyrant image forc'd them ope again,
And dry'd the dews they brought.
The long-expected hour is come at length,
By manly vengeance to redeem my fame:
And that once clear'd, eternal sleep is welcome.

Seb. I have not yet forgot I am a king,
Whose royal office is redress of wrongs:
If I have wrong'd thee, charge me face to face;
I have not yet forgot I am a soldier. [me;

Dor. 'Tis the first justice thou hast ever done
Then though I loathe this woman's war of
tongue,

Yet shall my cause of vengeance first be clear:
And, Honour, be thou judge.

Seb. Honour befriend us both.
Beware, I warn thee yet to tell thy griefs
In terms becoming majesty to hear:
I warn thee thus, because I know thy temper
Is insolent and haughty to superiors:
How often hast thou brav'd my peaceful court,
Fill'd it with noisy brawls and windy boasts;
And, with past service, nauseously repeated,
Reproach'd even me, thy prince! [reward,

Dor. And well I might, when you forgot
The part of Heav'n in kings: for punishment
Is hangman's work, and drudgery for devils.
I must and will reproach thee with my service,
Tyrant (it irks me so to call my prince);

But just resentment and hard usage coin'd
Th'unwilling word; and, grating as it is,
Take it, for 'tis thy due.

Seb. How, tyrant!

Dor. Tyrant!

Seb. Traitor: that name thou canst not echo
That robe of infamy, that circumcision [back:
Ill hid beneath that robe, proclaim thee traitor:
And, if a name
More foul than traitor be, 'tis Renegade.

Dor. If I'm a traitor, think and blush, thou
Whose injuries betray'd me into treason, [tyrant,
Effac'd my loyalty, unhing'd my faith,
And hurry'd me from hopes of heav'n to hell:
All these, and all my yet-unfinish'd crimes,
When I shall rise to plead before the saints,
I charge on thee to make thy damning sure.

Seb. Thy old presumptuous arrogance again,
That bred my first dislike, and then my loathing,
Once more be warn'd, and know me for thy king.

Dor. Too well I know thee, but for king no
This is not Lisbon, nor the circle this [more:
Where, like a statue, thou hast stood besieg'd
By sycophants and fools, the growth of courts;
Where thy gull'd eyes in all the gaudy round,
Met nothing but a lye in every face;
And the gross flattery of a gaping crowd,
Envious who first should catch, and first applaud
The stuff or royal nonsense. When I spoke,
My honest homely words were carp'd, and cen-
For want of courtly stile; related actions, [sur'd,
Though modestly reported, pass'd for boasts:
Secure of merit, if I ask'd reward, [vaded,
Thy hungry minions thought their rights in-
And the bread snatch'd from pimps and para-
Henriquez answer'd with a ready lye [sites,
To save his king's, the boon was begg'd before.

Seb. What say'st thou of Henriquez? Now,
by Heav'n,
Thou mov'st me more by barely naming him,
Than all thy foul unmanner'd scurril taunts.

Dor.

Dor. And therefore 'twas to gall thee, that
I nam'd him, [smile;

That thing, that nothing, but a cringe and
That woman, but more daub'd; or, if a man,
Corrupted to a woman; thy man-mistress.

Seb. All false as hell, or thou.

Dor. Yes; full as false

As that I serv'd thee fifteen hard campaigns,
And pitch'd thy standard in those foreign fields:
By me thy greatness grew, thy years grew with it;
But thy ingratitude outgrew them both. [first,

Seb. I see to what thou tend'st; but tell me
If those great acts were done alone for me;
If love produc'd not some, and pride the rest?

Dor. Why, love does all that's noble here
below:

But all th'advantage of that love was thine:
For, coming fraughted back, in either hand
With palm and olive, victory and peace,
I was indeed prepar'd to ask my own
(For Violante's vows were mine before):
Thy malice had prevention ere I spoke;
And ask'd me Violante for Henriquez.

Seb. I meant thee a reward of greater worth.

Dor. Where, justice wanted, could reward be
hop'd?

Could the robb'd passenger expect a bounty
From those rapacious hands who stripp'd him
first?

Seb. He had my promise ere I knew thy love.

Dor. My services deserv'd thou should'st re-
voke it.

Seb. Thy insolence had cancell'd all thy ser-
To violate my laws, even in my court, [vice;
Sacred to peace, and safe from all affronts;
Ev'n to my face, and done in my despite,
Under the wing of awful majesty
To strike the man I lov'd! [sacred,

Dor. Ev'n in the face of heaven, a place more
Would I have struck the man who, prompt by
power,

Would seize my right, and rob me of my love:
But, for a blow provok'd by thy injustice,
The hasty product of a just despair,
When he refus'd to meet me in the field, [own!
That thou should'st make a coward's cause thy
Seb. He durst: nay, more, desir'd and begg'd
with tears.

To meet thy challenge fairly: 'twas thy fault
To make it public; but my duty then
To interpose, on pain of my displeasure,
Betwixt your swords.

Dor. On pain of infamy
He should have disobey'd. [me:

Seb. The indignity thou did'st was meant to
Thy gloomy eyes were cast on me with scorn,
As who should say, the blow was there intended;
But that thou did'st not dare to lift thy hands
Against anointed power: so was I forc'd
To do a sovereign justice to myself,
And spurn thee from my presence.

Dor. Thou hast dar'd
To tell me, what I durst not tell myself:
I durst not think that I was spurn'd, and live;
And live to hear it boasted to my face;
All my long avarice of honour lost,
Heap'd up in youth, and hoarded up for age:
Has Honour's fountain then suck'd back the
stream?

He has; and hooting-boys may dry-shod pass,
And gather pebbles from the naked ford.
Give me my love, my honour; give them back—
Give me revenge while I have breath to ask it—

Seb. Now by this honour'd order which I
wear, [it—
More gladly would I give, than thou dar'st ask
Nor shall the sacred character of king
Be urg'd to shield me from thy bold appeal.
If I have injur'd thee, that makes us equal:
The wrong, if done, debas'd me down to thee.
But thou hast charg'd me with ingratitude;
Hast thou not charg'd me? Speak.

Dor.

Dor. Thou know'st I have :
 If thou disown'st that imputation, draw,
 And prove my charge a lye. [draw :
Seb. No; to disprove that lye, I must not
 Be conscious to thy worth, and tell thy soul
 What thou hast done this day in my defence :
 To fight thee after this, what were it else
 Than owning that ingratitude thou urg'st ?
 That isthmus stands between two rushing seas ;
 Which mounting, view each other from afar,
 And strive in vain to meet.

Dor. I'll cut that isthmus :
 Thou know'st I meant not to preserve thy life,
 But to relieve it, for my own revenge.
 I sav'd thee out of honourable malice : [not :
 Now draw ; I should be loth to think thou dar'st
 Beware of such another vile excuse.

Seb. Oh, patience Heav'n !

Dor. Beware of patience too :
 That's a suspicious word : it had been proper
 Before thy foot had spurn'd me ; now 'tis base :
 Yet to disarm thee of thy last defence,
 I have thy oath for my security :
 The only boon I begg'd was this fair combat :
 Fight or be perjur'd now ; that's all thy choice.

Seb. Now can I thank thee as thou would'st
 be thank'd : [Drawing.
 Never was vow of honour better paid,
 If my true sword but hold, than this shall be.
 The sprightly bridegroom on his wedding-night,
 More gladly enters not the lists of love.
 Why 'tis enjoyment to be summon'd thus.
 Go ; bear my message to Henriquez' ghost ;
 And say his master and his friend reveng'd him.

Dor. His ghost ! then is my hated rival dead ?

Seb. The question is beside our present pur-
 Thou see'st me ready ; we delay too long. [pose ;

Dor. A minute is not much in either's life
 When there's but one betwixt us ; throw it in,
 And give it him of us who is to fall.

§ 25. *Theodosius and Marcian.* LEE.

Theo. HA ! what rash thing art thou, who sett'st
 so small

A value on thy life, thus to presume
 Against the fatal orders I have giv'n,
 Thus to entrench on Cæsar's solitude,
 And urge me to thy ruin !

Mar. Mighty Cæsar,
 I have transgress'd ; and for my pardon bow
 To thee, as to the gods, when I offend :
 Nor can I doubt your mercy, when you know
 The nature of my crime. I am commission'd
 From all the earth to give thee thanks and praises,
 Thou darling of mankind ! whose conqu'ring
 Already drown the glory of great Julius ; [arms
 Whose deeper reach in laws and policy
 Makes wise Augustus envy thee in heav'n !
 What mean the fates by such prodigious virtue,
 When scarce the manly down yet shades thy face,
 With conquests thus to over-run the world,
 And make barbarians tremble ? O ye gods !
 Should destiny now end thee in the bloom,
 Methinks I see thee mourn'd above the loss
 Of lov'd Germanicus ; thy funerals,
 Like his, are solemniz'd with tears and blood.

Theo. How, Marcian !

Mar. Yes, the raging multitude,
 Like torrents, set no bound to their mad grief ;
 Shave their wives heads, and tear off their own
 hair :

With wild despair they bring their infants out,
 To brawl their parents sorrow in the streets.
 Trade is no more, all courts of justice stop ;
 With stones they dash the windows of their temples,
 Pull down their altars ; break their household
 And still the universal groan is this, [gods ;
 " Constantinople's lost, our empire's ruin'd ;
 Since he is gone, that father of his country,
 Since he is dead, O life, where is thy pleasure ?
 O Rome, O conquer'd world, where is thy glory ?"

Theo.

Theo. I know thee well, thy custom and thy manners.

Thou didst upbraid me: but no more of this,
Not for thy life—

Mar. What's life without my honour?
Could you transform yourself into a Gorgon,
Or make that beardless face like Jupiter's,
I would be heard in spite of all your thunder.
O pow'r of guilt! you fear to stand the test
Which virtue brings; like sores your vices
shake

Before this Roman healer. But, by the gods,
Before I go, I'll rip the malady,
And let the venom flow before your eyes.
This is a debt to the great Theodosius,
The grandfather of your illustrious blood:
And then farewell for ever.

Theo. Presuming Marcian!
What canst thou urge against my innocence?
Thro' the whole course of all my harmless youth,
Ev'n to this hour, I cannot call to mind
One wicked act which I have done to shame me.

Mar. This may be true: yet if you give the
sway

To other hands, and your poor subjects suffer,
Your negligence to them is as the cause.
O Theodosius, credit me, who know
The world, and hear how soldiers censure kings.
In after-times, if thus you should go on,
Your memory by warriors will be scorn'd;
As much as Nero or Caligula loath'd;
They will despise your sloth and backward ease
More than they hate the others cruelty.
And what a thing, ye gods, is scorn or pity!
Heap on me, Heav'n, the hate of all mankind;
Load me with malice, envy, detestation,
Let me be horrid to all apprehension,
And the world shun me, so I 'scape but scorn.

Theo. Pr'ythee no more. [sons,

Mar. Nay, when the legions make compari-
And say, Thus cruel Nero once resolv'd
On Galba's insurrection, for revenge,

To give all France as plunder to the army;
To poison the whole senate at a feast;
To burn the city, turn the wild beasts out,
Bears, lions, tigers, on the multitude;
That so obstructing those that quench'd the fire,
He might at once destroy rebellious Rome—

Theo. O cruelty! Why tell'st thou me of this?
Am I of such a barb'rous bloody temper?

Mar. Yet some will say this shew'd he had a
spirit,

However fierce, avenging, and pernicious,
That favour'd of a Roman: but for you,
What can your partial sycophants invent,
To make you room among the emperors?
Whose utmost is the finallest part of Nero;
A pretty player, one that can act a hero,
And never be one. O y'immortal gods,
Is this the old Cæsarian majesty?

Now, in the name of our great Romulus
Why sing you not, and fiddle too, as he did?
Why have you not, like Nero, a Phonnscus,
One to take care of your celestial voice?
Lie on your back, my lord, and on your stomach
Lay a thin plate of lead; abstain from fruits;
And when the business of the stage is done,
Retire with your loose friends to costly banquets,
While the lean army groans upon the ground.

Theo. Leave me, I say, lest I chastise thee;
Hence, be gone, I say—

Mar. Not till you have heard me out—
Build too, like him, a palace lin'd with gold,
As long and large as that of th'Esquiline:
Inclose a pool too in it, like the sea,
And at the empire's cost let navies meet:
Adorn your starry chambers too with gems;
Contrive the plated cielings to turn round,
With pipes to cast ambrosian oils upon you:
Consume with this prodigious vanity,
In mere perfumes and odorous distillations,
Of sesterces at once four hundred millions:
Let naked virgins wait you at your table,
And wanton Cupids dance and clap their wings.

No matter what becomes of the poor soldiers,
So they perform the drudgery they are fit for;
Why, let'em starve for want of their arrears,
Drop as they go, and lie like dogs in ditches.

Theo. Come, you are a traitor!

Mar. Go to, you are a boy—
Or by the gods—

Theo. If arrogance like this,
And to the emperor's face, should 'scape unpunish'd,

I'll write myself a coward; die then, villain:
A death too glorious for so bad a man,
By Theodosius' hand.

[*Marcian disarms him, but is wounded.*]

§ 26. *Lady Randolph, Lord Randolph, and Young Norval, not known at the time to be Lady Randolph's Son.* HOME.

Lady Ran. HOW fares my lord?

Lord Ran. That it fares well, thanks to this gallant youth,

Whole valour sav'd me from a wretched death.
As down the winding dale I walk'd alone,
At the cross way four arm'd men attack'd me;
Rovers I judge from the licentious camp, [low,
Who would have quickly laid lord Randolph
Had not this brave and generous stranger come,
Like my good angel, in the hour of fate,
And, mocking danger, made my foes his own.
They turn'd upon him: but his active arm
Struck to the ground, from whence they rose no
The fiercest two; the others fled again, [more,
And left him master of the bloody field.

Speak, lady Randolph; upon beauty's tongue
Dwell accents pleasing to the brave and bold.
Speak, noble dame, and thank him for thy Lord.

Lady Ran. My Lord, I cannot speak what now I feel.

My heart o'erflows with gratitude to Heav'n
And to this noble youth, who, all unknown

To you and yours, deliberated not,
Nor paus'd at peril, but humanely brave,
Fought on your side against such fearful odds.
Have you yet learnt of him whom we should thank?

Whom call the saviour of Lord Randolph's life?

Lord Ran. I ask'd that question, and he answer'd not:

But I must know who my deliverer is.

[*To the stranger.*]

Norv. A low-born man, of parentage obscure,
Who nought can boast but his desire to be
A soldier, and to gain a name in arms.

Lord Ran. Whoe'er thou art, thy spirit is ennobled

By the great King of kings; thou art ordain'd
And stamp'd a hero by the sovereign hand
Of nature! Blush not, flower of modesty,
As well as valour, to declare thy birth. [hills

Norv. My name is Norval; on the Grampian
My father feeds his flocks; a frugal swain,
Whose constant cares were to increase his store,
And keep his only son, myself, at home.
For I had heard of battles, and I long'd
To follow to the field some warlike lord;
And Heav'n soon granted what my fire deny'd.
This moon, which rose last night round as my shield,

Had not yet fill'd her horns, when, by her light,
A band of fierce barbarians, from the hills,
Rush'd like a torrent down upon the vale,
Sweeping our flocks and herds. The shepherds
For safety, and for succour. I alone, [fled
With bended bow, and quiver full of arrows,
Hover'd about the enemy, and mark'd
The road he took: then hasten'd to my friends;
Whom, with a troop of fifty chosen men,
I met advancing; the pursuit I led,
Till we o'ertook the spoil-encumber'd foe.
We fought and conquer'd. Ere a sword was drawn,

An arrow from my bow had pierc'd their chief,
Who

Who wore that day the arms which now I wear.
 Returning home in triumph, I disdain'd
 The shepherd's slothful life; and having heard
 That our good king had summon'd his bold peers
 To lead their warriors to the Carron side,
 I left my father's house, and took with me
 A chosen servant to conduct my steps:
 Yon trembling coward, who forsook his master.
 Journeying with this intent, I past these towers,
 And, heaven-directed, came this day to do
 The happy deed that gilds my humble name.

Lord Ran. He is as wise as brave: was ever
 With such a gallant modesty rehears'd? [tale
 My brave deliverer! thou shalt enter now
 A nobler list, and, in a monarch's fight,
 Contend with princes for the prize of fame.
 I will present thee to our Scottish king,
 Whole valiant spirit ever valour lov'd.
 Ha! my Matilda! wherefore starts that tear?

Lady Ran. I cannot say; for various affec-
 tions,
 And strangely mingled, in my bosom swell:
 Yet each of them may well command a tear.
 I joy that thou art safe; and I admire [safety;
 Him and his fortunes, who hath wrought thy
 Yea, as my mind predicts, with thine his own.
 Obscure and friendless, he the army fought;
 Bent upon peril, in the range of death
 Resolv'd to hunt for fame, and with his sword
 To gain distinction which his birth deny'd.
 In this attempt, unknown, he might have pe-
 rish'd,

And gain'd, with all his valour, but oblivion.
 Now grac'd by thee, his virtue serves no more
 Beneath despair. The soldier now of hope,
 He stands conspicuous; fame and great renown
 Are brought within the compass of his sword.
 On this my mind reflected whilst you spoke,
 And bless'd the wonder-working hand of Heaven.

Lord Ran. Pious and grateful ever are thy
 thoughts! [way.
 My deeds shall follow where thou point'st the

Next to myself, and equal to Glenalvon,
 In honour and command shall Norval be.

Norv. I know not how to thank you: rude
 I am

In speech and manners: never till this hour
 Stood I in such a presence: yet, my lord,
 There's something in my breast which makes
 me bold

To say, that Norval ne'er will shame thy favour.

Lady Ran. I will be sworn thou wilt not.
 Thou shalt be

My knight; and ever as thou didst to-day,
 With happy valour guard the life of Randolph.

Lord Ran. Well hast thou spoke. Let me
 forbid reply. [To Norval.

We are thy debtors still; thy high desert
 O'ertops our gratitude. I must proceed,
 As was at first intended, to the camp;
 Some of my train, I see, are speeding hither,
 Impatient, doubtless, of their lord's delay.
 Go with thee, Norval, and thine eyes shall see
 The chosen warriors of thy native land,
 Who languish for the fight, and beat the air
 With brandish'd swords.

Norv. Let us be gone, my lord.

§ 27. *Young Norval informs Lord Randolph
 by what Means he acquired a Knowledge in
 the Art of War.* HOME.

BENEATH a mountain's brow, the most re-
 And inaccessible, by shepherds trod, [mote
 In a deep cave, dug by no mortal hand,
 A hermit liv'd; a melancholy man,
 Who was the wonder of our wand'ring swains.
 Austere and lonely, cruel to himself,
 Did they report him; the cold earth his bed,
 Water his drink, his food the shepherds alms.
 I went to see him, and my heart was touch'd
 With reverence and with pity. Mild he spake,
 And, ent'ring on discourse, such stories told,
 As made me oft revisit his sad cell.

For

For he had been a soldier in his youth;
 And fought in famous battles, when the peers
 Of Europe, by the bold Godfredo led,
 Against th'usurping Infidel display'd
 The cross of Christ, and won the Holy Land.
 Pleas'd with my admiration, and the fire [shake
 His speech struck from me, the old man would
 His years away, and aft his young encounters:
 Then, having shew'd his wounds, he'd sit him
 down,

And all the live-long day discourse of war.
 To help my fancy, in the smooth green turf
 He cut the figures of the marshall'd hosts;
 Describ'd the motions, and explain'd the use
 Of the deep column, and the lengthen'd line;
 The square, the crescent, and the phalanx firm.
 For all that Saracen or Christian knew
 Of war's vast art, was to this hermit known.
 —Unhappy man!

Returning homewards by Messina's port,
 Loaded with wealth and honours bravely won,
 A rude and boist'rous captain of the sea
 Fasten'd a quarrel on him. Fierce they fought;
 The stranger fell, and, with his dying breath,
 Declar'd his name and lineage. Mighty God!
 The soldier cry'd, my brother! Oh! my brother!

—They exchange'd forgiveness:
 And happy, in my mind, was he that dy'd;
 For many deaths has the survivor suffer'd.
 In the wild desert on a rock he sits,
 Upon some nameless stream's untrodden banks,
 And ruminates all day his dreadful fate.
 At times, alas! not in his perfect mind!
 Holds dialogues with his lov'd brother's ghost;

And oft each night forsakes his sullen couch,
 To make sad orisons for him he slew.

§ 28. *Douglas's Soliloquy in the Wood, waiting
 for Lady Randolph, after he was known to be
 her Son.* HOME.

THIS is the place, the centre of the grove.
 Here stands the oak, the monarch of the
 wood.

How sweet and solemn is this midnight scene!
 The silver moon unclouded, holds her way
 Thro' skies, where I could count each little star.
 The fanning west wind scarcely stirs the leaves;
 The river rushing o'er its pebbled bed,
 Imposes silence with a stillly sound.
 In such a place as this, at such an hour,
 If ancestry can be in aught believ'd,
 Descending spirits have convers'd with man,
 And told the secrets of the world unknown.

Eventful day! how hast thou chang'd my state!
 Once on the cold, and winter-shaded side
 Of a bleak hill, mischance had rooted me,
 Never to thrive, child of another soil:
 Transplanted now to the gay sunny vale,
 Like the green thorn of May, my fortune flowers.
 Ye glorious stars! high heav'n's resplendent host!
 To whom I oft have of my lot complain'd,
 Hear and record my soul's unalter'd wish!
 Dead or alive, let me but be renown'd!
 May Heav'n inspire some fierce gigantic Dane
 To give a bold defiance to our host!
 Before he speaks it out, I will accept:
 Like DOUGLAS conquer, or like DOUGLAS die.



END OF BOOK THIRD.

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THE
POETICAL EPITOME;
OR,
ELEGANT EXTRACTS ABRIDGED, &c.
BOOK FOURTH.
HUMOUROUS AND ENTERTAINING EPIGRAMS, SONGS,
AND LUDICROUS PIECES.

§ 1. *By Dr. YOUNG.*

AS in smooth oil the razor best is whet,
So wit is by politeness sharpest set;
Their want of edge from their offence is seen;
Both pain us least when exquisitely keen.

§ 2. *Advice to Mr. Pope, on his intended Translation of Homer, 1714.*

THOU, who with a happy genius born,
Can'st tuneful verse in flowing numbers turn,
Crown'd on thy Windsor's plains with early bays,
Be early wise, nor trust to barren praise;
Blind was the hard that sung Achilles' rage,
He sung, and begg'd, and curs'd th'ungiving
If Britain his translated song would hear, [age:
First take the gold—then charm the list'ning ear;

So shall thy father Homer smile to see
His pension paid—tho' late; and paid to Thee.

§ 3. *Under the Print of Tom Briton, the Musical Small-coal Man. HUGHES.*

THO' mean thy rank, yet in thy humble cell
Did gentle peace and arts unpurchas'd dwell;
Well pleas'd, Apollo thither led his train,
And music warbled in her sweetest strain:
Cyllenius so, as fables tell, and Jove,
Came willing guests to goor Philemon's grove.
Let useless pomp behold, and blush to find
So low a station, such a lib'ral mind.

§ 4.

TH'inspiring muses, and the God of love.
Which most should grace the fair Melinda
strove;
Q

Love

Love arm'd her with his bow and keenest darts,
The muses more enrich'd her mind with arts.
Tho' Greece in shining temples heretofore
Did Venus' and Minerva's pow'rs adore,
The ancients thought no single goddess fit
To reign at once o'er beauty and o'er wit;
Each was a sep'rate claim; till now we find
The different titles in Melinda join'd.

§ 5.

AN Opera, like a pill'ry, may be said
To nail our ears down, but expose our head.

§ 6.

LUCIA thinks happiness consists in state;
She weds an idiot; but she eats in plate.

§ 7. *To the Hon. Mrs. Percival, with Hutcheson's Treatise on Beauty and Order.*

GRIERSON.

TH'internal senses painted here we see;
They're born in others, but they live in thee.
O! were our author with thy converse blest,
Could he behold the virtues of thy breast;
His needle's labours with contempt he'd view,
And bid the world not read—but copy you.

§ 8.

JACK, eating rotten cheese, did say,
Like Samson, I my thousands slay;
I vow, quoth Roger, so you do,
And with the self-same weapon too.

§ 9. *On God's Omnipotence.*

WHEN Egypt's host God's chosen tribe
pursu'd,
In crystal walls th'admiring waters flood;
When thro' the dreary wastes they took their way,
The rocks reiented, and pour'd forth a sea!

What limits can th'almighty goodness know,
Since seas can harden, and since rocks can flow!

§ 10. *Similis simili gaudet.*

WHEN Chloe's picture was to Chloe shown,
Adorn'd with charms and beauty not her own,

Where Hogarth, pitying nature, kindly made
Such lips, such eyes, as Chloe never had;
Ye Gods! she cries, in ecstacy of heart,
How near can nature be express'd by art!
Well! it is wond'rous like!—nay, let me die,
The very pouting lip,—the killing eye!

Blunt and severe, as Manly in the play,
Downright replies—Like, Madam, do you say?
The picture bears this likeness, it is true;
The canvas painted is, and so are you.

§ 11.

MY sickly spouse, with many a sigh,
Oft tells me,—Billy, I shall die:
I griev'd, but recollected strait
'Tis bootless—to contend with fate:
So resignation to Heav'n's will
Prepar'd me for succeeding ill;
'Twas well it did, for, on my life,
'Twas Heav'n's will—to spare my wife.

§ 12.

AS Sherlock at Temple was taking a boat,
The waterman ask'd him which way he would
float; [the stream:
Which way? (say the Doctor) why, fool, with
To Paul's or to Lambeth—'twas all one to him.

§ 13.

A Hum'rous fellow in a tavern late,
Being drunk and valiant, gets a broken pate;
The surgeon with his instruments and skill,
Searches the skull deeper, and deeper still,

To

To feel his brains, and try if they were found;
And, as he keeps ado about the wound,
The fellow cries, good surgeon, spare your pains,
When I began this brawl I had no brains.

§ 14. *On a Prelate's going out of Church in Time of Divine Service, to wait on the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.*

LORD Pam in the church (could you think it) kneel'd down:
When told that the Duke was just come to town,
His station despising, unaw'd by the place,
He flies from his God, to attend on his Grace:
To the court it was fitter to pay his devotion,
Since God had no share in his lordship's promotion.

§ 15.

BY fav'ring wit, Mæcenæ purchas'd fame,
Virgil's own works immortaliz'd his name:
A double share of fame is Dorset's due,
At once the patron and the poet too.

§ 16. *On an eminent Modern Preacher.*

POLLIO must needs to penitence excite;
For see, his scarf is rich, and gloves are white;
Behold his notes display'd, his body rais'd,
With what a zeal he labours to be prais'd!
No stubborn sinner able to withstand
The force and reas'ning of his wig and hand:
Much better pleas'd, so pious his intent,
With five that laugh than fifty who repent:
On moral duties, when his tongue refines,
Tully and Plato are his best divines;
What Matthew says, or Mark, the proof but small;
What Locke or Clarke asserts — good scripture all:
Touch'd with each weakness which he does arraign,
With vanity he talks against the vain;

With ostentation does to meekness guide,
Proud of his periods levell'd against pride;
Ambitiously the love of glory flights,
And darts the love of fame — for which he writes.

§ 17.

THE Latin word for cold one ask'd his friend;
It is, said he — 'tis at my fingers end.

§ 18. *The World.*

THE world's a book, writ by th'eternal art
Of the great Author; printed in man's heart;
'Tis falsely printed, tho' divinely penn'd,
And all th'errata will appear at th'end.

§ 19. *On the Battle of the Books.*

SWIFT for the ancients has argu'd so well,
'Tis apparent from thence, that the moderns excel.

§ 20.

A Welshman and an Englishman disputed
Which of their lands maintain'd the greatest state;
The Englishman the Welshman quite confuted,
The Welshman yet would not his vaunts abate;
Ten cooks, quoth he, in Wales, one wedding fees;
Ay, quoth the other, each man toasts his cheese.

§ 21. *From the Latin.*

UNHAPPY, Dido, was thy fate,
In first and second wedded state!
One husband caus'd thy flight by dying,
Thy death the other caus'd by flying.

§ 22.

A Haughty courtier, meeting in the streets
A scholar, him thus insolently greets:

Bate men to take the wall I ne'er permit.
The scholar said, I do; and gave him it.

§ 23. *On the Funeral of Vulture Hopkins.*

WHAT num'rous lights this wretch's corpse
attend,
Who, in his life-time, sav'd a candle's end!

§ 24. *The Humourist. Imitated from Martial.*

IN all thy humours, whether grave or mellow,
Thou'rt such a touchy, testy, pleasant fellow,
Hast so much wit, and mirth, and spleen about
thee,
There is no living with thee, nor without thee.

§ 25.

THUS with kind words Sir Edward cheer'd his
friend: [pend;
Dear Dick! thou on my friendship may'st de-
I know thy fortune is but very scant;
But, be assur'd, I'll ne'er see Dick in want.
Dick's soon confin'd — his friend, no doubt,
would free him: [him.
—His word he kept—in want he ne'er would see

§ 26.

WHEN men of infamy to grandeur soar,
They light a torch to shew their shame
the more.

§ 27. *To Henry Purcell.*

TO you a tribute from each muse is due;
The whole poetic tribe's oblig'd to you;
For surely none but you, with equal ease,
Could add to David, and make D Ursey please.

§ 28. *By Dr. DONNE.*

I AM unable, yonder Beggar cries,
To stand or go. If he says true, he lies.

§ 29. *On the Offering made by King James I. at a
grave Comedy, called The Marriage of Arts.*

AT Christ-Church Marriage, play'd before the
king,
Lest these learn'd mates should want an offering,
The king himself did offer—what, I pray?
He offer'd twice or thrice to go away.

§ 30. *A Country Parson's Answer to a young
Lady, who sent him her Compliments on the
Ten of Hearts.*

YOUR Compliments, dear lady, pray forbear,
Old English services are more sincere:
You send ten Hearts; the tythe is only mine;
Give me but one, and burn the other nine.

§ 31.

MOORE always smiles whenever he recites;
He smiles, you think, approving what he
And yet in this no vanity is shewn; [writes;
A modest man may like what's not his own.

§ 32.

FRIEND, in your Epitaphs I'm griev'd,
So very much is said:
One half will never be believ'd,
The other never read.

§ 33. *To Mr. Thomson, who had procured the
Author a Benefit Night.* DENNIS.

REflecting on thy worth, methinks I find
Thy various Seasons in their author's mind.
Spring opes her blossoms, various as thy muse,
And, like thy soft compassion, sheds her dews.
Summer's hot drought in thy expression glows,
And o'er each page a tawny ripeness throws.
Autumn's rich fruits th'instructed reaper gains,
Who tastes the meaning purpose of thy strains.

Winte

Winter—But that no semblance takes from thee;
That hoary season yields a type of me.
Shatter'd by Time's bleak storms I with'ring lay,
Leafless, and whit'ning in a cold decay!
Yet shall my prople'ss ivy, pale and bent,
Bless the short sunshine which thy pity lent.

§ 34. *The Fan.* ATTERRURY.

FLAVIA the least and slightest toy
Can with resistless art employ;
This fan in meaner hands would prove
An engine of small force in love;
Yet she, with graceful air and mien,
Not to be told, or safely seen,
Directs its wanton motions so,
That it wounds more than Cupid's bow;
Gives coolness to the matchless dame,
To ev'ry other breast a flame.

§ 35. *To Mr. Pope.*

WHILE malice, Pope, denies by page
Its own celestial fire;
While critics, and while bards in rage,
Admiring, won't admire:
While wayward pens thy worth assail,
And envious tongues decry;
These times tho' many a friend bewail,
These times bewail not I.
But when the world's loud praise is thine,
And spleen no more shall blame;
When with thy Homer thou shalt shine
In one establish'd fame;
When none shall rail, and ev'ry lay
Devote a wreath to thee;
That day (for come it will) that day
Shall I lament to see.

§ 36. *British Oeconomy.*

IN merry old England it once was a rule,
The King had his poet, and also his fool:

But now we're so frugal, I'd have you to know it,
Poor Cibber must serve both for fool and for poet.

§ 37. *To the Author of an Epitaph on Dr. Mead.*
HACKETT.

MEAD's not dead then, you say, only sleep-
ing a little;
Why, egad! Sir, you've hit it off there to a tittle:
Yet, friend, his awaking I very much doubt;
—Pluto knows who he's got, and will ne'er let
him out.

§ 38. *Found stuck on the Statue of the Moor
which supports the Sun Dial in Clement's Inn.*

IN vain, poor sible son of woe,
Thou seek'st the tender tear;
From thee in vain with pangs they flow,
For mercy dwells not here.
From cannibals thou fled'st in vain;
Lawyers less quarter give;
The first won't eat you till you're slain,
The last will do't alive.

§ 39. *By HACKETT.*

WHEN Jack was poor, the lad was frank and
free;
Of late he's grown brim-full of pride and pelt;
You wonder that he don't remember me;
Why to? You see he has forgot himself.

§ 40. *By PRIOR.*

TO John I ow'd great obligation,
But John unhappily thought fit
To publish it to all the nation:
Sure John and I are more than quit.

§ 41. *Good Music and Bad Dancers.*

HOW ill the motion with the music suits,
So Orpheus play'd, and like them danc'd the
brutes.

§ 42. *On the Barber of St. John's College in Oxford cutting down a fine Row of Trees.*

EVANS.

INDULGENT nature to each kind bestows
A secret instinct to discern its foes:
The goose, a silly bird, avoids the fox; [rocks:
Lambs fly from wolves, and sailors steer from
A rogue the gallows as his fate foresees,
And bears the like antipathy to trees.

§ 43.

YE little wits, that gleam'd a while,
While Pope vouchsaf'd a ray;
Alas! depriv'd of his kind smile,
How soon ye fade away!
To compass Phœbus' car about,
Thus empty vapours rise:
Each tends his cloud to put him out,
That rear'd him to the skies.
Alas! these skies are not your sphere:
There he shall ever burn,
Weep, weep, and fall: For earth ye were,
And must to earth return.

§ 44. *Written in a Lady's Prayer-Book.*

LANSDOWNE.

IN vain, Clarinda, night and day
For mercy to the Gods you pray;
What arrogance, on Heav'n to call
For that which you deny to all!

§ 45. *To Lady Isabella Thynne, cutting Trees in Paper.*

WALLER.

FAIR hand, that can on virgin paper write,
Yet from the stain of ink preserve it white;
Whose travel o'er that silver field does show,
Like tracks of leverets in morning snow,
Love's image thus in purest minds is wrought,
Without a spot or blemish to the thought.
Strange, that your fingers should the pencil foil,
Without the help of colours, or of oil!

For tho' a painter boughs and leaves can make,
'Tis yours alone to make them bend and shake:
Whose breath salutes your new-created grove,
Like southern winds, and makes it gently move.
Orpheus could make the forest dance, but you
Can make the motion, and the forest too.
A poet, when he would describe his mind,
Is, as in language, so in fame confin'd:
Your works are read wherever there are men:
So far the scissars go beyond the pen.

§ 46.

SO much, my Pope, thy English Iliad charms,
As pity melts us, or as passion warms,
That after-ages shall with wonder seek,
Who 'twas translated Homer into Greek.

§ 47. *By HARRINGTON.*

THE golden hair that Galla wears
Is her's: who would ha' thought it?
She swears 'tis her's; and true she swears,
For I know where she bought it.

§ 48. *By PRIOR.*

THY nags, the leanest things alive,
So very hard thou lov'st to drive;
I heard thy anxious coachman say,
It cost thee more for whips than hay.

§ 49. *A Cure for Poetry.*

SEVEN wealthy towns contend for Homer dead,
Thro' which the living Homer begg'd his
bread.

§ 50. *On some Snow which melted in a Lady's Breast.*

THE envious snow comes down in haste
To prove thy breast less fair;
But grieves to see itself surpass,
And melts into a tear.

The

§ 51. *The French Poets.*

WHEN old Elijah, as the scriptures say,
Triumphant mounted on the realm of day,
His spirit doubled, and his cloke beside,
He gave Elisha, by long service try'd.
Tristan from hence would fain example take
For honest Quinault, his disciple's sake:
But this, alas! injurious fate deny'd,
For Tristan poorer than a prophet dy'd.
To Quinault thus the bard expiring spoke,
"My wit I leave thee—But I have no cloke."

§ 52.

ON Grace, Free-will, and Mystrics high,
Two wits harangu'd the table;
E—ly believes he knows not why,
N—sh swears 'tis all a fable.
Peace, idiots, peace! and both agree,
N—sh kiss thy empty brother;
Religion laughs at foes like thee,
But dreads a friend like t'other.

§ 53.

POX on't, quoth Time to Thomas Hearne,
Whatever I forget you learn.

Answered by Mr. WEST.

D— it, quoth Hearne, in furious fret,
Whete'er I learn, you soon forget.

§ 54. *Dr. Aldrich's Five Reasons for Drinking.*

GOOD wine; a friend; or being dry;
Or lest we should be by and by;
Or, any other reason why.

§ 55. *By WALLER.*

THYRSIS, a youth of the inspired train,
Fair Sacharissa lov'd, but lov'd in vain:
Like Phœbus sung the no less am'rous boy;
Like Daphne she, as lovely and as coy.

With numbers he the flying nymph pursues,
With numbers such as Phœbus' self might use;
All but the nymph who should redress his wrong,
Attend his passion and approve his song:
Like Phœbus thus acquiring unsought praise,
He catch'd at love, and fill'd his arms with bays.

§ 56. *By PRIOR.*

ON his death-bed poor Simon lies,
His spouse is in despair:
With frequent sobs and mutual cries,
They both express their care.
A different cause, says Parson Sly,
The same effect may give;
Poor Simon fears that he shall die;
His wife—that he may live.

§ 57. *Written on the Bed-chamber Door of Charles II. ROCHESTER.*

HERE lies our sovereign lord the King,
Whose word no man relies on;
He never says a foolish thing,
Nor ever does a wise one.

§ 58.

THAT little patch upon your face
Would seem a foil on one less fair;
On you it hides a killing grace;
And you in pity plac'd it there.

§ 59. *By PRIOR.*

AS, after noon, one summer's day,
Venus stood bathing in a river;
Cupid a shooting went that way,
New strung his bow, new fill'd his quiver.
With skill he chose his sharpest dart;
With all his might his bow he drew:
Swift to his beauteous parent's heart
The too well guided arrow flew.

I faint! I die! the goddess cry'd:
 Oh cruel! could'st thou find none other
 To wreak thy spleen on? Parricide!
 Like Nero, thou hast slain thy mother.
 Poor Cupid, sobbing, scarce could speak;
 Indeed, Mama, I did not know ye:
 Alas! how easy my mistake!
 I took you for your likeness, Chloe.

§ 60. *From the Greek.* PRIOR.

VENUS, take my votive glass:
 Since I am not what I was,
 What from this day I shall be,
 Venus, let me never see!

§ 61. *Written on a Glass. by a Gentleman who
 borrowed the Earl of Chesterfield's Diamond
 Pencil.*

ACCEPT a miracle, instead of wit;
 See two dull lines by Stanhope's pencil writ.

§ 62. *On Lady Manchester.* ADDISON.

WHILST haughty Gallia's dames that spread
 O'er the pale cheeks an artful red,
 Beheld this beauteous stranger there,
 In native charms divinely fair—
 Confusion in their looks they shew'd,
 And with unusual blushes glow'd,

§ 63. *Suicide.* Dr. SEWEL.

WHEN all the blandishments of life are gone,
 The coward sneaks to death, the brave
 live on.

§ 64. *By BANKS.*

YOUNG Courtly takes me for a dunce;
 For all night long I spoke not once:
 On better grounds I think him such:
 He spoke but once, yet once too much.

§ 65. *By POPE.*

MUSE, 'tis enough; at length thy labour
 ends, [mends.
 And thou shalt live—for Buckingham com-
 Let crowds of critics now my verse assail,
 Let Dennis write, and nameless numbers rail:
 This more than pays whole years of thankless
 pain,
 Time, health, and fortune are not lost in vain.
 Sheffield approves, consenting Phœbus bends,
 And I and Malice from this hour are friends.

§ 66.

MISTAKEN nature here has join'd
 A beauteous face, and ugly mind;
 In vain the faultless features strike,
 When soul and body are unlike:
 Pity that snowy breast should hide
 Deceit, and avarice, and pride.
 So in rich jars, from China brought,
 With glowing colours gaily wrought,
 Oft-times the subtle spider dwells,
 With secret venom bloated swells,
 Weaves all his fatal nets within,
 As unsuspected as unseen.

§ 67. *By WALLER.*

WERE men so dull they cou'd not see
 That Lyce painted; should they flee
 Like simple birds into a net,
 So grossly woven and ill-set;
 Her own teeth wou'd undo the knot,
 And let all go that she had got.
 These teeth my Lyce must not show,
 If she wou'd bite: her lovers, though
 Like birds they stoop at seeming grapes,
 Are disabus'd when first she gapes:
 The rotten bones discover'd there,
 Shew 'tis a painted sepulchre.

§ 68. To Mr. POPE.

DEPEND not upon verse for fame,
 Tho' none can equal thine;
 Our language never rests the same,
 'Twill rise, or 'twill decline.
 Thy wreaths in course of fleeting hours,
 Too soon will be decay'd;
 But story lasts, tho' modern flow'rs
 Of poetry must fade.
 A surer way then would'st thou find
 Thy glory to prolong,
 Whilst there remains amongst mankind
 The sense of right and wrong?
 Thy fame with nature's self shall end,
 Let future times but know
 That Atterbury was thy friend,
 And Bently was thy foe.

§ 69. By Lord HERVEY.

POSSESS'D of one great hall for state,
 Without one room to sleep or eat:
 How well you build, let flattery tell,
 And all mankind how ill you dwell.

§ 70. *Written in a Window of the Tower, over
 the Name of R. Walpole, confined in the same
 Room, Ann. Dom. 1712.* LANSDOWNE.

GOOD unexpected, evil unforeseen, [Scene:
 Appears by turns, as Fortune shifts the
 Some rais'd aloft come tumbling down again;
 And fall so hard, they bound and rise again.

§ 71. *The Manchester Millers, named Bone
 and Skin.* BYROM.

BONE and Skin, two millers thin,
 Would starve us all, or near it;
 But be it known to Skin and Bone,
 That flesh and blood can't bear it.

§ 72. By Sir G. LYTTLETON.

NONE without hope e'er lov'd the brightest
 fair,
 But love can hope where reason wou'd despair.

§ 73.

TRUE wit is like the brilliant stone
 Dug from the Indian mine;
 Which boasts two different pow'rs in one,
 To cut as well as shine.
 Genius like that, if polish'd right,
 With the same gifts abounds;
 Appears at once both keen and bright,
 And sparkles, while it wounds.

§ 74. *The Difference between the Ancients and
 Moderns.*

SOME for the ancients zealously declare,
 Others our modern wits are fools, aver:
 A third affirms, that they are much the same,
 And differ only as to time and name:
 Yet sure one more distinction may be told,
 Those once were new, but these will ne'er be
 old.

§ 75. *To Mr. Pope, on his Epitaph on Mr.
 Gay.* Lord ORRERY.

ENTOMB'D with king's tho' Gay's cold
 ashes lie,
 A nobler monument thy strains supply.
 Thy matchless muse, still faithful to thy friend,
 By courts unaw'd, his virtues dares commend.
 Lamented Gay! forget thy treatment past,
 Look down, and see thy merit crown'd at last.
 A destiny more glorious which can hope?
 In life belov'd, in death bemoan'd by Pope.

Q

On

§ 76. *On the Queen's Grotto at Richmond.*

LEWIS the living genius fed,
And rais'd the scientific head;
Our Queen, more frugal of her meat,
Raises those heads which cannot eat.

§ 77.

I HEARD last week, friend Edward, thou
wast dead.
I'm very glad to hear it too, cries Ned.

§ 78.

FRRIEND Isaac, 'tis strange you that live so
near Bray,
Shou'd not set up the sign of the Vicar;
Tho' it may be an odd one, you cannot but say,
It must needs be a sign of good liquor.

Answer.

INDEED, Master Poet, your reason's but poor,
For the Vicar would think it a sin
To stay, like a booby, and lounge at the door;
'Twere a sign 'twas bad liquor therein.

§ 79. *By a Porter. On the Gin Act. To a Great Man.*

WHY will you make us coolly think?
If you would govern, we must drink.

§ 80. *Giles Jolt.*

GILES Jolt, as sleeping in his cart he lay,
Some waggish pilfers stole his team away.
Giles wakes, and cries—What's here? Odi-
dickin! what!

Why, how now! Am I Giles, or am I not?
If he, I've lost six geldings to my snout;
If not—odsbuddikins, I've found a cart.

§ 81. *To Zoilus.* JOSTIAH RELPH.

WITH industry I spread your praise;
With equal, you my censure blaze;
But, faith! 'tis all in vain we do,
The world nor credits me nor you.

§ 82. *Milton.* DRYDEN.

THREE poets in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn;
The first in loftiness of thought surpass;
The next in majesty; in both the last.
The force of nature could no farther go;
To make a third the join'd the other two.

§ 83. *On the Duchess of Marlborough's Offer of 500l. for the best Poem on the Duke's Actions.*

FIVE hundred pounds! too small a boon
To put the poet's muse in tune,
That nothing might escape her;
Shou'd she attempt rh'heroic story
Of the illustrious Churchill's glory,
It scarce would buy the paper.

§ 84. *Scotland.* CLEVELAND.

HAD Cain been a Scot, God would have
alter'd his doom, [home.
Nor forc'd him to wander, but confin'd him at

§ 85.

AS a west-country mayor, with formal address,
Was making his speech to the haughty Queen
Bes: [“ spleen
“ The Spaniard,” quoth he, “ with inveterate
Has presun'd to attack you, a poor virgin queen;
“ But your Majesty's courage has made it ap-
“ pear, [the ear.”
“ That the Don had ta'en the wrong *sew* by

§ 86. By AARON HILL.

WHEN Christ, at Cana's feast, by pow'r
divine,
Inspir'd cold water with the warmth of wine,
See! cry'd they, while in red'ning tide it gush'd,
The bathful stream hath seen its God and blush'd.

§ 87. By AARON HILL.

TENDER-handed stroke a nettle,
And it stings you for your pains :
Grasp it like a man of mettle,
And it soft as silk remains.
'Tis the same with common natures ;
Use 'em kindly, they rebel :
But, he rough as nutmeg-graters,
And the rogues obey you well.

§ 88. Upon the Busts of the English Worthies at
Stowe. Lord CLARE.

AMONG these chiefs of British race,
Who live in breathing stone,
Why has not Cobham's bust a place ?
—The structure was his own.

§ 89. By POPE.

GREAT Villers' fate sage Cutler could fore-
see, [me."
And well he thought advis'd him—"Live like
As well his Grace reply'd, "Like you, Sir
John !
"That I can do when all I have is gone."

§ 90. The Giant angling.

HIS angle-rod made of a sturdy oak, [broke,
His line a cable which in storms ne'er
His hook he baited with a dragon's tail,
And sat upon a rock, and bobb'd for whale.

§ 91.

LYE on! while my revenge shall be,
To speak the very truth of thee.

§ 92. On Marc Angelo's famous Piece of the
Crucifixion, who stabbed a Person, that he
might do it more naturally. Dr. YOUNG.

WHILST his Redeemer on the canvas dies,
Stabb'd at his feet, his brother welt'ring
lies :

The daring artist, cruelly serene,
Views the pale check, and the distorted mien ;
He drains off life by drops, and, deaf to cries,
Examines ev'ry spirit as it flies ;
He studies torment, dives in mortal woe ;
To rouse up ev'ry pang, repeats the blow ;
Each rising agony, each dreadful grace,
Yet warm transplanting to his Saviour's face.
Oh! glorious theft! Oh! nobly wicked draught!
With its full charge of death each feature fraught!
Such wond'rous force the magic colours boast,
From his own skill he starts in horror lost.

§ 93. On the Death of a Lady's Cat.

HARRISON.

AND is Miss Tabby from the world retir'd?
And are her lives, all her nine lives expir'd?
What sounds so moving, as her own, can tell
How Tabby dy'd, how full of play she fell!
Begin, ye tuneful nine, a mournful strife,
And ev'ry muse shall celebrate a life.

§ 94. A Receipt for Courtship. SWIFT.

TWO or three dears, and two or three sweets;
Two or three balls, and two or three treats;
Two or three serenades, giv'n as a lure;
Two or three oaths how much they endure;
Two or three messages sent in one day;
Two or three times led out from the play;
Two or three soft speeches made by the way; }
Two or three tickets for two or three times;
Two or three love-letters writ all in rhimes;
Two or three months keeping strict to these rules
Can never fail making a couple of fools.

Q 6

YOU

§ 95.

YOUR homely face, Flippanta, you disguise
 With patches, numerous as Argus' eyes;
 I own that patching's requisite for you;
 For more we're pleas'd the less your face we
 Yet I advise, since my advise you ask, [view:
 Wear but one patch, and be that patch a mask.

§ 96. *Description for a Bust of Lady Suffolk in a Wool.*

HER wit and beauty for a court was made;
 Her truth and goodness fit her for a shade.

§ 97. *By Lady M. W. MONTAGUE.*

WHILST thirst of praise and vain desire of
 In ev'ry age, is ev'ry woman's aim; [fame,
 With courtship pleas'd, of silly toasters proud,
 Fond of a train, and happy in a crowd;
 On each poor fool bestowing some kind glance,
 Each conquest owing to some loose advance;
 While vain coquets affect to be pursu'd,
 And think they're virtuous, if not grossly lewd;
 Let this great maxim be my virtue's guide,
 In part she is to blame that has been try'd; }
 He comes too near, that comes to be deny'd. }

§ 98. *To Mr. Adlison, on his Tragedy of Cato.*

THE mind to virtue is by verse subdu'd,
 And the true poet is a public good.
 This Britain feels; while, by your lines inspir'd,
 Her free-born sons to glorious thoughts are fir'd.
 In Rome had you espous'd the vanquish'd cause,
 Enslam'd her senate, and upheld her laws,
 Your manly scapes had liberty restor'd,
 And giv'n the just success of Cato's sword.
 O'er Caesar's arms your genius had prevail'd;
 And the muse triumph'd where the patriot fail'd.

§ 99. *Jealousy.*

TO Bedlam with him: is he found in mind,
 Who still is seeking what he would not find?

§ 100.

TOM's coach and fix!—Whither in such haste
 going?
 But a short journey—To his own undoing.

§ 101. *By LEONARD WELSTEAD.*

I OWE, says Thomas, much to Peter's care;
 Once only seen, he chose me for his heir:
 True, Thomas; hence your fortunes take their
 rise;
 His heir you were not, had he seen you twice.

§ 102. *By Dr. KENRICK.*

THE great good man, whom Fortune will
 displace,
 May into scarceness fall, but not disgrace.
 His sacred person none will dare profane,
 He may be poor, but never can be mean.
 He holds his value with the wise and good,
 And prostrate seems as great as when he stood.
 So ruin'd temples holy awe dispense,
 They lose their height, but keep their reverence;
 The pious crowd the piles tho' fall'n deplore;
 And what they fail to raise they still adore.

§ 103. *Vitrix Causa Diis placuit, sed victa Catoni.* G. STEPNEY.

THE gods and Cato did in this divide—
 They chose the conqu'ring, he the con-
 quer'd side.

§ 104. *By AARON HILL.*

HOW is the world deceiv'd by noise and show!
 Alas! how different, to pretend and know!
 Like a poor highway brook, pretence runs loud:
 Bustling, but shallow, dirty, weak, and proud;
 While, like some nobler stream, true knowledge
 glides,
 Silently strong, and its deep bottom hides.

By

§ 105. *By Dean SWIFT.*

YOU beat your pate, and fancy wit will come:
Knock as you will, there's nobody at home.

§ 106. *A Flower by Varelst. PRIOR.*

WHEN fam'd Varelst this little wonder drew,
Flora vouchsaf'd the growing work to view:
Finding the painter's science at a stand,
The Goddess snatch'd the pencil from his hand;
And finishing the piece, she smiling said;
Behold one work of mine that ne'er shall fade.

§ 107. *By Sir SAM. GARTH.*

CAN you count the silver lights
That deck the skies and cheer the nights:
Or the leaves that strew the vales,
When groves are stript by winter gales:
Or the drops that in the morn
Hang with transparent pearl the thorn:
Or bridegroom's joys or miser's cares,
Or gamester's oaths, or hermit's prayers:
Or envy's pangs, or love's alarms,
Or Marlbro's acts, or Molly's charms?

§ 108. *The Royal Knotter. Sir CH. SEDLEY.*

AH! happy people, ye must thrive,
While thus the royal pair does strive
Both to advance your glory;
While he by's valour conquers France,
She manufactures does advance,
And makes thread fringes for ye.
Blest we! who from such queens are freed,
Who, by vain superstition led,
Are always telling beads:
But here's a queen now, thanks to God,
Who, when she rides in coach abroad,
Is always knotting threads.
Then haste, victorious Nassau, haste,
And when thy summer show is past,

Let all thy trumpets sound:

The fringe which this campaign has wrought,
Tho't cost the nation scarce a groat,
Thy conquests will surround.

§ 109. *What's Honour?*

NOT to be captious: not unjustly fight:
'Tis to confess what's wrong, — and do
what's right.

§ 110.

JACK his own merit sees. This gives him
pride,
That he sees more than all the world beside.

§ 111. *By PRIOR.*

YES, ev'ry poet is a fool:
By demonstration Ned can show it:
Happy, could Ned's inverted rule
Prove ev'ry fool to be a poet.

§ 112. *Dean Swift's Curate.*

I MARCH'D three miles thro' scorching sand,
With zeal in heart, and notes in hand;
I rode four more to great St. Mary;
Using four legs, when two were weary.
To three fair virgins I did tie men,
In the close bands of pleasing Hymen;
I dipt two babes in holy water,
And purify'd their mothers after.
Within an hour and eke an half,
I preach'd three congregations deaf,
Which, thund'ring out with lungs long-winded,
I chopt so fast, that few there minded,
My emblem the laborious sun,
Saw all these mighty labours done,
Before one race of his was run.
All this perform'd by Robert Hewit;
What mortal elfe cou'd e'er go through it?

The

§ 113. *The Miser's Feast.*

HIS chimney smokes! it is some omen dire!
His neighbours are alarm'd, and cry out
fire.

§ 114. *On Sir Godfrey Kneller's Painting, for the Author, the Statues of Apollo, Venus, and Hercules.* POPE.

WHAT God, what genius did the pencil
When Kneller painted these? [move,
'Twas friendship — warm as Phœbus, kind as
And strong as Hercules. [Love,

§ 115. *The Duke of Ch——s.* SWIFT.

JAMES B——s was the Dean's familiar
friend; [end;
James grows a Duke: their friendship here must
Surely the Dean observes a sore rebuke,
From knowing James, to say he knows a Duke.

§ 116. *The Power of Time.* SWIFT.

IF neither brass nor marble can withstand
The mortal force of Time's destructive hand:
If mountains sink to vales, if cities die,
And let's'ning rivers mourn their fountains dry—
When my old cassock, said a Welch divine,
Is out at elbows, why should I repine?

§ 117. *Verses occasioned by Mr. Aikman's Death.* THOMSON.

AS those we love decay, we die in part,
String after string is sever'd from the heart;
Till loosen'd life, at last but breathing clay,
Without one pang is glad to fall away.
Unhappy he, who latest feels the blow,
Whose eyes have wept o'er ev'ry friend laid low,
Dragg'd ling'ring on from partial death to
death,
Till, dying, all he can resign is breath.

§ 118. *By Lord LANSDOWNE.*

BELIEVE me, Chloe, those perfumes, that cost
Such sums to sweeten thee, is treasure lost;
Not all Arabia would sufficient be;
Thou sinell'st not of thy sweets, they stink of thee.

§ 119. *To the Reverend Mr. Murdoch, Rector of Stradishall, in Suffolk.* IBID.

THUS safely low, my friend, thou can'st not
fall;
Here reigns a deep tranquillity o'er all;
No noise, no care, no vanity, no strife;
Men, woods, and fields, all breathe untroubled
life:
Then keep each passion down, however dear;
Trust me! the tender are the most severe.
Guard while 'tis thine, thy philosophic ease.
And ask no joy but that of virtuous peace;
That bids defiance to the storms of fate;
High bliss is only for a higher state.

§ 120. *By Dr. DODDRIDGE, on his Motto.*

Dum vivimus, vivamus.

LIVE while you live, the Epicure will say,
And take the pleasure of the present day:
Live while you live, the sacred preacher cries,
And give to God each moment as it flies.—
Lord, in my view let both united be!
I live in pleasure when I live to Thee.

§ 121. *On the Publication of Mrs. Rowe's Poems, since her Death.*

THUS Philomela sung, on earth detain'd,
While cumb'rous clay the rising soul re-
strain'd:
Now the freed spirit, with th'angelic choir,
In fields of light attunes th'immortal lyre,
And hymns her God in strains more soft, more
strong;—
There only could she learn a loftier song.

§ 122. *The Doctor and the Patient.*

SLEPT you well? "Very well." My draught
did good.
"It did no harm; for yonder it hath stood."

§ 123. *By PRIOR.*

WHEN Tovevell thought fit from the world
to retreat,
As full of champagne as an egg's full of meat:
He wak'd in the boat, and to Charon he said,
He would be row'd back,—for he was not yet
dead. [reply'd,
Trim the boat, and sit quiet, stern Charon
You may have forgot, you was drunk when you
dy'd.

§ 124.

BRUTUS unmov'd heard how his Portia fell.
Should Jack's wife die, he would behave as
well.

§ 125. *By Dean SWIFT.*

DEAF, giddy, helpless, left alone,
To all my friends a burthen grown:
No more I hear my church's bell
Than if it rang out for my knell:
At thunder now no more I start
Than at the rumbling of a cart:
Nay, what's incredible, alack!
I hardly hear a woman's clack.

§ 126. *On a Fan which bore the Story of Cephalus and Procris, with this Motto, "Aurora veni."* POPE.

COME, gentle air, th'Æolian shepherd said,
While Procris panted in the sacred shade;
Come, gentle air, the fairer Delia cries,
While at her feet her swain expiring lies:
Lo! the glad gales o'er all her beauties stray!
Breathe on her lips, and in her bosom play;

In Delia's hand this toy is fatal found,
Nor could that faulced dart more surely wound;
Both gifts destructive to the givers prove,
Alike both lovers fall by those they love:
Yet guiltless too this bright destroyer lives,
At random wounds, nor knows the wound she
gives:

She views the story with attentive eyes,
And pities Procris while her lover dies.

§ 127.

ONE day in Chelsea meadows walking,
Of poetry and such things talking,
Says Ralph, a merry wag,
An epigram, if smart and good,
In all its circumstances thou'd
Be like a jelly-bag.
Your simile, I own, is new,
But how wilt make it out? says Hugh.
Quoth Ralph, I'll tell thee, friends:
Make it at top both wide, and fit
To hold a budget full of wit,
And point it at the end.

§ 128. *By Mrs. PILKINGTON.*

STELLA and Flavia ev'ry hour
Unnumber'd hearts surprise;
In Stella's soul lies all her pow'r,
And Flavia's in her eyes.
More boundless Flavia's conquests are,
And Stella's more confin'd;
All can discern a face that's fair,
But few a lovely mind.
Stella, like Britain's monarch, reigns
O'er cultivated sands;
Like eastern tyrants, Flavia deigns
To rule o'er barren sands.
Then boast, fair Flavia, boast your face,
Your beauty's only store:
Each day that makes thy charms decrease,
Will give to Stella more.

§ 129. *To Mr. Pope, on his Dunciad.*

THE raven, rook, and pert jackdaw,
 Tho' neither birds of moral kind,
 Yet serve, if hang'd, or stuff'd with straw,
 To shew us which way blows the wind.
 Thus dirty knaves, or chattering fools,
 Strung up by dozens in thy lay,
 Teach more by half than Dennis' rules,
 And point instruction ev'ry way.
 With Ægypt's art thy pen may strive,
 One potent drop let this but shed,
 And ev'ry rogue that stunk alive
 Becomes a precious mummy dead.

§ 130.

TREASON does never prosper: — what's the reason?
 Why, when it prospers, none dare call it treason.

131.

CURIO's rich sideboard seldom sees the light,
 Clean is his kitchen, and his spits are bright;
 His knives and forks all rang'd in even rows,
 No hand molests, no servants discompose;
 A curious jack hung up to please the eye,
 For ever still; whose flyers—never fly:
 His plates unsullied, shining on the shelf;
 For Curio dresses nothing but himself.

§ 132. *By Dr. SWIFT.*

AS Thomas was cudgell'd on day by his wife,
 He took to his heels, and he ran for his life.
 Tom's three dearest friends came by in the
 squabble, [the rabble;
 And screen'd him at once from the throw and
 Then ventur'd to give some wholesome advice;
 But Tom is a fellow of honour so nice,
 Too proud to take counsel, too wise to take
 warning, [ing.
 That he sent to all three a challenge next morn-

He fought with all three, thrice ventur'd his
 life; [by his wife.
 —Then went home, and was cudgell'd again

§ 133. *On a Bee, stifled in Honey.*

FROM flow'r to flow'r, with eager pains
 See the blest busy lab'rer fly;
 When all that from her toil she gains,
 Is in the sweets she hoards to die.
 'Tis thus, would man the truth believe,
 With life's soft sweets, each fav'rite joy:
 If we taste wisely, they relieve;
 But if we plunge too deep, destroy.

§ 134. *On Mr. Pope's Death.*

ARISE, ye glimmering stars of wit!
 For, lo! the Sun of Verse is set.

§ 135. *On Mr. Butler's Monument in Westminster-Abbey.* S. WESTLEY.

WHILST Butler, needy wretch! was yet alive,
 No gen'rous patron wou'd a dinner give:
 See him, when starv'd to death, and turn'd to
 Presented with a monumental bust! [dust,
 The poet's fate is here an emblem shown;
 He ask'd for bread, and he receiv'd a stone.

§ 136. *Inscription for a Fountain adorned with Queen Anne's and the Duke of Marlborough's Statues, and the chief Rivers of the World round the Work.* PRIOR.

YE active streams, where'er your waters flow,
 Let distant climes, and farthest nations
 know [taught;
 What ye from Thames and Danube have been
 How Anne commanded, and how Marlbro' fought.

§ 137. *By W. CONGREVE.*
 SEE, see, the wakes, Sabina wakes,
 And now the sun begins to rise;

Less

Less glorious is the morn that breaks
From his bright beams than her bright eyes.
With light united, day they give,
But different fates ere night fulfill;
How many by his warmth will live!
How many will her coldness kill!

§ 138.

LET Blackmore still, in good king Arthur's
vein,
To Beekno's empire his just right maintain;
Let him his own to common sense oppose,
With praise and flanders maul both friends and
foes;
Let him great Dryden's awful name prophane,
And learned Garth with envious pride disdain;
Let the quack scribble any thing but bills,
His satire wounds not, but his physic kills.

§ 139. By JOSIAH RELPH.

NO, Vanis hate's a thing that's base;
I own indeed he's got a knack
Of flatt'ring people to their face,
But scorns to do't behind their back.

§ 140. Under a Picture of Mr. Poyntz.

LYTTLETON.

SUCH is thy form, O Poyntz! but who shall
find
A hand or colours to express thy mind?
A mind unmov'd by ev'ry vulgar fear,
In a false world that dares to be sincere:
Wise without art; without ambition great;
Tho' firm, yet pliant; active, tho' sedate;
With all the richest stores of learning taught;
Yet better still by native prudence taught;
That, fond the griefs of the distress to heal,
Can pity frailties it could never feel; [know
That, when misfortune su'd, ne'er sought to
What sect, what party, whether friend or foe;
That, fix'd on equal virtue's temperate laws,
Despises calumny, and shuns applause;

That, to his own perfections singly blind,
Would for another think this praise design'd.

141. By JOSIAH RELPH.

WHEN from her bosom Arria pull'd the
blade,

Thus to her lord the tender heroine said:
The wound I gave myself with ease I bear:
Alas! I die by that which kills my dear.

§ 142. *The Commons Petition to King Charles
the Second.* ROCHESTER.

IN all humility, we crave
Our sovereign may be our slave;
And humbly beg that he may be
Betray'd by us most loyally.
And if he please once to lay down
His sceptre, dignity, and crown,
We'll make him, for the time to come,
The greatest prince in Christendom.

§ 143. *The King's Answer.*

CHARLES at this time having no need,
Thanks you as much as if he did.

§ 144. *The Worm Doctor.* J. RELPH.

VAGUS, advanc'd on high, proclaims his skill
By cakes of wond'rous force the worms to
kill:

A scornful ear the wiser sort impart,
And laugh at Vagus's pretended art.
But well can Vagus what he boasts perform,
For man (as Job has told us) is a worm.

§ 145. *To a young Gentleman.*

NATURE has done her part: — do thou but
thine,
Learning and sense let decency refine.
For vain applause transgress not virtue's rules;
A witty sinner is the worst of fools.

§ 146. *On Plutarch's Statue. From the Greek.*
 DRYDEN.

WISE, honest Plutarch! to thy deathless
 praise

The sons of Rome—this grateful statue raise:
 For why? both Greece and Rome thy fame have
 shar'd,

Their heroes written, and their lives compar'd,
 But thou thyself could'st never write thy own;
 Their lives had parallels—but thine has none.

§ 147. *Ulysses's Dog.* POPE.

WHEN wife Ulysses, from his native coast,
 Long kept by wars, and long by tempests
 Arriv'd at last, poor, old, disguis'd, alone, [lost,
 To all his friends, and ev'n his queen unknown:
 Chang'd as he was, with age, and toils, and cares,
 Furrow'd his rev'rend face, and white his hairs,
 In his own palace forc'd to ask his bread,
 Scorn'd by those slaves his former bounty fed,
 Forgot of all his own domestic crew;
 The faithful dog alone his master knew!
 Unfed, unhous'd, neglected, on the clay,
 Like an old servant, now cashier'd, he lay;
 And tho' e'en then expiring on the plain,
 Touch'd with resentment of ungrateful man,
 And longing to behold his ancient Lord again. }
 Him when he saw—he rose, and crawl'd to meet;
 'Twas all he could, and fawn'd, and kiss'd his
 feet,

Seiz'd with dumb joy: then falling by his side,
 Own'd his returning lord, look'd up, and dy'd.

§ 148. *To King Charles I. on his Navy.*
 WALLER.

SHOULD nature's self invade the world again,
 And o'er the center spread the liquid main,
 Thy power were safe—and her destructive hand
 Would but enlarge the bounds of thy command:
 Thy dreadful fleet would style thee Lord of all,
 And rise in triumph o'er the drowned ball.

§ 149. *On the Statue of Niobe. From the Greek.*
 TO stone the gods have chang'd her — but in
 vain—
 The sculptor's art has made her breathe again.

§ 150. *On Mrs. Barbieri's first Appearance
 on the Stage.*

NO pleasure now from Nicolini's tongue;
 In vain he strives to move us with his song:
 On a fair Syren we have fix'd our choice,
 And wait with longing ears for Barbieri's voice:
 When, lo! the nymph by bashful awe betray'd,
 Her fault'ring tongue denies her looks its aid:
 But so much innocence adorns her fears,
 And with such grace her modesty she wears,
 By her disorder all her charms increase,
 And, had she better sung, she'd pleas'd as less.

§ 151. *On the Spectator.*

WHEN first the Tatler to a mute was turn'd,
 Great Britain for her censor's silence
 mourn'd;
 Robb'd of his sprightly beams, she wept the night,
 Till the Spectator rose, and blaz'd as bright.
 So the first man the sun's first setting view'd,
 And sigh'd till circling days his joys renew'd;
 Yet doubtful how that second sun to name,
 Whether a bright successor, or the same;
 So we; but now from this suspense are freed,
 Since all agree who both with judgment read,
 'Tis the same sun, and does himself succeed. }

§ 152. *To the Lord Chancellor King. (Alluding
 to his Motto, "Labor ipse voluptas!")*

'TIS not the splendor of the place,
 The gilded coach, the purse, the mace,
 And all the pompous train of state,
 With crowds which at the levee wait,
 That make you happy, make you great: }
 But when mankind you strive to bless,
 With all the talents you possess;

When

When all the joys you can receive
Flow from the benefits you give:
This takes the heart, this conquers spite,
And makes the heavy burden light:
True pleasure, rightly understood,
Is only labour to do good.

§ 153. *Written in a Lady's Milton.* PRIOR.

WITH virtue strong as yours, had Eve been
arm'd,
In vain the fruit had blush'd, or serpent charm'd:
Nor had our bliss by penitence been bought—
Nor had frail Adam fell—nor Milton wrote.

§ 154. *From the Greek.* PRIOR.

DEMOCRITUS, dear droll, revisit earth,
And with our follies glut thy heighten'd
Sad Heraclitus, serious wretch, return, [mirth:
In louder grief our greater crimes to mourn.
Between you both, I unconcern'd stand by;
Hurt, can I laugh? and honest, need I cry?

§ 155. *A Character of an Old Rake.*

SCORN'D by the wise, detested by the good,
Nor understanding aught, nor understood;
Profane, obscene, loud, frivolous, and pert;
Proud without spirit, vain without desert:
Affecting passions vice has long subdu'd;
Desperate y gay—and impotently lewd:
And, as thy weak companions round thee sit,
For eminence in folly deem'd a wit.

§ 156. *Dr. Wynter to Dr. Cheney, on his Books
in favour of a Vegetable Diet.*

TELL me from whom, fat-headed Scot,
Thou didst thy system learn;
From Hippocrate thou hast it not,
Nor Celsus, nor Pitcairn.
Suppose we own that milk is good,
And say the same of grass;

The one for babes is only food,
The other for an ass.
Doctor! one new prescription try
(A friend's advice forgive);
Eat grass, reduce thyself, and die;
Thy patients then may live.

§ 157. *Dr. Cheney to Dr. Wynter.*

MY system, doctor, is my own,
No tutor I pretend;—
My blunders hurt myself alone,
But your's your dearest friend.
Were you to milk and straw confin'd,
Thrice happy might you be;
Perhaps you might regain your mind,
And from your wit get free.
I can't your kind prescription try,
But heartily forgive;
'Tis natural you should bid me die,
That you yourself may live.

§ 158. *On King William's Exploits, during two
Campaigns in Flanders.*

THE author sure must take great pains,
Who fairly writes his story,
In which of these two last campaigns
He gain'd the greatest glory:
For, while that he march'd on to fight,
Like hero nothing fearing,
Namur was taken in his fight,
And Mons within his hearing.

§ 159. *A smart Repartee.* SWIFT.

CRIES Sylvia to a reverend Dean,
What reason can be given
(Since marriage is an holy thing)
That there are none in heaven?
There are no women, he reply'd—
She quick returns the jest—
Women there are, but I'm afraid
They cannot find a priest.

§ 160. *On Glover's Leonidas being compared to Virgil.*

EQUAL to Virgil!—It may perhaps;
But then, by Jove, 'tis Dr. Trapp's.

§ 161. *On a bad Translation.*

HIS work now done, he'll publish it, no doubt,
For sure I am that murder will come out.

§ 162. *To a bad Fiddler.*

OLD Orpheus play'd so well, he mov'd Old Nick,
Whilst thou mov'st nothing but thy fiddle—

§ 163. *On Sir John Vanbrugh's Device of a Lion and a Cock at Blenheim.*

HAD Marlborough's troops in Gaul no better fought,
Than Van, to grace his fame, in marble wrought,
No more in arms, than he in emblems skill'd,
The cock had drove the lion from the field.

§ 164. *To a Lady.* A. HILL.

IF fixt on yours, my eyes in pray'r you see,
You must not call my zeal idolatry!
For since our Maker's throne is plac'd so high,
That only in his works the God we spy:
And what's most bright most gives him to our
I look most near him, when I look on you. [view,

§ 165. *The Antidote.*

WHEN Lescia first I saw, so heavenly fair,
With eyes so bright, and with that awful air,
I thought my heart, which durst so high aspire,
As bold as his who snatch'd celestial fire:
But, soon as e'er the beauteous idiot spoke,
Forth from her coral lips such folly broke;

Like balm the tickling nonsense heal'd my wound,
And what her eyes enthral'd, her tongue unbound.

§ 166. *The Female Prattler.*

FROM morn to night, from day to day,
At all times, and in ev'ry place,
You scold, repeat, and sing and say,
Nor are there hopes you'll ever cease.
Forbear, my Fannia; Oh, forbear,
If your own health or ours you prize;
For all mankind that hear you, swear
Your tongue's more killing than your eyes.
Your tongue's a traitor to your face,
Your fame's by your own noise obscur'd;
All are distracted while they gaze,
But, if they listen, they are cur'd.
Your silence would acquire more praise
Than all you say, or all you write;
One look ten thousand charms displays;
Then hush!—and be an angel quite.

§ 167. *The Avaro.*

THUS to the master of a house,
Which, like a church, would starve a moute;
Which never guest had entertain'd,
Nor meat nor wine its floors had stain'd,
I said,—Well, Sir, 'tis vastly neat;
But where d'you drink, and where d'you eat?
If one may judge, by rooms so fine,
It costs you more in mops than wine.

§ 168. *Effectual Malice.*

OF all the pens which my poor rhymes molest,
Cotin's the sharpest—and succeeds the best;
Others outrageous scold, and rail downright
With serious rancour, and true Christian spite:
But he, more sly, pursues his fell design,—
Writes scoundrel verses—and then says they're mine.

On

§ 169. *On a Regiment sent to Oxford, and a Present of Books to Cambridge, by King George the First, 1715.* By Dr. TRAPP.

THE king observing, with judicious eyes,
The state of both his universities,
To one he sent a regiment; for why?
That learned body wanted loyalty:—
To th'other he sent books, as well discerning
How much that loyal body wanted learning.

§ 170. *Answered by Sir William Browne.*

THE king to Oxford sent his troop of horse;
For Tories own no argument but force:
With equal care to Cambridge books he sent;
For Whigs allow no force but argument.

§ 171. *The Friendly Contest.*

WHILE Cam and Isis their sad tribute bring
Of rival grief, to weep their pious king,
The bards of Isis half had been forgot,
Had not the sons of Cam in pity wrote;
From their learn'd brothers they took off the
curse, [worse.
And prov'd their verse not bad—by writing

§ 172. *Against Life. From the Greek of Pessilippus.*

WHAT tranquil road, unvex'd by strife,
Can mortals chuse thro' human life?
Attend the courts, attend the bar—
There discord reigns, and endless jar:
At home the weary wretches find
Severe disquietude of mind:
To till the fields gives toil and pain;
Eternal terrors sweep the main:
If rich, we fear to lose our store;
Need and distress await the poor:
Sad cares the bands of Hymen give;
Friendless, forlorn, th'unmarried live:
Are children born? we anxious groan;
Childless, our lack of heirs we moan:

Wild, giddy schemes our youth engage;
Weakness and wants depress old age.
Would fate then with my wish comply,
I'd never live, or quickly die.

§ 173. *For Life. From the Greek of Metrodorus.*

MANKIND may rove, unvex'd by strife,
Thro' every road of human life.
Fair wisdom regulates the bar,
And peace concludes the worldly war:
At home auspicious mortals find
Serene tranquillity of mind:
All-beauteous nature decks the plain;
And merchants plow for gold the main:
Respect arises from our store;
Security from being poor:
More joys the bands of Hymen give;
Th'unmarry'd with more freedom live:
If parents, our blest lot we own;
Childless, we have no cause to moan:
Firm vigour crowns our youthful stage;
And venerable hairs old age.
Since all is good, then who would cry,
"I'd never live, or quickly die?"

§ 174. *The Revenge of America.* WARTON.

WHEN Cortez' furious legions flew
O'er ravag'd fields of rich Peru,
Struck with his bleeding people's woes,
Old India's awful genius rose:
He sat on Andes' topmost stone,
And heard a thousand nations groan:
For grief his feathery crown he tore,
To see huge Plata foam with gore;
He broke his arrows, stamp'd the ground,
To view his cities smoking round.
What woes, he cry'd, hath lust of gold
O'er my poor country widely roll'd!
Plund'ers proceed! my bowels tear,
But ye shall meet destruction there;

From the deep-vaulted mine shall rise
 Th'insatiate fiend, pale Avarice;
 Whose steps shall trembling Justice fly,
 Peace, Order, Law, and Amity!
 I see all Europe's children curst
 With lucre's universal thirst:
 The rage that sweeps my sons away
 My baneful gold shall well repay.

§ 175. *Mutual Pity.*

TOM, ever jovial, ever gay,
 To appetite a slave,
 Still whores and drinks his life away,
 And laughs to see me grave.
 'Tis thus that we two disagree,
 So different is our whim;
 The fellow fondly laughs at me—
 While I could cry for him.

§ 176. *Universal Complaisance.*

THRO' servile flattery thou dost all com-
 mend—
 Who cares to please, whom no man can offend?

§ 177. *Under the Statue of a Water Nymph, at
 Stourhead, Somersetshire. From the Latin.*
 POPE.

NYMPH of the grot, these sacred springs I keep,
 And to the murmur of these waters sleep:
 Ah, spare my slumbers! gently tread the cave,
 Or drink in silence, or in silence leave.

§ 178. *On his own Grotto.* POPE.

THOU who shalt stop, where Thames' trans-
 lucent wave
 Shines a broad mirror thro' the shadowy cave;
 Where ling'ring drops from min'ral roofs distil,
 And pointed crystals break the sparkling rill;
 Unpolish'd gems no ray on pride bestow,
 And latent metals innocently glow:

Approach! Great Nature studiously behold!
 And eye the mine without a wish for gold.
 Approach! but awful!—Lo th'Egerian grot,
 Where, nobly pensive, St. John sat and thought;
 Where British sighs from dying Wyndham stole,
 And the bright flame was shot thro' Marchmont's
 soul.

Let such, such only, tread this sacred floor,
 Who dare to love their country, and be poor.

§ 179. *A Prudent Choice.*

WHEN Loveless marry'd Lady Jenny,
 Whose beauty was the ready penny;
 I chafe her, says he, like old plate,
 Not for the fashion, but the weight.

§ 180. *On a great House adorned with Statues.*

THE walls are thick, the servants thin,
 The gods without, the dev'l within.

§ 181. *On a Hasty Marriage.*

MARRY'D! 'tis well! a mighty blessing!
 But poor's the joy, no coin possessing.
 In ancient times, when folks did wed,
 'Twas to be one at "board and bed:"
 But hard's his case, who can't afford
 His charmer either bed or board!

§ 182. *On the Bridge at Blenheim.* DR. EVANS.

THE lofty arch his high ambition shews,
 The stream, an emblem of his bounty, flows.

§ 183. *On seeing a Miser at a Concert in
 Spring-Gardens.*

MMUSIC has charms to soothe a savage breast,
 To calm the tyrant and relieve th'oppress:
 But Vauxhall's concert's more attractive pow'r
 Unlock'd Sir Richard's pocket at threescore:
 O strange effect of music's matchless force,
 T'extract two shillings from a miser's purse!

The

§ 184. *The Incurious.*

THREE years in London Bobadil had been,
Yet not the lions nor the tombs had seen;
I cannot tell the cause without a smile;—
The rogue had been in Newgate all the while.

§ 185. *To a Spendthrift disinherited.*

HIS whole estate thy father, by his will,
Gave to the poor—thou hast good title still.

§ 186. *On a Pale Lady.*

WHENCE comes it that, in Clara's face,
The lily only has a place?—
Is it, that the absent rose
Is gone to paint her husband's nose?

§ 187. *The Musical Contest.* SWIFT.

SOME say that Signior Bononcini,
Compar'd to Handel, 's a mere ninny:
Others aver, that, to him, Handel
Is scarcely fit to hold a candle.
Strange! that such difference should be
'Twixt Tweedledum and Tweedledee!

§ 188. *The Happy Physiognomy.*

YOU ask why *Roome diverts you with his
jokes,
Yet, if he prints, is dull as other folks?
You wonder at it!—This, Sir, is the case;
The jest is lost—unless he prints his face.

§ 189. *On certain Pastorals.*

SO rude and tuneless are thy lays,
The weary audience row,
'Tis not th'Arcadian swain that sings,
But 'tis his herds that lowe.

§ 190. *On a Gentleman, who expended his Fortune in Horse-Racing.*

JOHN run so long, and run so fast,
No wonder he run out at last;
He ran in debt, and then, to pay,
He distanc'd all—and ran away.

§ 191. *On the Collar of a Dog presented by Mr. Pope to the Prince of Wales.*

I AM his Highness' dog at Kew;
Pray tell me, Sir, whose dog are you?

§ 192. *From the Greek.*

A Blooming youth lies buried here,
Euphemus, to his country dear:
Nature adorn'd his mind and face
With every muse and every grace:
Prepar'd the marriage state to prove
But Death had quicker wings than Love.

§ 193. *On Sophocles.*

WIND, gentle ever-green, to form a shade
Around the tomb where Sophocles is laid:
Sweet ivy, wind thy boughs, and intertwine
With blushing roses and the clust'ring vine:
Thus will thy lasting leaves, with beauties
hung,
Prove grateful emblems of the lays he sung:
Whose soul, exalted like a god of wit,
Among the muses and the graces wait.

§ 194. *On Mr. Rowe.* POPE.

THY reliques, Rowe! to this sad shrine we
trust, (bust.
And near thy Shakespeare place thy honour'd
Oh! next him, skill'd to draw the tender tear,
For never heart felt passion more sincere;

* Author of a paper, called Pasquin, reflecting on Mr. Pope.

To nobler sentiments to fire the brave,
 For never Briton more disdain'd a slave.
 Peace to thy gentle shade, and endless rest;
 Blest'd in thy genius, in thy love too blest'd!
 And blest'd, that timely from our scene remov'd,
 Thy soul enjoys the liberty it lov'd.

§ 195. *On Mr. Fenton.* POPE.

THIS modest stone, what few vain marbles can,
 May truly say, "Here lies an honest man:"
 A poet, blest'd beyond the poet's fate,
 Whom Heav'n kept sacred from the proud and
 great,
 Foe to loud praise, and friend to learned ease,
 Content with science in the vale of peace,
 Calmly he look'd on either life, and here
 Saw nothing to regret, or there to fear;
 From nature's temp'rate feast rose satisfy'd,
 Thank'd Heav'n that he had liv'd, and that he
 dy'd.

§ 196. *Intended for Dryden.* POPE.

THIS Sheffield rais'd. The sacred dust below
 Was Dryden once. The rest who does not
 know?

§ 197. *On the Countess Dowager of Pembroke.*
 BEN JOHNSON.

UNDERNEATH this fable hearse
 Lies the subject of all verse,
 Sydney's sister, Pembroke's mother.
 Death, ere thou hast slain another,
 Fair, and wise, and good as she,
 Time shall throw his dart at thee.

§ 198. *By BEN JOHNSON.*

UNDERNEATH this stone doth lie
 As much virtue as could die;
 Which, when alive, did vigour give
 To as much beauty as could live:

If she had a single fault,
 Leave it bury'd in this vault.

§ 199. *On Mr. Gay.* IBID.

OF manners gentle, of affections mild;
 In wit a man; simplicity a child;
 With native humour temp'ring virtuous rage,
 Form'd to delight at once and last the age:
 Above temptation in a low estate,
 And uncorrupted ev'n among the great:
 A safe companion, and an easy friend,
 Unblam'd thro' life, lamented in his end.
 These are thy honours! not that here thy bust
 Is mix'd with heroes, or with kings thy dust;
 But that the worthy and the good shall say,
 Striking their pensive bosoms—Here lies Gay.

§ 200. *On Tom D'Urfey.*

HERE lies the Lyric, who, with tale and song,
 Did life to threescore years and ten prolong.
 His tale was pleasant and his song was sweet;
 His heart was cheerful—but his thirst was great.
 Grieve, reader! grieve, that he, too soon grown
 His song has ended, and his tale has told. [old,

§ 201. *To Aaron Hill, Esq.* S. RICHARDSON.

WHEN noble thoughts with language pure
 unite,
 To give to kindred excellence its right,
 Tho' unincumber'd with the clogs of rhyme,
 Where tinkling sounds for want of meaning
 chime, [course,
 Which, like the rock in Shannon's midway
 Divide the sense, and interrupt its force,
 Well may we judge so strong and clear a rill
 Flows higher from the muses sacred Hill.

§ 202. *PRIOR, on himself.*

TO me 'tis given to die, to thee 'tis given
 To live; alas! one moment sets us even;
 Mark how impartial is the will of Heav'n!

On

§ 203. *Inscription on an Urn at Lord Corke's, to the Memory of the Hog-Doctor.*

STRANGER, behold the mighty Hector's tomb!

See! to what end both dogs and heroes come.
These are the honours by his master paid
To Hector's manes and lamented shade:
Nor words nor honours can enough commend
The social dog—nay more, the faithful friend!
From nature all his principles he drew;
By nature faithful, vigilant, and true;
His looks and voice his inward thoughts expressed;
He growl'd in anger, and in love caress'd.
No human falsehood lurk'd beneath his heart;
Brave without boasting, gen'rous without art.
When Hector's virtues man, proud man! displays,
Truth shall adorn his tomb with Hector's praise.

§ 204. *On an old Woman who sold Pots at Chester.*

BENEATH this stone lies Cath'rine Gray,
Chang'd to a lifeless lump of clay:
By earth and clay she got her pelf,
Yet now she's turn'd to earth herself.
Ye weeping friends, let me advise,
Abate your grief, and dry your eyes;
For what avails a flood of tears?
Who knows but in a run of years,
In some tall pitcher, or broad pan,
She in her shop may be again?

§ 205. *To the Pye-House Memory of Nell Batchelour, the Oxford Pye-woman.*

HERE, into the dust,
The mouldering crust
Of Elenor Batchelour's shoven;
Well vers'd in the arts
Of pies, custards, and tarts,
And the lucrative skill of the oven.

When she'd liv'd long enough,
She made her last puff—
A puff by her husband much prais'd:
Now here she doth lie,
And makes a dirt pie,
In hopes that her crust shall be rais'd.

§ 206. *On a Parish Clerk.*

HERE lies, within his tomb, so calm,
Old Giles: pray sound his knell,
Who thought no song was like a psalm;
No music like a bell.

§ 207. *On Sir John Vanbrugh, the Poet and Architect.*
By Dr. EVANS.

LIE heavy on him, earth! for he
Laid many a heavy load on thee.

§ 208. *Posthumous Fame.*

A Monster, in a course of vice grown old,
Leaves to his gaping heir his ill-gain'd gold;
Now breathes his bust, now are his virtues shown,
Their date commencing with the sculptur'd stone.
If on his spacious marble we rely,
Pity a worth, like his, should ever die!
If credit to his real life we give,
Pity a wretch, like him, should ever live.

§ 209. *On the Hon. Simon Harcourt.* POPE.

TO this sad shrine, whoe'er thou art, draw near:
Here lies the friend most lov'd, the son most dear;
Who ne'er knew joy, but friendship might divide,
Or gave his father grief—but when he dy'd.
How vain is reason, eloquence how weak!
If Pope must tell what Harcourt cannot speak:
Yet let thy once-lov'd friend inscribe thy stone,
And, with a father's sorrow, mix his own!

R

On

§ 210. *On General Withers.* POPE.

HERE, Withers, rest! thou bravest, gentlest
mind,
Thy country's friend, but more of human-kind,
O born to arms! O worth in youth approv'd!
O soft humanity, in age belov'd!
For thee the hardy vet'ran drops a tear,
And the gay courtier feels the sigh sincere.
Withers, adieu! yet not with thee remove
Thy martial spirit, or thy social love!
Amidst corruption, luxury, and rage,
Still leave some ancient virtues to our age:
Nor let us say, those English glories gone,
The last true Briton lies beneath this stone.

§ 211. *On Mr. Craggs.* IBID.

STATESMAN, yet friend to truth! of soul
sincere,
In action faithful, and in honour clear!
Who broke no promise, serv'd no private end!
Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend!
Ennobled by himself, by all approv'd, [lov'd.
Prais'd, wept, and honour'd—by the muse he

§ 212. *On Sir Isaac Newton.*

APPROACH, ye wise of soul, with awe di-
vine,
'Tis Newton's name that consecrates this shrine!
That sun of knowledge, whose meridian ray
Kindled the gloom of nature into day!
That soul of science, that unbounded mind,
That genius which ennobled human kind!
Confess'd supreme of men, his country's pride:
And half esteem'd an angel—till he dy'd:
Who in the eye of Heav'n like Enoch stood,
And thro' the paths of knowledge walk'd with
God:
Whose fame extends, a sea without a shore!
Who but forsook one world to know the laws of
more.

§ 213. *On the same.* POPE.

NATURE, and nature's laws, lay hid in night;
God said, "Let Newton be!" and all was
light.

§ 214. *On a Young Lady.* MALLET.

THIS humble grave, tho' no proud structure
grace,
Yet truth and goodness sanctify the place:
Yet blameless virtue, that adorn'd thy bloom,
Lamented maid! now weeps upon thy tomb:
Escap'd from death, O safe on that calm shore,
Where sin, and pain, and passion are no more!
What never wealth could buy, nor pow'r decree,
Regard and pity wait sincere on thee!
Lo! soft remembrance drops a pious tear,
And holy friendship sits a mourner here.

§ 215. *On Mr. Aikman and his Son.* IBID.

DEAR to the wise and good, beneath this stone
Here sleep in peace, the father and the son!
By virtue, as by nature close ally'd,
The painter's genius, but without the pride:
Worth unambitious, wit afraid to shine,
Honour's clear light, and friendship's warmth
divine,
The son, fair-rising, knew too short a date!
But oh! how more severe the parent's fate!
He saw him torn untimely from his side,
Felt all a father's anguish, wept, and dy'd!

§ 216. *On a Young Lady.*

HERE innocence and beauty lie, whose breath
Was snatch'd by early, not untimely, death.
Hence did she go just as she did begin
Sorrow to know, before she knew to sin.
Death, that does sin and sorrow thus prevent,
Is the next blessing to a life well spent.

§ 217. *On an Infant.*

TO the dark and silent tomb
Soon I hasted from the womb;
Scarce the dawn of life began,
Ere I measur'd out my span.

I no smiling pleasures knew;
I no gay delights could view:
Joyless sojourner was I,
Only born to weep and die.—
Happy infant, early blest'd!
Rest, in peaceful slumber, rest;
Early rescu'd from the cares
Which increase with growing years.

No delights are worth thy stay,
Smiling as they seem, and gay;
Short and sickly are they all;
Hardly tasted ere they pall.

All our gaiety is vain,
All our laughter is but pain:
Lasting only, and divine,
Is an innocence like thine.

§ 218. *Another.*

BENEATH, a sleeping infant lies;
To earth her body's lent:
More glorious she'll hereafter rise,
Tho' not more innocent.
When the archangel's trump shall blow,
And souls to bodies join,
Millions will wish their lives below
Had been as short as thine!

§ 219. *On Two Twin-Sisters.*

FAIR marble, tell to future days,
That here two virgin-sisters lie,
Whose life employ'd each tongue in praise,
Whose death gave tears to ev'ry eye.
In stature, beauty, years, and fame,
Together as they grew, they shone;
So much alike, so much the same,
That death mistook them both for one.

§ 220. *From COWLEY.*

HERE lies the great—False marble, tell me
where?
Nothing but poor and sordid dust lies here.

§ 221. *To the Memory of Mrs. Catherine Shuckburgh, who died at Bath, March 22, 1764.*

REMOV'D from all the pains and cares of
life,
Here rests the pleasing friend and faithful wife:
Ennobled by the virtues of her mind;
Constant to goodness, and in death resign'd;
Who plac'd true practice in a wise retreat,
Privately pious; and unknown, tho' great;
Sure, in the silent sabbath of the grave,
To taste that tranquil peace she always gave.

O early lost, in virtue's fairest prime!
Thy pieties supply'd life's want of time.
No death is sudden to a soul prepar'd,—
When God's own hour brings always God's
reward.

Thy death (and such, O reader, wish thy
own!)
Was free from terrors, and without a groan:
Thy spirit to himself th' Almighty drew,
Mild as his sun exhales th' ascending dew.

§ 222. *Epitaph on Mrs. Mason, in the Cathedral at Bristol.* MASON.

TAKE, holy earth! all that my soul holds
dear:

Take that best gift, which Heav'n so lately gave:
To Bristol's fount I bore, with trembling care,
Her faded form. She bow'd to taste the wave—
And dy'd. Does youth, does beauty read the
line?

Does sympathetic fear their breasts alarm?
Speak, dead Maria! breathe a strain divine;
Ev'n from the grave thou shalt have power to
charm.

Bid them be chaste, be innocent, like thee:
 Bid them in duty's sphere as meekly move:
 And, if so fair, from vanity as free,
 As firm in friendship, and as fond in love;
 Tell them tho' 'tis an awful thing to die
 ('Twas ev'n to thee) yet, the dread path once trod,
 Heav'n lifts its everlasting portals high, [God."
 And bids "the pure in heart behold their

§ 223. *Epitaph on Miss Drummond, in the Church of Eredsworth, Yorkshire.* MASON.

HERE sleeps what once was beauty, once was
 grace;
 Grace, that with tenderness and sense combin'd
 To form that harmony of soul and face,
 Where beauty shines the mirror of the mind.
 Such was the maid, that in the morn of youth,
 In virgin innocence, in nature's pride,
 Blest with each art that owes its charms to truth,
 Sunk in her father's fond embrace and dy'd.
 He weeps: oh venerate the holy tear:
 Faith lends her aid to ease affliction's load:
 The parent mourns his child upon the bier;
 The Christian yields an angel to his God.

§ 224. *Epitaph on Mrs. Clarke.* GRAY.

L O! where this silent marble weeps,
 A friend, a wife, a mother sleeps;
 A heart, within whose sacred cell
 The peaceful virtues lov'd to dwell.
 Affection warm, and faith sincere,
 And soft humanity were there.
 In agony, in death resign'd,
 She felt the wound she left behind.
 Her infant image, here below,
 Sits smiling on a father's woe:
 Whom what awaits, while yet he strays
 Along the lonely vale of days?
 A pang to secret sorrow dear;
 A sigh; an unavailing tear;

Till time shall ev'ry grief remove,
 With life, with mem'ry, and with love.

§ 225. *On General Wolfe: in the Church of Westerham, in Kent — where he was born,* 1727.

WHILE George in sorrow bows his laurell'd
 head,
 And bids the artist grace the foldier dead,—
 We raise no sculptur'd trophy to thy name,
 Brave youth! the fairest in the lists of fame.
 Proud of thy birth, we boast th'auspicious
 year;
 Struck with thy fall, we shed the gen'ral tear:
 With humble grief inscribe one artless stone,—
 And from thy matchless honour date our own.

§ 226. *The Prayer of a Wise Heathen.*

GREAT Jove, this one petition grant
 (Thou knowest best what mortals want):
 Ask'd or unask'd, what's good supply;
 What's evil—to our prayers deny!

§ 227. *To the Right Hon. Lady Ch——, 1763.*

WHEN lovely Portia glitters at the play,
 Or, in her birth-night robes, outshines
 the day;
 From crowds distinguish'd by her grace and air,
 Portia the fairest seems, where all are fair:
 A kindling passion ev'ry breast alarms,
 Each tongue proclaims the triumph of her
 charms.

But when, retir'd amidst their rural bow'rs,
 She cheers th'illustrious patriot's calmer hours;
 Or, smiling, sits her infant tribe among,
 And guides to virtue's paths the list'ning
 throng:
 Behold, amidst these pleasing cares of life,
 The tender mother, and th'engaging wife!
 More just applause these humbler virtues share,
 And Portia shines—as good as she is fair.

§ 228. *An Incident in High Life.*

THE Bucks had din'd, and deep in council sat;
 Their wine was brilliant—but their wit grew
 Up starts his lordship, to the window flies, [flat.
 And lo! "A race! a race!" in rapture cries:
 "Where?" quoth Sir John: "Why, see!
 "two drops of rain

"Start from the summit of the crystal pane:—
 "A thousand pounds! which drop with nim-
 "blest force

"Performs its current down the slippery course!"
 The betts were fix'd: the dire suspense they wait
 For victory, pendant on the nod of fate.
 Now down the fash, unconscious of the prize,
 The bubbles roll—like pearls from Chloe's eyes.

But ah! the glittering joys of life are short!
 How oft two jostling steeds have spoil'd the sport!
 Lo! thus attraction, by coercive laws,
 Th'approaching drops into one bubble draws.

Each curs'd his fate, that thus their project
 cross'd:
 How hard their lot, who neither won nor lost!

§ 229. *A Court Audience.*

OLD South, a witty churchman reckon'd,
 Was preaching once to Charles the Second,
 But much too serious for a court,
 Who at all preaching made a sport.
 He soon perceiv'd his audience nod,
 Deaf to the zealous man of God!
 The doctor stopp'd; began to call,
 "Pray 'wake the Earl of Lauderdale.
 "My lord! why, 'tis a monstrous thing!
 "You snore so loud—you'll 'wake the king."

§ 230. *On a Dispute between Dr. Ratcliffe
and Sir Godfrey Kneller.*

SIR Godfrey and Ratcliffe had one common way
 Into one common garden—and each had a key.
 Quoth Kneller, "I'll certainly stop up that door,
 "If ever I find it unlock'd any more."

"Your threats," replies Ratcliffe, "disturb not
 "my ease; [please."
 "And so you don't *paint* it, e'en do what you
 "You're *finest*," rejoins Kneller; "but, say
 "what you will,
 "I'll *take* any thing from you—but *poison* or
 "pill."

§ 231. *By PRIOR.*

THUS to the muses spoke the Cyprian Dame;
 Adorn my altars, and reverse my name:
 My son shall else assume his potent darts,
 Twang goes the bow! my girls, have at your
 hearts.

The muses answer'd,—Venus, we deride
 The vagrant's malice, and his mother's pride.
 Send him to nymphs who sleep in Ida's shade,
 To the loose dance and wanton masquerade:
 Our thoughts are settled, and intent our look,
 On the instructive verse and moral book;
 On female idleness his pow'r relies;
 But when he finds us studying hard he flies.

§ 232. *The Empty Gun.*

AS Dick and Tom in fierce dispute engage,
 And, face to face, the noisy contest wage;
 "Don't *rock* your chin at me," Dick smartly
 "cries;
 "Fear not—his head's not *charg'd*," a friend
 replies.

§ 233. *On erecting a Monument to Shakespeare
under the Direction of Mr. Pope, Lord Bur-
lington, &c.*

TO mark her Shakespeare's worth and Bri-
 tons love,
 Let Pope design, and Burlington approve:
 Superfluous care! When distant times shall view
 This tomb grown old—his works shall still be
 new.

§ 234. *On Mr. Nash's Picture at full Length, between the Busts of Sir Isaac Newton and Mr. Pope, at Bath.* CHESTERFIELD.

THE old Egyptians hid their wit
In hieroglyphic drets,
To give men pains in search of it,
And please themselves with gueses.
Moderns, to hit the self-same path,
And exercise their parts,
Place figures in a room at Bath:
Forgive them, God of Arts!
Newton, if I can judge aright,
All Wisdom does express;
His knowledge gives mankind delight,
Adds to their happiness.
Pope is the emblem of true Wit,
The sunshine of the mind;
Read o'er his works in search of it,
You'll endless pleasure find.
Nash represents man in the mass,
Made up of wrong and right;
Sometimes a king, sometimes an ass:
Now blunt, and now polite.
The picture plac'd the busts between,
Adds to the thought much strength;
Wisdom and Wit are little seen,
But Folly's at full length.

§ 235. *The following Lines were handed up to a beautiful young Lady who was attending the Trial of Criminals at the Assizes in Surrey.*

WHILST petty offences and felonies smart,
Is there no jurisdiction for stealing one's
heart? ["defy you;"]
You, fair one, will smile and cry, "Laws, I
Assur'd that no peers can be summon'd to try
you. [you;]
But think not that paltry defence will secure
For the muses and graces will just make a jury.

§ 236. *The Dropsical Man.* TAYLOR.

A Jolly, brave toper, who could not forbear,
Though his life was in danger, old port
and stale beer, [drink on,
Gave the Doctor the hearing—but still would
Till the dropfy had swell'd him as big as a ton;
The more he took physic the worse still he grew,
And tapping was now the last thing he could do.
Affairs at this crisis, and doctors come down,
He began to consider—so sent for his son.
Tom, see-by what courses I've shorten'd my life,
I'm leaving the world ere I'm forty and five;
More than probable 'tis, that in twenty-four
hours,
This manor, this house, and estate will be yours;
My early excesses may teach you this truth,
That 'tis working for death to drink hard in
one's youth.
Says Tom (who's a lad of a generous spirit,
And not like young rakes, who're in haste to
inherit)
Sir, don't be dishearten'd; altho' it be true,
Th'operation is painful, and hazardous too,
'Tis no more than what many a man has gone }
through.
And then, as for years, you may yet be call'd
young,
Your life after this may be happy and long.
Don't flatter me, Tom, was the father's reply,
With a jest in his mouth, and a tear in his eye:
Too well by experience, my vessels, thou know'st,
No sooner are tapp'd, but they give up the ghost.

EPIGRAMS FROM MARTIAL.

§ 237. *To James Harris, Esq.*

MARTIAL, Book iv. Ep. 87.

WOULD'ST thou, by artie taste approv'd,
By all be read, by all be lov'd,
To learned Harris' curious eye,
By me advis'd, dear Muse, apply:

In

In him the perfect judge you'll find,
In him the candid friend, and kind.
If he repeats, if he approves,
If he the laughing muscles moves,
Thou nor the critic's sneer shalt mind,
Nor be to pies or trunks consign'd.
If he condemns, away you fly,
And mount in paper-kites the sky,
Or dead 'mongst Grub-street's records lie.

§ 238. Book i. Ep. 11.

CURMUDGEON the rich widow courts;
Nor lovely she, nor made for sports;
'Tis to Curmudgeon charm enough
That she has got a church-yard cough.

§ 239. Book i. Ep. 14.

WHEN Arria from her wounded side
To Pætus gave the reeking steel,
I feel not what I've done, she cry'd;
What Pætus is to do—I feel.

§ 240. Book iii. Ep. 43.

BEFORE a swan, behind a crow,
Such self-deceit ne'er did I know.
Ah! cease your arts—death knows you're grey,
And spite of all will keep his day.

§ 241. Book iv. Ep. 78.

WITH lace bedizen'd comes the man,
And I must dine with Lady Anne.
A silver service loads the board;
Of eatables a slender hoard.
“Your pride, and not your victuals spare;
“I came to dine, and not to stare.”

§ 242. Book vii. Ep. 75.

WHEN dukes in town ask thee to dine,
To rule their roast, and smack their wine;
Or take thee to their country-seat,
To mark their dogs, and bless their meat;
—, dream not on preferment soon,
Thou'rt not their friend, but their buffoon.

§ 243. Book viii. Ep. 35.

ALIKE in temper and in life,
A drunken husband, sottish wife,
She a scold, a bully he,—
The devil's in't they don't agree.

§ 244. Book xii. Ep. 23.

YOUR teeth from Hemmet, and your hair
from Bolney.
Was not an eye to be had for money?

§ 245. Book xii. Ep. 30.

NED is a sober fellow, they pretend—
Such would I have my coachman, not my
friend.

§ 246. Book xii. Ep. 103.

YOU sell your wife's rich jewels, lace, and
clothes;
The price once paid, away the purchase goes;
But she a better bargain proves, I'm told;
Still sold returns, and still is to be sold.

§ 247. Book i. Ep. 40.

IS there, t'enroll amongst the friendly few,
Whose names pure faith and ancient fame
renew?
Is there, enrich'd with virtue's honest store,
Deep vers'd in Latin and Athenian lore?
Is there, who right maintains, and truth pursues,
Nor knows a wish that Heaven can refuse?
Is there, who can on his great self depend?
Now let me die, but Harris is this friend.

248. Book ii. Ep. 80.

WHEN Fannius should have 'scap'd his foe,
His own hands stopp'd his breath:
And was't not madness, I would know
By dying to'scape death?

§ 249. *The same.*

HIMSELF he flew, when he the foe would fly;
What madness this—for fear of death to die!

§ 250. Book v. Ep. 78.

VARUS did lately me to supper call;
The furniture was large, the feast but small,
The table's spread with plate, not meat; they put
Much to accost the eye, not for the gut.
We came to feast our bellies, not our eyes;
Pray take away your gold; give us some pies.

§ 251. Book i. Ep. 16.

THOU, whom (if faith or honour recommend
A friend) I rank amongst my dearest friends,
Remember you are now almost threescore;
Few days of life remain, if any more:
Defer not what no future time insures,
And only what is past, esteem that yours.
Successive cares and troubles for you stay;
Pleasure not so! it nimbly fleets away;
Then seize it fast: embrace it ere it flies;
In the embrace it vanishes and dies.
"I'll live to-morrow," will a wise man say?
To-morrow is too late;—then live to-day.

§ 252. From Martial, literally translated.

A Landlord of Bath put upon me a queer hum:
I ask'd him for punch,—and the dog gave
me * *mere rum*.

§ 253. Book ii. Ep. 41.

YES; I submit, my lord; you've gain'd your
end; [friend.
I'm now your slave—that would have been your
I'll bow, I'll cringe, be supple as your glove;—
Respect, adore you—ev'ry thing—but love.

§ 254. Book viii. Ep. 19.

HAL says he's poor, in hopes you'll say he's
not; [groat.
But take his word for't, Hal's not worth a

§ 255. Book ix. Ep. 82.

MY works the reader and the hearer praise;—
They're incorrect, a brother poet says:

But let him rail; for, when I give a feast,
Am I to please the cook, or please the guest?

§ 256. Book i. Ep. 16.

WHEN from her breast chaste Arria snatch'd
the sword,
And gave the deathful weapon to her lord;
My wound, she said, believe me, does not smart,
But thine, alone, my Pætus, pains my heart.

§ 257. Book i. Ep. 34.

HER father dead—alone no grief she knows;
Th'obedient tear at every visit flows.
No mourner he who must by praise be fee'd;
But he who mourns in secret mourns indeed!

§ 258. Book i. Ep. 39.

THE verses, friend, which thou hast read, are
mine;
But as thou read'st them, they may pass for thine.

§ 259. Book ii. Ep. 3.

YOU say, you nothing owe; and so I say:
He only owes, who something has to pay.

§ 260. Book ii. Ep. 58.

YOU'RE fine, and ridicule my thread-bare
gown;
Thread-bare indeed it is; but 'tis my own.

§ 261.

I Dropt a thing in verse without a name;
I felt no censure, and I gain'd no fame:
The public saw the bastard in the cradle,
But ne'er enquir'd; so left it to the beadle.
A certain nobleman takes up the child,
The real father lay perdue, and smil'd.
The public now enlarges every grace,
What shining eyes it has! how fair a face!
Of parts what symmetry! what strength divine!
The noble brat is sure of Pelops' line.

* Merum is not translated at all.

§ 262. *The Mistake.* TAYLOR.

A Cannon Ball, one bloody day,
Took a poor sailor's leg away;
And as on his comrade's back he made off,
A second fairly took his head off.
The fellow, on this odd emergence,
Carries him pick-back to the surgeon's.

Z——ds! cries the doctor, are you drunk,
To bring me here a headless trunk?
A lying dog! cries Jack—he said
His leg was off, and not his head.

§ 263. *An Epitaph to the Memory of Lucy Lytleton.*

MADE to engage all hearts and charm all eyes;

Tho' meek, magnanimous; tho' witty, wise;
Polite, as all her life in courts had been:
Yet good, as she the world had never seen;
The noble fire of an exalted mind,
With gentle female tenderness combin'd.
Her speech was the melodious voice of Love;
Her song the warbling of the vernal grove;
Her eloquence was sweeter than her song,
Soft as her heart, and as her reason strong;
Her form each beauty of her mind express'd;
Her mind was virtue by the graces dress'd.

§ 264. *An Inscription on the Tomb raised to the Memory of the Author's Father, and others his Ancestors.* Lord CLARE.

UNMARK'D by trophies of the great and vain,

Here sleeps in silent tombs a gentle train.
No folly wasted their paternal store,
No guilt, no tordid av'rice made it more:
With honest fame, and sober plenty crown'd,
They liv'd, and spread their cheering influence round.

May he whose hand this pious tribute pays,
Receive a like return of filial praise!

§ 265.

I LOV'D thee beautiful and kind,
And plighted an eternal vow;
So alter'd are thy face and mind,
'Twere perjury to love thee now.

§ 266.

SINCE first you knew my am'rous smart,
Each day augments your proud disdain;
'Twas then enough to break my heart,
And now, thank Heav'n, to break my chain,
Cease, thou scorner, cease to shun me!
Now let love and hatred cease!
Half that rigour had undone me,
All that rigour gives me peace.

§ 267.

MY heart still hovering round about you,
I thought I could not live without you;
Now we have liv'd three months asunder,
How I liv'd with you's the wonder.

§ 268. *Dialogue between an old Incumbent and the Person promised the next Presentation.*

I'M glad to see you well. —O faithless breath!
What, glad to see me well, and with my death!

No more, replies the youth, Sir, this misgiving:
I wish not for your death, but for your living.

§ 269. *The Case of Conscience. Addressed to a certain Dignitary of the Church, on his late Narcotic Exposition of the following Text,*

"Watch and pray, lest ye enter into Temptation."

BY our Pastor perplexed,
How shall we determine?
"Watch and pray," says the Text;
"Go to sleep," says the Sermon!

§ 270.

THO' cheerful, discreet, and with freedom
 well bred,
 She never repented an idle word said:
 Securely she smiles on the froward and bold,
 They feel what they owe her, and feel it untold.

271.

I SWORE I lov'd, and you believ'd;
 Yet, trust me, we were both deceiv'd,
 Though all I swore was true.
 I lov'd one gen'rous, good, and kind,
 A form created in my mind;
 And thought that form was you.

§ 272. *On one who first abused, and then made
 Love to a Lady.*

FOUL — with graceless verse,
 The noble — dar'd asperse;
 But when he saw her well bespatter'd;
 Her reputation stain'd and tatter'd;
 He gaz'd and lov'd the hideous elf,
 She look'd so very like himself.
 True sung the bard well known to fame*,
 Self-love and social are the same.

SHE who in secret yields her heart,
 Again may claim it from her lover;
 But she who plays the trifler's part,
 Can ne'er her squander'd fame recover,
 Then grant the boon for which I pray!
 'Tis better lend than throw away.

§ 273.

WE thought you without titles great,
 And wealthy with a small estate;
 While by your humble self alone,
 You seem'd unrated and unknown.

But now on fortune's swelling tide
 High-borne, in all the pomp of pride;
 Of grandeur vain, and fond of pelf,
 'Tis plain, my lord, you knew yourself.

§ 274.

TOM thought a wild profusion great,
 And therefore spent his whole estate;
 Will thinks the wealthy are ador'd,
 And gleans what misers blush to hoard.
 Their passion, merit, fate, the same;
 They thirst and starve alike for fame.

§ 275.

WHY like a tyrant wilt thou reign,
 When thou may'st rule the willing mind?
 Can the poor pride of giving pain
 Repay the joys that wait the kind?
 I curse my fond enduring heart,
 Which scorn'd presumes not to be free,
 Condemn'd to feel a double smart,
 To hate myself, and burn for thee.

§ 276.

EVER busy, ne'er employ'd,
 Ever loving, ne'er enjoy'd,
 Ever doom'd to seek and miss,
 And pay unblest the price of bliss.

§ 277. *On Shakespeare's Monument at Strat-
 ford upon Avon.* SEWARD.

GRREAT Homer's birth sev'n rival cities claim,
 Too mighty such monopoly of Fame;
 Yet not to birth alone did Homer owe
 His wond'rous worth; what Egypt could be-
 stow,

With all the schools of Greece and Asia join'd,
Enlarg'd th'immenſe expansion of his mind.
Nor yet unrival'd the Mæonian ſtrain,
The † Britiſh Eagle and the Mantuan Swain
Tow'r equal heights. But happier Stratford,
thou,

With incontest'd laurels deck thy brow:
Thy bard was thine unſchool'd, and from thee
brought
More than all Egypt, Greece, or Asia taught.
Not Homer's ſelf ſuch matchleſs honours won;
The Greek has rivals, but thy Shakeſpeare none.

§ 278.

VAINLY hath Heaven denounc'd the wo-
man's woes; [throes:
Thou know'ſt no tender cares, no bitter
Unfelt your offspring comes, unfelt it goes. }

§ 279.

ON Pollard oak, hollow at heart,
Tremendous lightning darted.
Tremble at God's aveng'ing dart,
O all ye hollow-hearted.

§ 280.

NO wonder that Oxford and Cambridge pro-
found,
In learning and ſcience ſo greatly abound;
When all carry thither a little each day,
And we meet with ſo few who bring any
away.

§ 281. On a Statue of Apollo crowning Merit.

MERIT, if thou'rt bleſt with riches,
For God's ſake buy a pair of breeches,
And give them to thy naked brother;
For one good turn deſerves another.

§ 282. A Sonnet. Imitated from the Spanish
of Lopez de Vega. Menagiana, tom. iv.
p. 176. EDWARDS.

CAPRICIOUS Wray a ſonnet needs muſt
have;

I ne'er was ſo put to't before: a ſonnet!
Why, fourteen verſes muſt be ſpent upon it:
'Tis good howe'er, t'have conquer'd the firſt
ſtave.

Yet I ſhall ne'er find rhymes enough by half,
Said I, and found myſelf i'the miſt o'the ſe-
cond.

If twice four verſes were but fairly reckon'd,
I ſhould turn back on th'hardeſt part and laugh.

Thus far with good ſucceſs I think I've ſcrib-
bled, [o'er ten.

And of the twice ſeven lines have clean got
Courage! another'll finiſh the firſt triplet.

Thanks to thee, Muſe, my work begins to
ſhorten. [driblet,

There's thirteen lines got through, driblet by
'Tis done! count how you will, I warrant
there's fourteen

§ 283. On a bad Singer.

WHEN ſcreech-owls ſcreek, their note por-
tends

To fooliſh mortals death of friends:
But when Corvina ſtrains her throat,
E'en ſcreech-owls ſicken at the note.

§ 284. On Sleep.

ALTHOUGH ſoft ſleep death's ſad reſem-
blance wears,
Still do I wiſh him on my couch to lie;
Come, balmy ſleep, for ſweetly it appears,
Thus without life to live, thus without death
to die.

§ 285.

AS Quin and Foote
 One day walk'd out
 To view the country round,
 In merry mood
 They chatting stood
 Hard by the village-pound.
 Foote from his poke
 A shilling took,
 And said, I'll bet a penny,
 In a short space,
 Within this place,
 I'll make this piece a guinea.
 Upon the ground,
 Within the pound,
 The shilling soon was thrown;
 Behold, says Foote,
 The thing's made out,
 For there is one pound one.
 I wonder not,
 Says Quin, that thought
 Should in your head be found,
 Since that's the way
 Your debts you pay—
 One shilling in the pound.

§ 286.

OH let me die in peace! Eumenes cry'd,
 To a hard creditor at his bed-side. [evade!
 How! die! roar'd Gripus;—thus your debts
 No, no, Sir, you sha'nt die till I am paid.

§ 287.

UPON some hasty errand Tom was sent,
 And met his parish curate as he went;
 But, just like what he was, a sorry clown,
 It seems he past him with a cover'd crown.
 The gownman stopp'd, and, turning, sternly
 said— [fed!
 I doubt, my lad, you're far worse taught than

Why aye! says Tom, still jogging on, that's
 true: [you.
 Thank God, he feeds me! but I'm taught by

§ 288. *Epitaph on a certain Miser.*

HERE lies one who for med'cines would not
 give
 A little gold, and so his life he lost:
 I fancy now he'd wish again to live,
 Cou'd he but guess how much his fun'ral
 cost.

§ 289. *On Captain Grenville.*

Lord LYTTLETON.

YE weeping muses, graces, virtues, tell
 If, since your all-accomplish'd Sidney fell,
 You, or afflicted Britain, e'er deplor'd
 A loss like that these plaintive lays record!
 Such spotless honour; such ingenuous truth;
 Such ripen'd wisdom in the bloom of youth!
 So mild, so gentle, so compos'd a mind,
 To such heroic warmth and courage join'd!
 He too, like Sidney, nurs'd in learning's arms,
 For nobler war forsook her softer charms:
 Like him, possess'd of ev'ry pleasing art,
 The secret wish of every female heart;
 Like him, cut off in youthful glory's pride,
 He, unrepining, for his country dy'd.

§ 290. *Upon a young Gentleman refusing to
 walk with the Author in the Park, because he
 was not dressed well.* GARRICK.

I FRIEND Col and I, both full of whim,
 To shun each other oft agree;
 For I'm not beau enough for him,
 And he's too much a beau for me.
 Then let us from each other fly,
 And arm in arm no more appear;
 That I may ne'er offend your eye,
 That you may ne'er offend my ear.

Designed

§ 291. *Designed for the Monument of Sir Isaac Newton.*

MORE than his name were less—'twould seem
to fear [it here.
He who increas'd Heav'n's fame, could want
Yet—when the sun he lighted up shall fade,
And all the worlds, he found at first, decay'd;
Then void and waste eternity shall lie,
And time and Newton's name together die.

§ 292. *On Mrs. Clive's resenting being put out of the Part of Portia, and saying she was surely as well qualified to wear Breeches as Mr. Garrick was to play Ranger.* GARRICK.

DEAR Kate, it is vanity both us bewitches,
Since I must the truth on't reveal;
For when I mount the ladder and you wear the
breeches,
We shew—what we ought to conceal.

§ 293. *On Mr. Quin.* IBID.

SAYS Epicure Quin, should the devil in hell
In fishing for men take delight,
His hook bait with ven'son, I love it so well,
Indeed I am sure I should bite.

§ 294. *Extempore, on hearing a certain impertinent Address in the Newspapers.* By Garrick, Thomson, &c.

THOU essence of dock, of valerian and sage,
At once the disgrace and the pest of this
age, [crimes,
The worst that we wish thee, for all thy bad
Is to take thy own phyfic, and read thy own
rhymes.

§ 295. *Dr. Hill's Reply to the Junto's Epigram.*

YE desperate junto, ye great or ye small,
Who combat dukes, doctors, the deuce, and
'em all!

Whether gentlemen, scribblers, or poets in jail,
Your impertinent curses shall never prevail:
I'll take neither sage, dock, nor balsam of
honey; [money.
Do you take the phyfic, and I'll take the

§ 296. *Answer to the Junto.*

THEIR wish must be in form revers'd,
To suit their doctor's crimes;
For, if he takes his phyfic first,
He'll never read his rhymes.

§ 297. *Written soon after Dr. Hill's Farce, called The Rout, was acted.* GARRICK.

FOR phyfic and farces,
His equal there scarce is;
His farces are phyfic,
His phyfic a farce is.

§ 298. *To Dr. Hill, upon his Petition of the Letter I, to Mr. Garrick.* IBID.

IF 'tis true, as you say, that I've injur'd a
letter,
I'll change my note soon, and I hope for the
better;
May the right use of letters, as well as of men,
Hereafter be fix'd by the tongue and the pen;
Most devoutly I wish that they both have their
And that I may be never mistaken for U. [due,

§ 299. *To the Author of the Farmer's Letters, which were written in Ireland, in the Year of the Rebellion, by Henry Brooke, Esq. 1745.*

IBID.

OH thou,—whose artless, free-born genius
charms,
Whose rustic zeal each patriot bosom warms;
Pursue the glorious task, the pleasing toil,
For sake the fields, and till a nobler soil;
Extend the farmer's care to human kind,
Manure the heart, and cultivate the mind:

There

There plant religion, reason, freedom, truth,
 And sow the seeds of virtue in your youth :
 Let no rank words corrupt, or brambles choak,
 And shake the vermin from the British oak :
 From northern blasts protect the vernal bloom,
 And guard our pastures from the wolves of
 Rome.

On Britain's liberty ingraft thy name,
 And reap the harvest of immortal fame.

§ 300. *Colloquial Epigram**. GARRICK.
Wilmot.

YOU should call at his house, or should send
 him a card,
 Can Garrick alone be so cold?

Garrick.

Shall I, a poor player, and still poorer bard,
 Shall folly with Camden make bold ?
 What joy can I give him, dear Wilmot declare ?
 Promotion no honours can bring ;
 To him the Great Seals are but labour and care,
 With joy to your country and king.

§ 301. *Death and the Doctor. Occasioned by
 a Physician's lampooning a Friend of the Author.*
 IBID.

AS Doctor — musing fat,
 Death saw and came without delay :
 Enters the room, begins the chat,
 With, " Doctor, why so thoughtful, pray ?"

The Doctor started from his place,
 But soon they more familiar grew :
 And then he told his piteous case,
 How trade was low, and friends were few.

* Soon after the promotion of Lord Camden to the Seals, Mr. Wilmot, his Lordship's purse-bearer, called at Hampton, where, learning that Mr. Garrick had not yet paid his congratulatory compliments, the conversation between the two gentlemen furnished Mr. Garrick with the subject of the Epigram; in which, with an admirable address, our English Roscius has turned an imputed neglect into a very elegant panegyric on that truly patriotic nobleman.

" Away with fear," the phantom said,
 As soon as he had heard his tale :

" Take my advice, and mend your trade ;
 " We both are losers if you fail.

" Go write, your wit in satire show,
 " No matter whether smart or true ;

" Call — names the greatest foe
 " To dulness, folly, pride, and you.

" Then copies spread, there lies the trick,
 " Among your friends be sure you send 'em ;

" For all who read will soon grow sick,
 " And when you're call'd upon, attend 'em,

" Thus, trade increasing by degrees,
 " Doctor, we both shall have our ends :

" For you are sure to have your fees,
 " And I am sure to have your friends."

§ 302. *Upon a Lady's Embroidery.* IBID.

ARACHNE once, as poets tell,
 A goddess at her art defy'd ;
 But soon the daring mortal fell
 The hapless victim of her pride.
 Oh then beware Arachne's fate,
 Be prudent, Chloe, and submit ;
 For you'll more surely feel her bate,
 Who rival both her heart and wit.

§ 303. *Upon a certain Lord's giving some
 Thousand Pounds for a House.* IBID.

SO many thousands for a house,
 For you of all the world, lord Mouse !
 A little house would best accord
 With you, my very little lord !
 And then exactly match'd would be
 Your house and hospitality.

§ 304. *Tom Fool to Mr. Hoskins, his Counsellor and Friend.* GARRICK.

ON your care must depend the success of my
suit,
The possession I mean of the house in dispute.
Consider, my friend, an attorney's my foe,
The worst of his tribe, and the best is so-so.
O let not his quiddits and quirks of the law,
O let not this harpy your poor client claw;
In law as in life, I know well 'tis a rule,
That a knave should be ever too hard for a fool.
To this rule one exception your poor client im-
plores, [of doors.
That the fool may for once beat the knave out

§ 305. *An Epitaph upon the celebrated Claudius Philips*, Musician, who died very poor.*

IBID.

PHILIPS, whose touch harmonious could re-
move

The pangs of guilty pow'r and hapless love,
Rest here, distress'd by poverty no more;
Here find that calm thou gav'st so oft before.
Sleep, undisturb'd, within this peaceful shrine,
Till angels wake thee with a note like thine.

§ 306. *Upon seeing Mr. Taylor's Pictures of Bath, and hearing a Connoisseur declare that "they were finely painted for a Gentleman."*

IBID.

TELL me the meaning, you who can,
Of "finely for a gentleman!"
Is genius, rarest gift of Heaven,
To the hir'd artist only given?
Or, like the Catholic salvation,
Pal'd in for any class or station?

* This Epitaph has been ascribed to Dr. Johnson, but was really written by Mr. Garrick. See European Magazine, January 1785.

† He died October 26, 1764.

‡ Mr. Quin died January 1766.

Is it bound 'prentice to the trade
Which works, and as it works is paid?
Is there no skill to build, invent,
Unless inspir'd by *five per cent.*?
And shalt thou, Taylor, paint in vain,
Unless impell'd by hopes of gain?
Be wise, my friend, and take thy fee,
That Claude Loraine may yield to thee.

§ 307. *Epitaph on William Hogarth †, in Chiswick Church-Yard.* IBID.

FAREWELL, great painter of mankind,
Who reach'd the noblest point of art;
Whose pictur'd morals charm the mind,
And thro' the eye correct the heart!
If genius fire thee, reader, stay;
If nature touch thee, drop a tear:—
If neither move thee, turn away,
For Hogarth's honour'd dust lies here.

§ 308. *Epitaph on James Quin ‡, in Bath Cathedral.* IBID.

THAT tongue, which set the table on a roar,
And charm'd the public ear, is heard no
more!
Clos'd are those eyes, the harbinger of wit,
Which spoke, before the tongue, what Shake-
speare writ. [stretch'd forth,
Cold are those hands, which, living, were
At friendship's call, to succour modest worth.
Here lies James Quin: deign, reader, to be taught
(Whate'er thy strength of body, force of thought,
In nature's happiest mould however cast)
To this complexion thou must come at last.

§ 309. *From the Spanish.* GARRICK.

FOR me my fair a wreath has wove,
Where rival flowers in union meet;
As oft she kiss'd the gift of love,
Her breath gave sweetness to the sweet.
A bee within a damask rose
Had crept, the nectar'd dew to sip;
But lesser sweets the thief foregoes,—
And fixes on Louisa's lip.
There tasting all the bloom of spring,
Wak'd by the ripening breath of May,
Th'ungrateful spoiler left his sting,
And with the honey flew away.

§ 310. *Epitaph on Laurence Sterne* *. IBID.

SHALL pride a heap of sculptur'd marble raise,
Some worthless, unmourn'd titled fool to
praise;
And shall we not by one poor grave-stone learn,
Where genius, wit, and humour, sleep with
Sterne?

§ 311. *Epitaph on Mr. Beighton, who had
been Vicar of Egham Forty-five Years.* IBID.

NEAR half an age, with every good man's
praise,
Among his flock the shepherd pass'd his days;
The friend, the comfort of the sick and poor;
Want never knock'd unheeded at his door;
Oft when his duty call'd, disease and pain
Strove to confine him; but they strove in vain.
All moan his death, his virtues long they try'd,
They knew not how they lov'd him till he dy'd.
Peculiar blessings did his life attend,
He had no foe, and Camden was his friend.

* Mr. Sterne was born at Clonmell in Ireland, November 24, 1713; and died in London, March 18, 1768.

† He died 20th February 1778. ‡ In the county of Hants, the seat of Edward Lisle, Esq.

|| Miss Lises, daughters of Edward Lisle, Esq. and sisters to Dr Lisle.

§ 312. *Epitaph on Paul Whitehead, Esq.* IBID.

Near this place
Are deposited the remains
of
PAUL WHITEHEAD, Esq.
Who was born January 25, 1710;
And died Dec. 30, 1774;
Aged 65.

Here lies a man misfortune could not bend;
Prais'd as a poet, honour'd as a friend:
Tho' his youth kindled with the love of fame,
Within his bosom glow'd a brighter flame.
Whene'er his friends with sharp affliction bled,
And from the wounded deer the herd was fled,
Whitehead stood forth—the healing balm apply'd,
Nor quitted their distresses—till he dy'd.

§ 313. *A Tribute, by Mr. Garrick, to the Me-
mory of a Character he long knew and respected.*
Epitaph on Mr. Harvard, Comedian †.

“An honest man's the noblest work of God!”

HAVARD from sorrow rests beneath this stone;
An honest man—belov'd as soon as known;
Howe'er defective in the mimic art,
In real life he justly play'd his part!
The noblest character he acted well;
And Heaven applauded—when the curtain fell.

§ 314. *Inscription on a Grotto of Shells at Crux-
Easton ‡, the work of Nine Young Ladies ||.*
POPE.

HERE, shunning idleness at once and praise,
This radiant pile nine rural sisters raise;
The glittering emblem of each spotless dame,
Clear as her soul, and shining as her frame;

Beauty, which nature only can impart,
And such a polish as disgraces art;
But fate dispos'd them in this humble sort,
And hid in desarts what would charm a court.

§ 315. *Verses occasioned by seeing a Grotto built by Nine Sisters.* HERBERT.

SO much this building entertains my sight,
Nought but the builders can give more delight:

In them the master-piece of nature's shown,
In this I see art's master-piece in stone.
O! Nature, Nature, thou hast conquer'd art;
She charms the sight alone, but you the heart.

§ 316. *Lines written by the celebrated THOMSON, to his AMANDA; with a Copy of the SEASONS.—Never before published.*

ACCEPT, dear Nymph! a tribute due
To sacred friendship, and to you!
But with it take, what breath'd the whole,
O! take to thine, the Poet's soul!
If Fancy here her pow'r displays,
Or, if a heart exalt these lays,
You fairest in that fancy shine,
And all that heart is fondly thine!

§ 317. *Epitaph on Mrs. Ellen Temple, late Wife of Mr. John Temple, of Malton, Surgeon.*
By Mr. GENTLEMAN.

HERE in just hope, above the stars to rise,
The mortal part of ELLEN TEMPLE lies,
In whom those beauties of a spotless mind,
Faith, and good works were happily combin'd;
A patient, careful, constant, loving wife,
The foe of scandal, and domestic strife;
The tender mother, undissembling friend,
Who grac'd those virtues with a pious end;
Who, still preserving an unblemish'd name,
Ne'er meanly strove to taint a neighbour's fame;

Who play'd—as reader thou shou'dst do—her
part,
With inward peace, and rectitude of heart;
Who, christian-like, resign'd her final breath,
And, dying free from censure, smil'd at death.

§ 318. *An Epigram.*

A Member of the modern great,
Pass'd Sawney with his budget;
The peer was in a car of state,
The tinker forc'd to trudge it.
But Sawney shall receive the praise
His Lordship wou'd parade for:
One's debtor for his dapple greys,
And th'other's shoes are paid for.

§ 319. *Epigram.*

SAYS a beau to a lady, Pray name if you can
Of all your acquaintance, the handsomest man?
The lady reply'd, If you'd have me speak true,
He's the handsomest man that's the most unlike
you.

§ 320. *The Lawyer and Client.*

TWO Lawyers, when a knotty cause was o'er,
Shook hands, and were as good friends as
before;
“Zounds!” says the client, “How come yaw
“To be such friends, who were such foes just
naw?”
Thou fool, says one, we lawyers, tho' so keen,
Like shears, ne'er cut ourselves, but what's be-
tween.

§ 321. *Another.*

CRIES Ned to his neighbours, as onward they
prest,
Conveying his wife to her place of long rest;
Take, friends, I beseech you, a little more leisure;
For, why should we thus make a toil of a pleasure!
On

§ 322. *On a Bowl of Punch.*

WHENE'ER a bowl of punch we make,
 Four striking opposites we take;
 The strong, the small, the sharp, the sweet,
 Together mix'd, most kindly meet;
 And when they happily unite,
 The bowl "is pregnant with delight:"

In conversation thus we find,
 That, four men differently inclin'd,
 With talents each distinct; and each
 Mark'd by peculiar powers of speech;
 With tempers too, as much the same
 As milk and verjuice, frost and flame;
 Their parts, by properly sustaining,
 May all prove highly entertaining.

§ 323. *A Description of London.*

HOUSES, churches, mixt together,
 Streets unpleasant in all weather;
 Prisons, palaces contiguous,
 Gates, a bridge, the Thames irriguous;
 Gaudy things, enough to tempt ye,
 Showy outides, insides empty;
 Bubbles, trades, mechanic arts,
 Coaches, wheelbarrows, and carts;
 Warrants, bailiffs, bills unpaid,
 Lords of laundresses afraid;
 Rogues, that nightly rob and shoot men,
 Hangmen, aldermen, and footmen;
 Lawyers, poets, priests, physicians;
 Noble, simple, all conditions;
 Worth beneath a thread-bare cover,
 Villany bedaub'd all over;
 Women—black, red, fair, and grey,
 Prudes, and such as never pray;
 Handsome, ugly, noisy, still;
 Some that will not, some that will;
 Many a beau without a shilling,
 Many a widow not unwilling;
 Many a bargain, if you strike it.
 This is London—How d'ye like it?

§ 324. *On a young Lady.*

BEHOLD a nymph, with ev'ry virtue grac'd,
 Minerva's head on Venus' shoulders plac'd!
 Kind nature here displays her nicest art;
 With sweet relieves hides the soundest heart;
 But while it hides, it elegantly tells
 With what benevolence her bosom swells.
 Here's beauty mental, moral, and divine,
 To charm the lover, and his thoughts refine.

§ 325. *PARADOX.*

FOUR people sat down, in one evening to play,
 They play'd all that eve, and parted next day;
 Cou'd you think, when you're told, as thus they
 all sat, [bet:
 No other play'd with them, nor was there one
 Yet, when they rose up, each gained a guinea,
 Tho' none of 'em lost to th' amount of a penny.

Answer.

Four merry fiddlers play'd all night
 To many a dancing ninny;
 And the next morning went away,
 And each receiv'd a guinea.

§ 326. *Reflections over a Pipe of Tobacco and a Pinch of Snuff.*

WHILST smoke arises from my pipe,
 Thus to myself I say:
 Why should I anxious be for life,
 Which vanishes away?
 Our social snuff-boxes convey
 The same ideas just:
 As if they silently would say,
 Let's mingle dust to dust.

§ 327. *Epitaph on a Lawyer.*

ENTOMB'D within this vault, a lawyer lies,
 Whom fame assureth us, was just and wise;
 An able advocate, and honest too!— [true,
 That's wondrous strange, indeed!—if it be
 On

§ 328. *On the Fifth of November.*

By an IRISH BELLMAN.

TO-NIGHT's the day, I speak it with great
sorrow, [inorrow !
That we were all t'have been blown up to-
Therefore take care of fires and candle-light ;
'Tis a cold frosty morn, and so good-night.

§ 329. *A Country Quarter Sessions.*

THREE or four parsons, full of October ;
Three or four 'squires, between drunk and
sober ;
Three or four lawyers, three or four lyars ;
Three or four constables three or four cryers ;
Three or four parishes, bringing appeals,
Three or four writings, and three or four seals ;
Three or four bastards, three or four whores,
Tag, rag, and bobtail, three or four scores ;
Three or four statutes, misunderstood ;
Three or four paupers, all praying for food ;
Three or four roads, that never were mended ;
Three or four scolds—and the sessions is ended.

§ 330. *Epigram.*

WHAT legions of fables and whimsical tales
Pass current for gospel, where priestcraft
prevails !
Our ancestors thus were most strangely deceiv'd ;
What stories and nonsense for faith they believ'd !
But we, their wise sons, who these fable rejects
Even truth, now-a-days, are too apt to suspect ;
From believing too much, the right faith we let
So now we believe, faith ! nothing at all. [fall ;

§ 331. *On Six Sorts of People, who keep Fasts.*

THE miser fasts, because he will not eat ;
The poor man fasts, because he has no meat ;
The rich man fasts, with greedy mind to spare ;
The glutton fasts, to eat the greater share ;
The hypocrite, he fasts, to seem more holy ;
The righteous man, to punish sin and folly.

§ 332. *To ———, Esq. Antiquary and F. R. S.*

GIVE me the thing that's pretty, odd, and
new :
Ail ugly, old, odd things—I leave to you.

§ 333. *Epitaph on a Blacksmith.*

MY sledge and hammer lie declin'd ;
My bellows too have lost their wind ;
My fire's extinct, my forge decay'd ;
My vice is in the dust all laid ;
My coal is spent, my iron gone,
My nails are drove, my work is done.
My fire-dry'd corpse lies here at rest,
My soul, smoke-like, soars to be blest.

§ 334. *A whimsical Epitaph, taken from a
Stone in a Church.*

HERE lies the body of Sarah Sexton,
Who as a wife did never vex one ;
We can't say that for her at th'next stone. }

§ 335. *On Quadrille. To a young Lady.*

DEIGN, lovely nymph, to hear the least of
bards,
Who draws instruction from a game of cards ;
What tho' Quadrille perplex you, here is shown,
How hard the task for her who plays alone.
But, wou'd you then consent to be a wife ?
Think first, Oh think ! you play your cards for
life ! [will,
Shou'd fordid friends controul your right good-
Beware the wretched state of forc'd Spadille.
Shou'd man, by grandeur, strive your heart to
fire,
A cross fish well denotes a purse-proud 'squire ;
Then, pass by wealth and power ; for better, sure,
It is, with some kind swain to play secure ;
And he, dear girl, who does your charms adore,
Now asks you leave, Oh ! let him soon say more.
To-morrow

§ 336. *To-morrow. An Epigram.*

TO-MORROW you will live, you always cry;
 In what far country does to-morrow lye,
 That 'tis so mighty long ere it arrive?
 Beyond the Indies does this morrow live?
 'Tis so far fetch'd, this morrow, that I fear
 'Twill be both very old and very dear.
 To-morrow I will live, the fool does say,
 To-day's too late; the wife liv'd yesterday.

§ 337. *Spoke extempore by the Earl of Rochester to a Parish Clerk.*

STERNHOLD and Hopkins had great qualms,
 When they translated David's Psalms,
 To make the heart full glad:
 But had it been poor David's fate
 To hear thee sing, and them translate,
 By Jove, 'twould made him mad.

§ 338. *Rhyme to Lisbon. By the same.*

HERE's a health to Kate,
 Our Sovereign's mate,
 Of the Royal House of Lisbon;
 But the Devil take Hyde,
 And the Bishop beside,
 That made her bone his bone.

§ 339. *On Punch.*

HENCE, restless care and low design!
 Hence, foreign compliments and wine!
 Let generous Britons, brave and free,
 Still boast their punch and honesty;
 Life is a bumper, fill'd by fate,
 And we the guests, who share the treat;
 Where strong, insipid, sharp, and sweet,
 Each other duly temp'ring, meet;
 A while with joy the scene is crown'd,
 A while the catch and toast go round;
 And, when the full carouse is o'er,
 Death puffs the lights, and shuts the door.

Say, then, physicians of each kind,
 Who cure the body or the mind;
 What harm in drinking can there be,
 Since punch and life so well agree?

§ 340. *The Disappointed Husband.*

A Scolding wife, so long a sleep possess'd,
 Her spouse presum'd her soul was now at rest.

Sable was call'd to hang the room with black;
 And all their cheer was sugar, rolls, and sack.
 Two mourning stiffs stood centry at the door;
 And silence reign'd, who ne'er was there before!
 The clokes, and tears, and handkerchiefs, prepar'd,
 They march'd, in woeful pomp, to the church-yard;
 When, see, of narrow streets what mischiefs come!

The very dead can't pass in quiet home!
 By some rude jolt the coffin-lid was broke,
 And Madam, from her dream of death awoke.
 Now all was spoil'd! the Undertaker's pay,
 Sour faces, cakes, and wine, quite thrown away.
 But some years after, when the former scene
 Was acted, and the coffin nail'd again,
 The tender husband took especial care
 To keep the passage from disturbance clear;
 Charging the bearers that they tread aright,
 Nor put his dear in such another fright.

§ 341. *An Epigram.*

MUSIC's a crotchet, the sober think vain;
 The fiddle's a wooden projection;
 Tunes are but flirts of a whimsical brain,
 Which the bottle brings best to perfection:
 Musicians are half-witted, merry, and mad;
 The same are all those that admire 'em;
 They're fools if they play, unless they're well paid;
 And the others are blockheads to hire 'em.

An

§ 342. *An Epigram.*

SAYS Johnay to Paddy, "I can't for my life,
 "Conceive how a dumb pair are made man
 and wife,
 "Since they can't with the form and the parson
 accord."
 Says Paddy, "You fool! they take each other's
 word."

§ 343. *The Biter Bit.*

A Certain priest had hoarded up
 A secret mass of gold;
 But where he might bestow it safe,
 By fancy was not told.
 At last, it came into his head,
 To lock it in a chest,
 Within the chancel; and he wrote
 Thereon, *Hic Deus est.*
 A merry grig, whose greedy mind
 Long wish'd for such a prey,
 Respected not the sacred words
 That on the casket lay.
 Took out the gold, and blotted out
 The priest's inscript thereon;
 Wrote, *Resurrexit non est hic,*
 "Your God is roste and gone."

§ 344. *On the Death of Dr. Secker, late Archbishop of Canterbury.*

WHILE Secker liv'd, he shew'd how Seers
 should live; [eye;
 While Secker taught, heav'n open'd to our
 When Secker gave, we knew how angels give;
 When Secker dy'd, we knew e'en Saints
 must die.

§ 345. *The First Pair.*

ADAM alone, could not be easy,
 So he must have a wife, an' please ye;
 And how did he procure this wife,
 To cheer his solitary life?

Out of a rib, Sir, from his side,
 Was form'd this necessary bride:
 But how did he the pain beguile?
 How?—He slept sweetly all the while;
 And when this rib was re-apply'd,
 In woman's form to Adam's side;
 How then, I pray you, did it answer?
 "He never slept so sweet again, Sir."

§ 346. *Epigram.*

*Occasioned by the Words "ONE PRIOR," in
 Burnet's History.*

ONE PRIOR!—and is this, this all the fame
 The Poet from th'Historian can claim!
 No; Prior's verse posterity shall quote,
 When 'tis forgot *one Burnet* ever wrote.

§ 347. *On Content. An Epigram.*

IT is not youth can give content,
 Nor is it wealth's decree;
 It is a gift from Heaven sent,
 Tho' not to thee or me.
 It is not in the Monarch's crown,
 Tho' he'd give millions for't;
 It dwells not in his Lordship's frown,
 Or waits on him to court.
 It is not in a coach and six,
 It is not in a garter;
 'Tis not in love, or politics,
 But 'tis in Hodge the carter.

§ 348. *Similies. To Molly.*

MY passion is as mustard strong;
 I sit all sober sad;
 Drunk as a piper all day long,
 Or like a March hare mad.
 Round as a hoop the bumpers flow,
 I drink, yet can't forget her;
 For, tho' as drunk as David's fow,
 I love her still the better.

Pert as a pear-monger, I'd be,
 If Molly were but kind;
 Cool as a cucumber, could see
 The rest of womankind.
 Like a stuck pig, I gaping stare,
 And eye her o'er and o'er;
 Lean as a rake, with sighs and care,
 Sleak as a mouse before.
 Plump as a partridge was I known,
 And soft as silk my skin;
 My cheeks as fat as butter grown;
 But as a groat, now thin!
 I, melancholy as a cat,
 Am kept awake to weep;
 But she, insensible of that,
 Sound as a top can sleep.
 Hard is her heart, as flint or stone,
 She laughs to see me pale;
 And, merry as a grig, is grown,
 And brisk as bottled ale.
 The God of love, at her approach,
 Is busy as a bee!
 Hearts sound as any bell, or roach,
 Are smit, and sigh like me.
 Ay me! as thick as hops, or hail,
 The fine men crowd about her;
 But soon as dead as a door-nail
 Shall I be, if without her.
 Strait as my leg her shape appears!
 Oh! were we join'd together!
 My heart would be scot-free from cares,
 And lighter than a feather.
 As fine as five-pence is her mien,
 No drum was ever tighter;
 Her glance is as a razor keen,
 And not the sun is brighter.
 As soft as pap her kisses are;
 Methinks I taste them yet;
 Brown as a berry is her hair,
 Her eyes as black as jet.
 As smooth as glass, as white as curds,
 Her pretty hand invites;

Sharp as a needle are her words;
 Her wit like pepper bites.
 Brisk as a body-louse she trips,
 Clean as a penny dress;
 Sweet as a rose her breath and lips,
 Round as a globe her breast.
 Full as an egg was I with glee,
 And happy as a king!
 Good Lord! how all men envy'd me!
 She lov'd like any thing!
 But false as hell, she like the wind,
 Chang'd, as her sex must do;
 Tho' seeming as the turtle kind,
 And like the gospel true.
 If I and Molly could agree,
 Let who would take Peru;
 Great as an Emp'ror should I be,
 And richer than a Jew.
 Till you grow tender as a chick,
 I'm dull as any post;
 Let us like burs together stick,
 And warm as any toast.
 You'll find me truer than a die,
 And wish me better speed;
 Flat as a flounder, when I lie,
 And, as a herring, dead.
 Sure as a gun she'll drop a tear,
 And sigh, perhaps, and wish,
 When I am rotten as a pear,
 And mute as any fish.

§ 349. *On the Shortness of Human Life.*

LIKE as a damask rose you see,
 Or like the blossom on the tree;
 Or like the dainty flower in May,
 Or like the morning to the day;
 Or like the sun, or like the shade,
 Or like the gourd which Jonah had;
 E'en such is man, whose thread is spun,
 Drawn out, and cut, and so is done;

Withers

Withers the rose, the blossom blasts,
The flower fades, the morning hastes;
The sun doth set, the shadows fly,
The gourd consumes, and mortals die.

Like to the grass that's newly sprung,
Or like a tale that's new begun;
Or like a bird that's here to-day,
Or like the pearled dew of May;
Or like an hour, or like a span,
Or like the singing of a swan.

E'en such is man, who lives by breath,
Is here, now there, in life and death;
The grass decays, the tale doth end,
The bird is flown, the dews ascend;
The hour is short, the span not long,
The swan's near death, man's life is done.

Like to the bubble in the brook,
Or in a glass much like a look;
Or like the shuttle in the hand,
Or like the writing in the sand;
Or like a thought, or like a dream,
Or like the gliding of the stream;
E'en such is man, who lives by breath,
Is here, now there, in life and death;
The bubble's burst, the look's forgot,
The shuttle's flung, the writing's blot;
The thought is past, the dream is gone,
The water glides, man's life is done.

§ 350. *Epitaph on Captain Jones,
Who published some Marvellous Accounts on his
Travels; the Truth of all which he thought
proper to testify by*

AFFIDAVIT.

TREAD softly, mortals, o'er the bones
Of the world's wonder, Captain Jones!
Who told his glorious deeds to many,
But never was believ'd by any.
Posterity, let this suffice,
He swore all's true, yet here he lies.

* Dr. Sheridan.

† The Dean's friends.

‡ Mr. D. Jackson.

§ 351. *On the Word REPRESENTATIVE.*

TO represent, is but to personate,
What shou'd be truly done, at any rate;
Thus they, who're fairly chose without a fee,
Should give their votes, no doubt, with liberty;
But when a seat is sold by th'venal tribe,
He represents them best—who takes a bribe.

§ 352. *A Portrait from Life. By Dr. SWIFT.*

COME sit by my side, while this picture I draw,
In chatt'ring a magpye, in pride a jackdaw;
A temper, the devil himself cou'd not bridle,
Impertinent mixture of busy and idle;
As rude as a bear, no mule half so crabbed;
She swills like a sow, and she breeds like a rabbit;
A housewife in bed, at table a flattern,
For all an example, for no one a pattern;
Now tell me, friend *Thomas, † Ford, † Grattan
and ‡ merry Dan,
Has this any likeness to good Madam Sheridan.

§ 353. *An Epigram, On seeing a young Lady writing Verses, with a Hole in her Stocking.*

TO see a Lady of such grace,
With so much sense and such a face,
So flatternly, is shocking;
Oh! if you would with Venus vie,
Your pen and poetry lay by,
And learn to mend your stocking.

§ 354. *An Epigram.*

AS Tom was, one day, in deep chat with his
friend,
He gravely advis'd him his manners to mend:
That his morals were bad, he had heard it from
many.
They lie, reply'd Tom, for I never had any.

On

§ 355. *On Time.*

SAY, is there aught that can convey
 An image of its transient stay!
 'Tis an hand's breadth; 'tis a tale;
 'Tis a vessel under sail;
 'Tis a courser's straining steed;
 'Tis a shuttle in its speed;
 'Tis an eagle in its way,
 Darting down upon its prey;
 'Tis an arrow in its flight,
 Mocking the pursuing sight:
 'Tis a vapour in the air;
 'Tis a whirlwind rushing there;
 'Tis a short-liv'd fading flow'r;
 'Tis a rainbow on a show'r;
 'Tis a momentary ray,
 Smiling in a winter's day;
 'Tis a torrent's rapid stream;
 'Tis a shadow; 'tis a dream;
 'Tis the closing watch of night,
 Dying at approaching light;
 'Tis a landscape, vainly gay,
 Painted upon crumbling clay;
 'Tis a lamp that wastes its fires;
 'Tis a smoke that quick expires;
 'Tis a bubble; 'tis a sigh;
 Be prepar'd, O Man! to die.

§ 356. *An Anatomical Epitaph on an Invalid.*
Written by HIMSELF.

HERE lies an head, that often ach'd;
 Here lies two hands that always shak'd;
 Here lies a brain of odd conceit;
 Here lies a heart that often beat:
 Here lie two eyes that daily wept,
 And in the night but seldom slept;
 Here lies a tongue that whining talk'd;
 Here lie two feet that feebly walk'd;
 Here lie the midriff and the breast,
 With loads of indigestion prest;

Here lies the liver, full of bile,
 That ne'er secreted proper chyle;
 Here lie the bowels, human tripes,
 Tortur'd with wind, and twisting gripes;
 Here lies the livid dab, the spleen,
 The source of life's sad tragic scene;
 That left side weight that clogs the blood,
 And stagnates nature's circling flood;
 Here lie the nerves, so often twitch'd
 With painful cramps and poignant stitch;
 Here lies the back, oft rackt with pains;
 Corroding kidneys, loins and reins;
 Here lies the skin, by scurvy fed,
 With pimples and eruptions red;
 Here lies the man from top to toe,
 That fabric fram'd for pain and woe.

§ 357. *A Poem.*

By Sir WALTER RALEIGH.

SHALL I, like an Hermit, dwell
 On a rock, or in a cell,
 Calling home the finallest part
 That is missing of my heart,
 To bestow it where I may
 Meet a rival ev'ry day?
 If she undervalue me,
 What care I how rich she be?
 Were her tresses angel gold,
 If a stranger may be bold,
 Unrebuked, unafraid,
 To convert them to a brayde,
 And, with little more ado,
 Work them into bracelets too;
 If the mine be grown so free,
 What care I how rich it be?
 Were her hand as rich a prize
 As her hairs, or precious eyes;
 If she lay them out to take
 Kisses, for good manners sake;
 And let ev'ry lover skip
 From her hand unto her lip;

If she seem not chaste to me,
What care I how chaste she be?

No, she must be perfect snow
In effect as well as show;
Warming but, as snow-balls do,
Not like fire, by burning too;
But, when she, by change hath got
To her heart a second Lot,
Then, if others share with me,
Farewell her, whate'er she be!

§ 358 *A Poem. Occasioned by the foregoing.*

PAINT, paint no more, no more with blots,

Or chequer so thy face with spots,
That I must view thee, as men strive
To see eclipses through a sieve;
Be thou but pleasing unto me,
What care I what else thou be?

Be thou fatter than a hog,
A butcher's doublet, or his dog;
Be thy cheeks butter, thy nose grease;
May we make brewis on thy face;
Yet if thou do not melt to me,
What care I how fat thou be?

Be thy nose like fiery coals,
Or a grater, full of holes;
Let it turn up, or else hook in,
And so be clasp'd unto thy chin;
Yet, if it turn not unto me,
What care I how crook'd it be?

Though reading, thou must look so close,
As thou wert reading with thy nose;
From thine eyes let filth run more
Than broken boil, or plaguy sore;
Yet, if they do not look on me,
What care I how foul they be?

Canst thou outcold a butter wench,
Or a fresh lawyer at the bench;
Canst thou the noise of thunder drown,
Sour all the bee about the town?

Yet, if thou wilt not speak to me,
What care I how loud thou be?

Be thy mouth like jaws of death,
That they who kiss, must kiss thy teeth;
And hold by th'handle of thy chin,
Lest their foot slip, and they fall in;
Yet, if thou wilt not gape on me,
What care I how broad it be?

Smells thy breath like nurse's clout,
Or a candle just burnt out;
Or so, that men mistake the place,
And untruss, coming near thy face;
Yet, if it smell not so to me,
What care I how strong it be?

Women, like paper, whilst they're white,
Are fit for ev'ry man to write;
I'd have a mistress such a one,
I might be sure she was my own;
Be thou then but such to me,
What care I what else thou be?

§ 359. *The Stage Coach.*

RESOLV'D to visit a far distant friend,
A porter to the Bull-and-Gate, I send,
And bid the slave at all events engage
Some place or other in the Chester stage;
The slave returns—its done as soon as said—
Your honour's sure when once the money's paid;
My brother whip, impatient of delay,
Puts too at three, and swears he cannot stay
(Four dismal hours before the break of day.)
Rous'd from sound sleep, thrice call'd, at length

I rise, [eyes;

Yawning, stretch out my arms, half clos'd my
By steps and lantern enter the machine,
And take my place, how cordially! between
Two aged matrons of excessive bulk,
To mend the matter too, of meaner folk;
While in like mode, jam'd in on t'other side,
A bullying Captain and a fair one ride;

S

Foolish

Foolish as fair, and in whose lap a boy—
 —Our plague eternal, but her only joy;
 At last, the glorious number to complete,
 Steps in my landlord for that bodkin seat;
 When soon by ev'ry hillock, rut, and stone,
 Into each other's face by turns we're thrown;
 This grannam scolds, that coughs, and Captain
 swears,

The fair-one screams, and has a thousand fears;
 While our plump landlord, train'd in other ore,
 Slumbers at ease, nor yet asham'd to snore;
 And master Dicky in his mother's lap,
 Squalling, brings up at once three meals of pap;
 Sweet company! next time, I do protest, Sir,
 I'll walk to Dublin ere I'll ride to Chester.

§ 360. *Mr. Garrick being asked by a Nobleman if he did not intend to sit in Parliament, gave him an Answer in the following Lines.*

MORE than content with what my talents gain
 Of public favour, though a little vain;
 Yet not so vain my mind, so madly bent,
 To wish to play the fool in Parliament;
 In each dramatic unity to err;
 Mistaking time and place, and character:
 Were it my fate to quit the mimic art,
 I'd "strut and fret" no more in any part;
 No more in public scenes would I engage,
 Or wear the cap and mask on any stage.

§ 361. *The Thought; or, A Song of Similies.*

I'VE thought, the fair Narcissa cries;
 What is it like, Sir?—"Like your eyes—"
 "'Tis like a chair—'tis like a key—"
 "'Tis like a purge—'tis like a flea—"
 "'Tis like a beggar—like the sun—"
 "'Tis like the Dutch—'tis like the moon—"
 "'Tis like a kilderkin of ale—"
 "'Tis like a Doctor—like a whale—"
 Why art my eyes, Sir, like a SWORD?
 For that's the Thought, upon my word.

"Ah! witness every pang I feel,
 "The deaths they give, the likeness tell.
 "A sword is like a chair you'll find,
 "Because, 'tis most an end behind.
 "'Tis like a key, for't will undo one;
 "'Tis like a purge, for't will run thro' one;
 "'Tis like a flea, and reason good,
 "'Tis often drawing human blood."
 Why like a beggar?—"You shall hear;
 "'Tis often carry'd 'fore the May'r;
 "'Tis like the sun, because 'tis gilt;
 "Besides, it travels in a belt.
 "'Tis like the Dutch, we plainly see,
 "Because that state, whenever we
 "A push for our own int'rest make,
 "Does instantly our sides forsake."
 The moon?—"Why, when all's said and done,
 "A sword is very like the moon;
 "For if his Majesty (God bless him)
 "When County Sheriff comes t'address him,
 "Is pleas'd his favours to bestow
 "On him, before him kneeling low,
 "This o'er his shoulders glitters bright,
 "And gives the glory to the Knight (night):
 "'Tis like a kilderkin, no doubt,
 "For its not long in drawing out.
 "'Tis like a Doctor; for who will
 "Dispute a Doctor's pow'r to kill?"
 But why a sword is like a whale
 Is no such easy thing to tell;
 "But since all swords are swords, d'ye see,
 "Why, let it then a backsword be,
 "Which, if well us'd, will seldom fail
 "To raise up somewhat like a whale."

§ 362. *The Astronomer's Room.*

ONE day I call'd, and, PHILO out,
 I op'd the door, and look'd about;
 When, all his goods being full in view,
 I took this inventory true:—

Item.

Item.—A bed without a curtain,
 A broken jar to empty dirt in;
 A candlestick, a greasy night-cap,
 A spitting-pot to catch what might hap;
 Two stockings darn'd with numerous stitches,
 A piece of shirt, a pair of breeches;
 A three legg'd stool, a four-legg'd table,
 Were fill'd with books unfit for rabble;
 Sines, tangents, secants, radius, co-sines,
 Subtangents, segments, and all those signs;
 Enough to shew the man who made 'em
 Was full as mad as he who read 'em:
 An almanack of six years standing,
 A cup with ink, and one with sand in;
 One corner held his books and chest,
 And round the floor was strew'd the rest;
 That all things might be like himself,
 He'd neither closet, drawer, or shelf;
 Here, piss-pot, sauce-pot, broken platter,
 Appear'd like heterogeneous matter.
 In ancient days the walls were white,
 But who 'gainst damps and snails can fight?
 They're now in wreathy ringlets bound,
 Some square, some oval, and some round;
 The antiquarian there may find
 Each hieroglyphic to his mind;
 Such faces there may fancy trace,
 As never yet knew time or place;
 And he who studies maps or plans,
 Has all the work done to his hands;
 In short, the room, the goods, and author,
 Appear'd to be one made for t'other.

§ 363. *Epitaph by a Gentleman, to the Memory
 of his Lady.*

FAREWELL, my best belov'd, whose heav'nly
 mind,
 Genius and virtue, strength with softness join'd,
 Devotion undebas'd by pride or art,
 With meek simplicity and joy of heart;

Tho' sprightly, gentle; tho' polite, sincere,
 And only of thyself a judge severe;
 Unblam'd, unequal'd in each sphere of life,
 The tenderest daughter, sister, parent, wife;
 In thee, their patroness, th'afflicted lost;
 Thy friends, their pattern, ornament, and boast;
 And I—but ah! can words my loss declare,
 Or paint th'extremes of transport and despair;
 O thou, beyond what verse or speech can tell,
 My guide, my friend, my best belov'd, farewell!

§ 364. *On seeing a great Commander effeminately
 dressed at a Ball.*

'TIS said that our soldiers so lazy are grown,
 with pleasure and plenty undone,
 That they more for their carriage than courage
 are known,
 And scarce know the use of a gun.
 Let them say what they will, since it nobody galls,
 And exclaim out still louder and louder;
 But there ne'er was more money expended in balls,
 Or a greater consumption of powder.

§ 365. *An original Epitaph.*

HERE lies fast asleep, awake me who can?
 That medley of passions and follies, a Man;
 Who sometimes lov'd licence, and sometimes re-
 straint,
 Too much of the sinner, too little of saint;
 From quarter to quarter I shifted my track;
 'Gainst the evils of life a most notable quack;
 But, alas! I soon found the defects of my skill,
 And my nostrums in practice prov'd treacherous
 still;
 From life's certain ills, 'twas in vain to seek ease,
 The remedy oft prov'd another disease:
 What in rapture began, often ended in sorrow;
 And the pleasure to-day, brought reflection to-
 morrow:

S 2

When

When each action was o'er, and its errors were
seen,

Then I view'd with surprize the strange thing I
had been.

My body and mind were so oddly contriv'd,
That at each other's failing, both parties con-
niv'd. [pain,

Imprudence of mind brought on sickness and
The body diseas'd, paid the debt back again.

Thus coupled together, life's journey they past,
Till they wrangled and jangled, and parted at last.

Thus tir'd and weary, I have finish'd my course,
Am glad it is bed-time, and things are no worse.

§ 366. *Epitaph on an Honest Sailor.*

WHETHER sailer or not, for a moment a vast !
Poor Tom's mizen top-sail is laid to the
mast ;

He'll never turn out, or more heave the lead ;
He's now All-a-Back, nor will sails Shoot-a-
Head.

He ever was brisk, and tho' now gone to wreck,
When he hears the last Whistle he'll jump upon
Deck.

§ 367. *The Consultation.*

THREE Doctors met in consultation,
Proceed with great deliberation ;
The case was desperate all agreed ;
But what of that ?—they must be see'd ;
They write then, as 'twas fit they should,
But for their own, not patient's good ;
Consulting wisely, don't mistake, Sir,
Not what to give, but what to take, Sir.

§ 368. *On a Landlord, drunk.*

LANDLORD, with thee, now even is the wine,
For thou has pierc'd his hog'shead, and he
thine.

§ 369. *A Rhapsody.*

AS I walk'd by myself, I said to myself,
And myself said again to me,
Look to thyself, take care of thyself,
For nobody cares for thee ;
Then I said to myself, and thus answer'd myself,
With the self-same repartee,
Look to thyself, or look not to thyself,
'Tis the self-same thing to me.

§ 370. *To-Day and To-Morrow.*

TO-Day man's dress'd in gold and silver bright,
Wrapt in a shroud before to-morrow night ;
To-Day he's feeding on delicious food,
To-Morrow dead, unable to do good ;
To-Day he's nice, and scorns to feed on crumbs,
To-Morrow he's himself a dish for worms ;
To-Day he's honour'd, and in vast esteem,
To-Morrow not a beggar values him ;
To-Day he rises from a velvet bed,
To-Morrow lies in one that's made of lead ;
To-Day his house, tho' large, he thinks but small,
To-Morrow no command, no house at all ;
To-Day has forty servants at his gate,
To-Morrow scorn'd, not one of them will wait !
To-Day perfum'd, as sweet as any rose,
To-Morrow stinks in every body's nose ;
To-Day he's grand, majestic, all delight,
Ghastful and pale before To-Morrow night ;
True, as the scripture says, "man's life's a span."
The present moment is the life of man.

§ 371. *An Inscription over a Gentleman's
Chimney-Piece, near Barnsley.*

TO my best, my friends are free ;
Free with that, and free with me ;
Free to pass the harmless joke,
And the tube sedately smoke ;
Free to drink—just what they please,
As at home, and at their ease ;

Free

Free to speak, and free to think—
No informers with me drink;
Free to stay a night or so;
When uneasy, free to go.

§ 372. *The Character.*

AN easy mien, engaging in address,
Looks, which at once, each winning grace
express;

A life, where love and truth are ever join'd,
A nature ever great, and ever kind;
A wisdom solid, and a judgment clear,
The smile indulgent, and a soul sincere;
Meek without meanness, gentle and humane,
Fond of improving, but yet never vain;
So justly good, so faithful to his friend,
Ever obliging, cautious to offend;
A mind, where gen'rous pity stands confest'd,
Ready to ease and succour the distress'd;
If these respect and admiration raise,
They surely must demand our greatest praise;
In one bright view th'accomplish'd youth we see;
These virtues all are thine—and thou art he.

§ 373. *Poverty and Poetry.*

'TWAS sung of old, how one Amphion
Could by his verses tame a Lion;
And by his strange enchanting tunes,
Make bears and wolves dance rigadoons;
His songs could call the timber down,
And form it into house or town;
But it is plain, now in these times,
No house is rais'd by poet's rhymes;
They for themselves can only rear
A few old castles in the air.

Poor are the brethren of the Bays,
Down from high strains to ekes and ayes;
The muses too are virgins yet,
And may be till they portions get;
Yet, still the doating rhymer dreams,
And sings of Helicon's bright streams;

But Helicon, for all his clatter,
Yields nothing but insipid water;
Yet, ev'n athirst, he sweetly sings
Of Nectar and Elysian springs.
The grave physician, who by physic,
Like death, dispatches him that is sick,
Pursues a sure and thriving trade;
Tho' patients die, the doctor's paid;
Licenc'd to kill, he gains a palace,
For what another mounts a gallows.

In shady groves the muses play,
And love, in flow'ry meads to stray;
Pleas'd with a bleaky barren ground,
Where rip'ning fruits are never found.

But then some say you purchase fame,
And gain a never dying name;
Great recompense for real trouble!
To be rewarded with a bubble.

Thus soldiers, who in many battles
Get bangs and blows, and God knows what else,
Are paid with fame and wooden leg,
And gain a pass, with leave to beg.

§ 374. *On Bribery.*

A Poor man once a judge besought,
To judge aright his cause;
And with a pot of oil salutes
This judger of the laws.
My friend, quoth he, thy cause is good.
He glad away did trudge;
Anon. his wealthy foe did come,
Before this partial judge.
A hog, well fed, this churl presents,
And craves a strain of law;
The hog receiv'd, the poor man's right
Was judg'd not worth a straw.
Therewith he cry'd, O! partial judge,
Thy doom has me undone;
When oil I gave, my cause was good;
But now to ruin run.

S 3

Poor

Poor man, quoth he, I thee forgot,
And see, thy cause of foil;
A hog came since into my house,
And broke thy pot of oil.

§ 375. *Lady Jane Gray being asked her Opinion concerning the real Presence in the Sacrament, gave the following artful and solid Answer :*

CHRIST was the word that spake it;
He took the bread and brake it;
And what the word did make it
That I believe, and take it.

§ 376. *Epigram.*

IT blew an hard storm, and in utmost confusion,
The sailors all hurried to get absolution;
Which done, and the weight of their sins they'd
confess'd,
Were transferr'd, as they thought, from them-
selves to the priest;
To lighten the ship and conclude their devotion,
They tois'd the poor parson fouse into the ocean.

§ 377. *Epigram.*

KIND Peggy kiss'd her husband, with these
words,
" Mine-own sweet Will, how dearly I love
" thee!"
If true, quoth Will, the world none such affords;
And that, 'tis true, I dare her warrant be:
For ne'er was woman yet, or good or ill,
But lov'd, always best, her own sweet Will.

§ 378. *Epitaph on a Cobler.*

DEATH at a Cobler's door oft made a stand,
And always found him on the mending
hand;
At last, came Death, in very dirty weather,
And ripp'd the sole from off the upper-leather;

Death put a trick upon him, and what was't?
The cobler call'd for's awl, Death brought his
last.

§ 379. *Dialogue between Harry, who had a large Library, and Dick, who had more Understanding than Books.*

QUOTH Harry to his friend, one day,
" Wou'd, Richard, I'd thy Head!"
" What wilt thou give for't? (Dick reply'd)
" The bargain's quickly made."
" My head and all my books I'd give,
" With readiness and freedom."
" I'd take thy books; but with thy head,
" Gad zooks! I ne'er could read'em.

§ 380. *True Benevolence.*

THE other day, says Ned to Joe
(Ned Bedlam's confines groping)
Whene'er I hear the cries of woe,
My hand is always open.
I own, says Joe, that, to the poor
(You prove it ev'ry minute)
Your hand is open, to be sure;
But then, there's nothing in it.

§ 381. *On the Death of Dean Swift.*

WHEN Gay breath'd his last, we in silence
complain'd,
But yet, we'd a Pope and a Swift, who remain'd;
Pope falls! — all Parnassus resounds with our
cries, [the skies;
And prayers daily made to keep Swift from
Vain wishes! vain prayers! to the winds they
are giv'n,
For Death comes relentless, and takes him to
heav'n;
At little misfortunes we're soberly sad,
But 'tis time, now we've lost all our wits — to
run mad.

Epigram

BOOK IV. EPIGRAMS, &c.

§ 382. *Epigram on Bishop Atterbury's burying the Duke of Buckingham.*

I HAVE no hopes, the duke he says, and dies;
"In sure and certain hopes" — the prelate cries.

Of these two learned peers, I pr'ithee say, man,
Who is the living knave, the priest or layman?
The duke, he stands, an infidel confest;
"He's our dear brother," quoth the lordly priest.
The duke, the knave, still brother dear he cries,
And who can say the reverend prelate lies?

§ 383. *Written under a Lady's Name in a Window.*

THREE brilliants fair Celinda grac'd
(There love's artillery lies);
One from her snowy finger blaz'd,
Two sparkled in her eyes.

The first, which shone with fainter rays,
Could here her name impart;
The others drew her charming face
More deeply on my heart.

§ 384. *Spoken Extempore to a Lady, on being asked what this World was like.*

THIS world is a prison in every respect,
Whose walls are the heavens in common;
The gaoler is sin, and the prisoners men;
And the fetters are nothing but—women.

§ 385. *The Thief.*

I Tell with equal truth and grief,
That little Kitt's an arrant thief;
Before the urchin well could go,
She stole the whiteness of the snow;
And more,—that whiteness to adorn,
She stole the blushes of the morn;
Stole all the softness Æther pours
On primrose buds, in vernal show'rs.

There's no repeating all her wiles,
She stole the Graces winning smiles:
'Twas quickly seen she robb'd the sky,
To plant a star in either eye;
She pilfer'd oriental pearl for teeth,
And stole the cow's ambrosial breath;
The cherry, steep'd in morning dew,
Gave moisture to her lips and hue.

These were her infant spoils; a store
To which, in time, she added more;
As twelve she stole from Cyprus queen
Her air and love-commanding mien;
Stole Juno's dignity, and stole
From Pallas, sense to charm the soul;
She sung—amaz'd, the syrens heard,
And, to assert their voice, appear'd;
She play'd—the muses, from their hill,
Wonder'd who thus had stole their skill;
Apollo's wit was next her prey,
And then the beams that light the day;
While Jove, her pilf'ring thefts to crown,
Pronounc'd these beauties all her own;
Pardon'd her crimes, and prais'd her art,
And t'other day she stole—my heart.

Cupid! if lovers are thy care,
Revenge the vot'ry on the fair;
Do justice on her stolen charms,
And let her prison be—my arms.

§ 386. *On the frequent Defeats of the French Army in the last War.*

THE toast of each Briton in war's dread
alarms,
O'er bottle or bowl, is success to our arms;
Attack'd, put to flight, and soon forc'd from
each trench,
Success to our legs, is the toast of the French.

§ 387. *Epitaph on a Scolding Wife.*

HERE lies my wife, poor Molly! let her lie;
She finds repose at last—and so do I.

§ 388. *Beauty's Value.* By SHAKESPEARE.

BEAUTY is but a vain, a fleeting good,
A shining gloss that fadeth suddenly;
A flower that dies when almost in the bud,
A brittle glass that breaketh presently.
A fleeting good, a gloss, a glass, a flower,
Lost, faded, broken, dead within an hour.
As goods when lost, we know, are seldom found,
As fading gloss no rubbing can excite;
As flowers, when dead, are trampled on the
ground,
As broken glass no cement can unite;
So beauty blemish'd once, is ever lost,
In spite of physic, painting, pains and cost.

§ 389. *A Sailor having been sentenced to the Cat-of-Nine-Tails, when tied ready for Punishment, spoke the following Lines to his Commander, who had an Aversion to a Cat.*

BY your honour's command, an example I
stand
Of your justice to all the ship's crew;
I'm hamper'd and stript, and if I am whipp'd,
'Tis no more than I own is my due.
In this bad condition, I humbly petition
To offer some lines to your eye:
Merry Tom by such trash avoided the lash;
And if fate and you please, so may I.
There's nothing you hate (I'm inform'd) like
a cat!
Why! your honour's aversion is mine;
If pufs then with one tail can so make your
heart fail,
O! save me from that which has nine.
N. B. He was pardoned.

§ 390. *On a certain Lady's Study,*

TO Chloe's study shall we go?
(For ladies have their studies now)

Oh! what a splendid sight is there!
'Twould make the dullest hermit stare;
There stands all rang'd, in proud array,
Each French romance and modern play;
Love's magazine of flames and darts,
Whole histories of eyes and hearts!
But oh! view well the outward scene,
You'll never need to look within;
What Chloe loves, she plainly shows,
For lo! her very books are beaux.

§ 391. *An Epigram.*

THE lofty oak, from a small acorn grows,
And to the skies ascends with spreading
boughs;
As years increase, it shades th'extended plain,
Then, big with death, and vengeance, plows
the main,
Hence rises fame and safety to our shore,
And from an acorn springs Britannia's power.

§ 392. *The Modern Courtier.*

PRAY, say what's that, which smirking trips
this way,
That powder'd thing, so neat, so trim, so gay?
Adorn'd with tambour'd vest, and spangled
sword,
That supple servile thing?—O! that's a Lord!
You jest—that thing a Peer! an English Peer!
Who ought (with head, estate, and conscience
clear)
Either in grave debate, or hardy fight,
Firmly maintain a free-born people's right:
Surely those Lords were of another breed
Who met their monarch John, — at Runne-
mede;
And clad in steel, there, in a glorious hour,
Made the curb tyrant feel the people's pow'r;
Made him confess, beneath that awful rod,
Their voice united is the voice of God.

Epitaph

§ 393. *Epitaph on a beautiful and virtuous young Lady.*

SLEEP soft in dust, wait the Almighty's will,
Then rise unchang'd, and be an angel still.

§ 394. *An Epitaph on a poor, but honest Man.*

STOP, reader here, and deign a look
On one without a name;
Ne'er enter'd in the ample book
Of fortune, or of fame.

Studious of peace, he hated strife,
Meek virtues fill'd his breast;
His coat of arms, 'a spotless life;
'An honest heart,' his crest.

Quarter'd therewith was innocence;
And thus his motto ran:
'A conscience void of all offence
'Before both God and man.'

In the great day of wrath, tho' pride
Now scorns his pedigree;
Thousands shall wish they'd been ally'd
To this great family.

§ 395. *An Epitaph on a very idle Fellow.*
From CAMDEN.

HERE lyeth one that once was born, and
cry'd; [dy'd.
Liv'd sev'ral years, and then — and then — he

§ 396. *The Picture of Slander.*

WHAT mortal 'but Slander, that serpent,
hath stung, [tongue?
Whose teeth are sharp arrows, a razor her
The poison of asps, her vivid lip loads,
The rattle of snakes with the spittle of toads;
Her throat is an open sepulchre; her legs
Sit hatching of vipers and cockatrice eggs;
Her sting is a scorpion's: like hyena, she'll cry;
With the ear of an adder, a basilisk's eye;

The mouth of a monkey, the hug of a bear,
The head of a parrot, the chat of a hare;
The wing of a magpye, the snout of a hog,
The feet of a mole, and the tail of a dog;
Her claw is a tyger's, her forehead is brass,
With the hiss of a goose, and the bray of an ass.

§ 397. *On a covetous old Parson.*

CRIES Spintext, in spleen, "This public
donation,
Methinks, favours much of vain ostentation;
G—d bless me, five pounds! why the sum is
immense!

And for pity, mere pity! 'tis shew and pretence;
When I do an alms, fame's trumpet ne'er blows.
What my right hand is doing, my left never
knows;

All my gifts I bestow in so private a way,
'That when, how, or where, no mortal can say."
Spintext, it is true, has such art to conceal
'em, [feel'em;
That his parish ne'er see, nor the poor ever
And thus he makes sure that none shall re-
veal'em.

§ 398. *To Lady Mary Worsley Montague.*
By Mr. PORE.

IN beauty or wit, no mortal as yet
To question your empire has dar'd;
But men of discerning have thought that in
learning,
To yield to a lady, was hard.

Impertinent schools, with musty dull rules,
Have reading to females deny'd;
So Papists refute the bible to use,
Left flocks should be wise as their guide.

'Twas a woman at first (indeed she was curst)
In knowledge that tasted delight;
And sages agree, the laws should decree
To the first of possessors the right.

Then bravely, fair dame, resume the old claim,
Which to your whole sex does belong;
And let men receive, from a second bright EVE,
The knowledge of right and of wrong.

But if the first Eve hard doom did receive,
When only one apple had she; [you,
What punishment new shall be found out for
Who, tasting, have robb'd the whole tree?

§ 399. *Epigram to a pretended Friend, and
real Enemy.*

THY hesitating tongue, and doubtful face,
Shew all thy kindness to be mere grimace;
Throw off the mask; at once be foe, or friend;
'Tis base to soothe when malice is the end;
The rock that's seen gives the poor sailor dread;
But double terror that which hides its head.

§ 400. *On a Tomb-stone in Essex.*

HERE lies the man Richard,
And Mary his wife;
Their surname was Pritchard;
They liv'd without strife;
And the reason was plain—
They abounded in riches;
They nor care had nor pain;
And the wife WORE THE BREECHES!

§ 401. *An Epitaph on the Death of a favourite
Parrot, that was found in a Necessary-House.*

HERE safe lies interr'd, the remains of a bird,
Who submits to all-conquering fate;
Whose master took care to teach it to swear,
As his mistress had taught it to prate.

If complaint should be made of the place where
he's laid,
Poor Betty is only in fault;
Poor Betty, to save th'expense of a grave,
Thought proper to chuse it a vault.

To preserve its dear fame for time without name,
His mistress, still kinder and kinder;
Declar'd with a tear, she'd never come here
Without leaving something behind her.

§ 402. *On the Death of a Wife, a notable
Scold and a Shrew. By the Husband.*

WE lived one and twenty year,
As man and wife together;
I could no longer keep her here,
She's gone—I know not whither.

Could I but guess, I do protest,
I speak it not to flatter!
Of all the women in the world
I never would come at her.

Her body is bestowed well,
A handsome grave doth hide her;
And sure her soul is not in hell,
—The devil would ne'er abide her.

I rather think she's soar'd aloft,
For in the last great thunder,
Methought, I heard her very voice
Rending the clouds in sunder.

§ 403. *Epitaph on Mr. Thomas Hammond, a
Parish Clerk, a good Man, and an excellent
Backgammon Player. Was succeeded in his
Office by a Mr. Trice.*

BY the chance of the die,
On his back here doth lie
Our most audible clerk, Master Hammond;
Tho' he bore many men
Till threelcore and ten,
Yet, at length, he by death is backgammon'd,
But hark! neighbours, hark!
Here again comes the clerk;
By a hit very lucky and nice;
With death we're now even,
He just stept to heaven,
And is with us again in a TRICE.

§ 404. *The Rose.* By Mr. PHILIPS.

THE rose's age is but a day;
Its bloom the pledge of its decay;
Sweet in scent, in colour bright;
It blows at morn, and fades at night.

Imitated by Dr. SWIFT.

My age is not a moment's stay,
My birth the same with my decay;
I favour ill; no colour know;
And fade the instant that I blow.

§ 405. *A Boston Epigram. — Wrote in 1774.*
To the Ministry.

YOU'VE sent a rod to Massachusset,
Thinking th' Americans will buse it;
But much I fear for Britain's sake,
That this same rod will prove a snake.

§ 406. *On Matrimony. An Epigram.*

TOM prais'd his friend, who chang'd his state,
For binding fast himself to Kate,
In union so divine;
'Wedlock's the end of life,' he cry'd;
"Too true, alas," said Jack, and sigh'd,
" 'Twill be the end of mine."

§ 407. *Epitaph on Lady Molefworth, who was burnt to death by a Fire which broke out in her Dwelling-House, London, the 6th of May, 1763.*

A Peerless matron, pride of female life,
In ev'ry state, as widow, maid, or wife;
Who wedded to threescore, preserv'd her fame;
She liv'd a Phoenix, and expir'd in flame.

§ 408. *On hearing of a Gentleman's Pocket being pick'd of his Watch.*

HE that a watch would wear, this he must do,
Pocket his watch, and watch his pocket too.

§ 409. *The Country Parson's Blessings.*

WOULD ye, my friends, live free from care,
Attentive lend a willing ear;
While I, in humble verse, relate
The blessings of my humble state:
I have a living brings in clear
About an hundred pounds a year;
The tythe well paid, without law—strife
(I'm not incumber'd with a wife);
A single church, not grand, but neat;
My people rather good than great;
A strong-built house, and pasture good,
Where Sorrel crops his livelihood;
A garden cloth'd with greens and fruits,
And intermix'd with flow'ry roots;
A walk, with well-mow'd greensward laid,
Where I may smoke, in sun or shade;
A terrace rais'd, whence I survey
The market folk, who pass that way;
A shaded bench, where I may read
Old Baker's Chronicle, or Speed:
The neighb'ring clergy, kind and free,
Who give and take civility;
Of humour good, of mirth and sense,
Who o'er a glass some wit dispense;
(For where's the crime to meet and prate,
Of country news, and tricks of state?)
Some social gents of goodly worth,
Who scorn to boast of wealth or birth;
Who ne'er assume the courtier's frown,
Yet keep above the homely clown:
Who love their country, king, and church,
And in no dues the parson lurch:
With ease, I keep a maid and man;
This *Hussy* call'd, the other *Nan*:
A table sleek, with pudding grac'd,
Or plain or plumb, as suits my taste:
Attended by a fav'ry dish
Of mutton, beef, or fowl, or fish:
A pile of sallad, fresh and green;
In summer, fruit, well pick'd and clean;

Sound sparkling ale, and sometimes wine,
 When Patron deigns with Vic——to dine.
 Oft, o'er the fields with gun I stride,
 And faithful *Banter* by my side:
 Then, if a mushroom is in sight,
 It serves to supper me at night;
 Or else a veltfare, or a snipe;
 Sometimes a dish of double tripe.

Thus joyous do I pass my life,
 Stranger to tumult or to strife;
 Pleasures I feel in this estate,
 Unfelt, unknown, to rich and great;
 When airy fancy mounts on wing,
 I think myself a sort of king;
 My pipe, my scepter; cup, my crown;
 My elbow chair, my regal throne.

§ 410. *The happy Fire-Side.*

THE hearth was clean, the fire was clear,
 The kettie on for tea;
 Palemon, in his elbow chair,
 As blest'd as man could be.
 Clarinda, who his heart possess'd,
 And was his new-made bride;
 With head reclin'd upon his breast,
 Sat toying by his side.
 Stretch'd at his feet, in happy state,
 A fav'rite dog was laid;
 By whom a little sportive cat,
 In wanton humour, play'd.
 Clarinda's hand he gently press'd,
 She stole an am'rous kiss;
 And blushing, modestly confess'd
 The fulness of her bliss.
 Palemon, with a heart elate,
 Pray'd to Almighty Jove,
 That it might ever be his fate,
 Just so to live, and love.
 Be this eternity, he cry'd,
 And let no more be given;
 Continue this, my lov'd fire-side,
 I ask no other heaven!

§ 411. *The Retrospect of Life.*

RICHES, Chance may take or give;
 Beauty lives a day, and dies;
 Honour lulls us while we live;
 Mirth's a cheat, and Pleasure flies.
 Is there nothing worth our care?
 Time, and Chance, and Death our foes;
 If our joys so fleeting are,
 Are we only ty'd to woes?
 Let bright Virtue answer, no;
 Her eternal powers prevail
 When honours, riches, cease to flow,
 And Beauty, Mirth, and Pleasure fail.

§ 412. *An Invitation into the Country.*

THE swallows, in their torpid state,
 Compose their useless wing,
 And bees in hives as idly wait
 The call of early spring.
 The keenest frost that binds the stream,
 The wildest wind that blows,
 Are neither felt nor fear'd by them,
 Secure of their repose.
 But man, all feeling and awake,
 The gloomy scene surveys;
 With present ills his heart must ach,
 And pant for brighter days.
 Old Winter, halting o'er the mead,
 Bids me and Mary mourn;
 But lovely Spring peeps o'er his head,
 And whispers your return.
 Then April, with her sister May,
 Shall chase him from the bow'rs,
 And weave fresh garlands ev'ry day
 To crown the smiling hours.
 And if a tear that speaks regret
 Of happier times appear,
 A glimpse of joy that we have met,
 Shall shine, and dry the tear.

Invitation

§ 413 *Invitation to the Feathered Race.*

GREAVES.

AGAIN the balmy zephyr blows,
 Fresh verdure decks the grove ;
 Each bird with vernal rapture glows,
 And tunes his notes to love.
 Ye gentle warblers ! hither fly,
 And shun the noon-tide heat :
 My shrubs a cooling shade supply ;
 My groves, a safe retreat.
 Here freely hop from spray to spray,
 Or weave the mossy nest ;
 Here rove and sing the live-long day ;
 At night, here sweetly rest.
 Amid this cool translucent rill,
 That trickles down the glade,
 Here bathe your plumes, here drink your fill,
 And revel in the shade.
 No school-boy rude, to mischief prone,
 E'er shews his ruddy face,
 Or twangs his bow, or hurls a stone,
 In this sequester'd place.
 Hither the vocal thrush repairs ;
 Secure the linnet sings ;
 The goldfinch dreads no slimy snares,
 To clog her painted wings.
 Sad Philomel ! ah, quit thy haunt,
 Yon distant woods among,
 And, round my friendly grotto, chant
 Thy sweetly plaintive song.
 Let not the harmless redbreast fear,
 Domestic bird, to come
 And seek a sure asylum here,
 With one that loves his home.
 My trees for you, ye artless tribe !
 Shall store of fruit preserve :
 O ! let me thus your friendship bribe ;
 Come, feed without reserve.

For you, these cherries I protect ;
 To you, these plums belong :
 Sweet is the fruit that you have peck'd :
 But sweeter far your song.
 Let, then, this league betwixt us made,
 Our mutual int'rests guard :
 Mine, be the gift of fruit and shade ;
 Your songs be my reward.

§ 414. *Address to a Nightingale.* THOMSON.

NIGHTINGALE ! best poet of the grove,
 That plaintive strain can ne'er belong to thee,
 Blest in the full possession of thy love :
 O lend that strain, sweet Nightingale ! to me.
 'Tis mine, alas ! to mourn my wretched fate :
 I love a maid who all my bosom charms,
 Yet lose my days without this lovely mate ;
 Inhuman fortune keeps her from my arms.
 You, happy birds ! by nature's simple laws
 Lead your soft lives, sustain'd by nature's fare ;
 You dwell wherever fancy roving draws,
 And love and song is all your pleasing care :
 But we, vain slaves of int'rest and of pride,
 Dare not be blest, lest envious tongues should
 blame ;
 And hence, in vain, I languish for my bride :
 O mourn with me, sweet bird ! my hapless flame.

§ 415. *Lines from Dr. Barnard, Dean of Derry, to Dr. Goldsmith, and Mr. Cumberland.*

DEAR Noll and dear Dick, since you've made
 us so merry, [Derry !
 Accept the best thanks of the poor Dean of
 Tho' I here must confess, that your meat and
 your wine [fine ;
 Are not quite to my taste, tho' they're both very
 For sherry's a liquor monastic, you own ;
 Now there's nothing I hate so—as drinking
 alone :

It

It may do for your monks, or your curates and
vicars, [quors.

But, for my part, I'm fond of more sociable li-
Your ven'son's delicious—tho' too sweet your
sauc is—

Sed non ego maculis offender paucis. [dish up ;
So soon as you please, you may serve me your
But instead of your sherry, pray make me a—
Fishop.

§ 416. *On Dr. Goldsmith's Characteristical
Cookery.*

A Jeu D'Esprit.

By D. GARRICK, Esq.

ARE these the choice dishes the Doctor has
sent us ? [us ?

Is this the great poet whole works so content
This Goldsmith's fine feast, who has written
fine books ! [cooks.

Heaven sends us good meat—but the Devil sends

§ 417. *Jupiter and Mercury. A Fable. Writ-
ten some Time since. IBID.*

HERE, *Hermes*, says *Jove*, who with nectar
was mellow, [fellow ;—

Go fetch me some clay—I will make an odd
Right and wrong shall be jumbled,—much gold
and some dross ; [cross ;

Without cause be he pleas'd, without cause be he
Be sure, as I work, to throw in contradictions,
A great love of truth, yet a mind turn'd to fic-
tions ; [the baking,

Now mix these ingredients, which, warm'd in
Turn to learning and gaming,—religion and
raking. [chaste ;

With the love of a wench, let his writings be
Tip his tongue with strange matter, his pen with
fine taste ;

That the rake and the poet o'er all may prevail,
Set fire to the head, and set fire to the tail : [it,
For the joy of each sex, on the world I'll bestow
This *Scholar, Rake, Christian, Dupe, Gamester,*
and *Poet ;*

Tho' a mixture so odd, he shall merit great fame,
And among brother mortals—be GOLDSMITH
his name !

When on earth this strange meteor no more
shall appear, [here !
You, *Hermes*, shall fetch him—to make us sport

§ 418. *The Lamentation of Glumdalclitch,*

For the Loss of Grildrig.

A Pastoral.

GAY.

SOON as Glumdalclitch miss'd her pleasing
care,

She wept, the blubber'd, and she tore her hair.

No British miss sincerer grief has known,

Her squirrel missing, or her sparrow flown.

She furl'd her sampler, and haul'd in her thread,

And stuck her needle into Grildrig's bed ;

Then spread her hands, and with a bounce let

Her baby, like the giant in Guildhall. [fall

In peals of thunder now she roars, and now

She gently whimpers like a lowing cow ;

Yet lovely in her sorrow still appears ;

Her locks dishevell'd, and her flood of tears,

Seem like the lofty barn of some rich swain,

When from the thatch drips fast a shower of rain.

In vain she search'd each cranny of the house,

Each gaping chink impervious to a mouse.

" Was it for this (she cry'd) with daily care,

" Within thy reach I set the vinegar ;

" And fill'd the cruet with the acid tide,

" While pepper-water worms thy bait supply'd,

" Where twin'd the silver eel around thy hook,

" And all the little monsters of the brook !

" Sure

"Sure in that lake he dropt: My Grilly's
drown'd."

She dragg'd the cruet, but no Gildrig found.

"Vain is thy courage, Grilly, vain thy boast;

"But little creatures enterprize the most.

"Trembling, I've seen thee dare the kitten's paw,

"Nay, mix with children as they play'd at taw,

"Nor fear'd the marbles, as they bounding flew:

"Marbles to them, but rolling rocks to you.

"Why did I trust thee with that giddy youth!

"Who from a page can ever learn the truth?

"Vers'd in court tricks, that money-loving boy

"To some lord's daughter sold the living toy;

"Or rent him limb from limb, in cruel play,

"As children tear the wings of flies away.

"From place to place o'er Brobdignag I'll roam,

"And never will return, or bring thee home.

"But who hath eyes to trace the passing wind?

"How then thy fairy footsteps can I find?

"Dost thou, bewilder'd, wander all alone,

"In the green thicket of a mossy stone;

"Or, tumbled from the toadstool's slippery

"round, [ground?

"Perhaps, all maim'd, lie grovelling on the

"Dost thou, imbosom'd in the lovely rose,

"Or sunk within the peach's down, repose?

"Within the king's cup, if thy limbs are spread,

"Or in the golden cowlip's velvet-head:

"O shew me, Flora, 'midst those sweets, the

"flower [bower!

"Where sleeps my Gildrig in this fragrant

"But ah! I fear thy little fancy roves

"On little females, and on little loves;

"Thy pigmy children, and thy tiny spouse,

"The baby playthings that adorn thy house,

"Doors, windows, chimneys, and the spacious

"rooms,

"Equal in size to cells of honey-combs.

"Hast thou for these now ventur'd from the

"shore,

"Thy bark a bean-shell, and a straw thy oar?

"Or in thy box now bounding on the main?

"Shall I ne'er hear thyself and house again?

"And shall I set thee on my hand no more,

"To see thee leap the lines, and traverse o'er

"My spacious palm? of stature scarce a span,

"Mimic the actions of a real man?

"No more behold thee turn my watch's key,

"As seamen at a capstern anchors weigh?

"How wast thou wont to walk with cautious

"tread,

"A dish of tea, like milk-pail, on thy head?

"How chace the mite that bore thy cheese away,

"And keep the rolling maggot at a bay?"

She said; but broken accents stopt her voice,

Soft as the speaking trumpet's mellow noise.

She sobb'd a storm, and wip'd her flowing eyes,

Which seem'd like two broad suns in misty

skies!—

[mand

O! squander not thy grief; those tears com-

To weep upon our cod in Newfoundland:

The plenteous pickle shall preserve the fish,

And Europe taste thy sorrows in a dish.

§ 419. *The Old Cheese.* KING.

YOUNG Slouch the farmer had a jolly wife,

That knew all the conveniencies of life,

Whose diligence and cleanliness supply'd

The wit which nature had to him deny'd:

But then she had a tongue that would be heard,

And make a better man than Slouch afraid.

This made censorious persons of the town

Say, Slouch could hardly call his soul his own!

For, if he went abroad too much, she'd use

To give him slippers, and lock up his shoes.

Talking he lov'd, and ne'er was more afflicted

Than when he was disturb'd or contradicted:

Yet still into his story she would break, [speak."

With, "'Tis not so—pray give me leave to

His friends thought this was a tyrannic rule,

Not differing much from calling of him fool;

Told him, he must exert himself, and be

In fact the master of his family. [show

He said, 'That the next Tuesday noon would

'Whether

- * Whether he were the lord at home, or no ;
- * When their good company he would intreat
- * To well-brew'd ale, and clean, if homely meat.'

With aching heart home to his wife he goes,
And on his knees does his rash act disclose,
And prays dear Sukey, that, one day at least,
He might appear as master of the feast.

- * 'I'll grant your wish,' cries she, 'that you may see

- * 'Twere wisdom to be govern'd still by me.'

The guests upon the day appointed came,
Each bowfy farmer with his limp'ring dame.

- * Ho! Sue!' cries Slouch, 'why dost not thou appear? [' here?'

- * Are these thy manners when Aunt Snap is

"I pardon ask," says Sue; "I'd not offend

"Any my dear invites, much less his friend."

Slouch by his kinsman Gruffy had been taught
To entertain his friends with finding fault,
And make the main ingredient of his treat
His saying, 'There was nothing fit to eat :

- * The boil'd Pork stinks, the roast Beef's not enough,

- * The Bacon's rusty, and the Hens are tough ;

- * The Veal's all rags, the Butter's turn'd to Oil ;

- * And thus I buy good meat for sluts to spoil.

- * 'Tis we are the first Slouches ever fat

- * Down to a pudding without Plumbs or Fat.

- * What teeth or stomach's strong enough to feed

- * Upon a Goose my Grannum kept to breed ?

- * Why must old Pidgeons, and they stale, be dress'd,

- * When there's so many squab ones in the nest ?

- * This Beer is four ; this musty, thick, and stale,

- * And worse than any thing, except the Ale.'

Sue all this while many excuses made :
Some things she own'd ; at other times she laid
The fault on chance, but oftener on the maid. }

Then Cheese was brought. Says Slouch,
'This e'en shall roll :

- * 'I'm sure 'tis hard enough to make a bowl :

- * This is skim-milk, and therefore it shall go ;

- * And this, because 'tis Suffolk, follow too.'

But now Sue's patience did begin to waste ;

Nor longer could dissimulation last.

- * "Pray let me rise," says Sue, "my dear : I'll find

"A cheese perhaps may be to Lovy's mind."

Then in an entry, standing close, where he

Alone, and none of all his friends might see ;

And brandishing a cudgel he had felt,

And far enough on this occasion smelt ;

- * "I'll try, my joy!" she cryd, "if I can please

"My Dearest with a taste of his Old Cheese !"

Slouch turn'd his head, saw his wife's vigorous hand

Wielding her oaken sapling of command ;

Knew well the twang : 'Is't the Old Cheese,

'my Dear? ['I'll swear ; }

- * 'No need, no need of Cheese,' cries Slouch,

- * 'I think I've din'd as well as my Lord }

'Mayor !'

§ 420. *The Pilgrims and the Peas.—A true Story.*

PETER PINDAR.

A BRACE of sinners, for no good,
Were order'd to the Virgin Mary's shrine,
Who at Loretto dwelt in wax, stone, wood,
And in a fair white wig, look'd wond'rous fine.

Fifty long miles had those sad rogues to travel
With something in their shoes much worse than
In short, their toes, so gentle, to amuse, [gravel,
The priest had order'd peas into their shoes :

A *nosirum* famous in old Popish times,

For purifying souls that stunk with crimes ;

A sort of apostolic salt,

That Popish parsons for its powers exalt,

For

For keeping souls of sinners *sweet*,
Just as our kitchen-salt keeps *meat*.

The knaves set off on the same day,
Peas in their shoes, to go and pray:

But very different was their speed, I wot;
One of the sinners gallop'd on,
Light as a bullet from a gun;

The other limp'd as if he had been *shot*.
One saw the virgin soon—*peccavi* cry'd—

Had his soul whitewash'd all so clever;
Then home again he nimbly hied,

Made fit, with saints above, to live *for ever*.

In coming back, however, let me say,
He met his brother rogue, about half way—
Hobbling with outstretch'd bum and bending
knees;

Damning the souls and bodies of the peas;
His eyes in tears, his cheeks and brows in sweat,
Deep sympathising with his groaning feet.

"How now!" the light-toed, whitewash'd pil-

"You lazy lubber!"— [grim broke—

"Ods curse it," cry'd the other, "'tis no *joke*!—

"My feet, once hard as any rock,

'Are now as soft as *blubber*.

"Excuse me, Virgin Mary, that I swear—

"As for Loretto, I shall not get there:

"No! to the Devil my sinful soul must go.

"For damme if I han't lost ev'ry toe.

"But, brother sinner, do explain

"How 'tis that you are not in pain;

"What pow'r hath work'd a wonder for
'*your* toes:

"Whilst I, just like a snail, am crawling,

"Now swearing, now on saints devoutly bawl-
ing,

"Whilst not a rascal comes to ease my woes?

"How is't that *you* can like a greyhound go,

"Merry, as if that nought had happen'd,
'burn ye!" [know,

"Why," cry'd the other, grinning, "you must

"That just before I ventur'd on my journey,

"To walk a little more at ease,

"I took the liberty to boil *my* peas."

§ 421 *A Country Bumpkin and Razor-seller. 12.*

A Fellow in a market-town
Most musical cry'd razors up and down,
And offer'd twelve for eighteen pence;
Which certainly seem'd wond'rous cheap,
And for the money quite a heap,

As ev'ry man would buy, with cash and sense.
A country bumpkin the great offer heard:
Poor Hodge, who suffer'd by a broad black
beard, [nose,

That seem'd a shoe-brush stuck beneath his
With cheerfulness the eighteen pence he paid,
And proudly to himself, in whispers said,
'This rascal stole the razors, I suppose.

'No matter if the fellow *be* a knave,

'Provided that the razors *shave*;

'It certainly will be a monstrous prize.'

So home the clown, with his good fortune, went,
Smiling in heart, and soul content,

And quickly soap'd himself to ears and eyes.

Being well lather'd from a dish or tub,

Hodge now began with grinning pain to grub,

Just like a hedger cutting furze:

'Twas a vile razor!—then the rest he try'd—

All were impostors.—'Ah,' Hodge sigh'd!

'I wish my eighteen pence within my
'purse.'

In vain to chace his beard, and bring the graces,

He cut, and dug, and winc'd, and stamp'd,
and swore: [made wry faces,

Brought blood, and danc'd, blasphem'd and

And curs'd each razor's body o'er and o'er.

His muzzle, form'd of *opposition* stuff,

Firm as a Foxite would not lose its ruff;

So kept it—laughing at the steel and fuds:

Hodge, in a passion, stretch'd his angry jaws,

Vowing the direst vengeance, with clench'd
claws,

On the vile cheat that sold the goods.

'Razors!

* Razors !—a damn'd confounded dog—

* Not fit to scrape a hog !*

Hodge fought the fellow—found him, and begun—

* Perhaps, Master Razor-rogue, to you 'tis fun

* That people slay themselves out of their lives :

* You rascal—for an hour have I been grubbing,

* Giving my scoundrel whiskers here a scrubbing

* With razors just like oyster-knives.

* Sirrah ! I tell you, you're a knave,

* To cry up razors that can't *shave*.*

* "Friend," quoth the razor-man, "I'm not a
" knave :

" As for the razors you have bought,

" Upon my soul I never thought

* That they would *shave*."

* Not think they'd shave !* quoth Hodge, with
wond'ring eyes,

And voice not much unlike an Indian yell ;

* What were they made for then, you dog ?* he
cries :—

* "Made!" quoth the fellow, with a smile "to *sell*."

§ 422. *A Receipt for stewing Veal.* GAY.

TAKE a knuckle of veal ;

You may buy it or steal :

In a few pieces cut it ;

In a stewing pan put it.

Salt, pepper, and mace

Must season this knuckle ;

Then * what's join'd to a place

With other herbs muckle ;

That which kill'd king † Will :

And what never ‡ stands still.

Some § sprigs of that bed

Where children are bred,



Which much you will mend, if

Both spinnage and endive,

And lettuce, and beet,

With marygold meet.

Put no water at all ;

For it maketh things small ;

Which, lest it should happen,

A close cover clap on.

Put this pot of || Wood's metal

In a hot boiling kettle,

And there let it be

(Mark the doctrine I teach)

About—let me see—

Thrice as long as you preach ** :

So skimming the fat off,

Say grace with your hat off.

O, then ! with what rapture

Will it fill dean and chapter !

§ 423. *Extempore by Lord Lyttleton, to Lady Brown.*

WHEN I was young and debonnaire,

The *brownest* nymph to me was fair ;

But now I'm old, and wiser grown,

The *fairest* nymph to me is *Brown*.

§ 424.

SO when a barber and a collier fight,

The barber beats the luckless collier white ;

In comes the dyer, of cerulean hue,

And beats the barber and the collier blue ;

Next comes the brickdust-man, with rouge be-
spread,

And beats the barber, collier, dyer—red ;

* Vulgo, salary. † Supposed forrel. ‡ This is by Mr. Bently thought to be time, or thyme.

§ Parsley. Vide Chamberlayne. || Of this composition see the Works of the Copper-farthing Dean.

** Which we suppose to be near four hours.

The rallying collier whirls his empty sack,
Knocks down the brickdust-man, and beats
him black : [toft,
White, blue, red, black, in motley clouds are
While in the dust they raise, the combatants are
lost.

§ 425. Retaliation. A Poem.
GOLDSMITH.

THE title and nature of this Poem, shew that it owed its birth to some preceding circumstances of festive merriment, which, from the wit of the company, and the very ingenious author's peculiar oddities, were probably enlivened by some poignant strokes of humour. This piece was only intended for the Doctor's private amusement, and that of the particular friends who were its subject; and he unfortunately did not live to revise, or even finish it, in the manner which he intended. The public have, however, already shewn how much they

were pleased with its appearance, even in its present form.

OF old, when Scarron his companions invited,
Each guest brought his dish, and the feast
was united ; [fish,
If our * landlord supplies us with beef and with
Let each guest bring himself, and he brings the
best dish :
Our † Dean shall be venison, just fresh from the
plains;
Our ‡ Burke shall be tongue, with a garnish of
brains : [your,
Our § Will shall be wild-fowl, of excellent fla-
And || Dick with his pepper shall heighten their
favour : [obtain,
Our ** Cumberland's sweet-bread its place shall
And †† Douglas is pudding, substantial and plain;
Our ‡‡ Garrick's a fallad ; for in him we see
Oil, vinegar, sugar, and saltness agree :
To make out the dinner, full certain I am
That §§ Ridge is anchovy, and ||| Reynolds is
lamb ;

* The master of the St. James's Coffee-house, where the Doctor, and the friends he has characterised in this poem, held an occasional club.

† Doctor Barnard, Dean of Derry, in Ireland, author of many ingenious pieces.

‡ Mr. Edmund Burke, member for Wendover, and one of the greatest orators in this kingdom.

§ Mr. William Burke, late Secretary to General Conway, and member for Bedwin.

|| Mr. Richard Burke, Collector of Grenada, no less remarkable in the walks of wit and humour than his brother, Edmund Burke, is justly distinguished in all the branches of useful and polite literature.

** Author of the West Indian, Fashionable Lover, the Brothers, and other dramatic pieces

†† Doctor Douglas, Canon of Windsor, an ingenious Scotch gentleman, who has no less distinguished himself as a Citizen of the World than a sound Critic, in detecting several literary mistakes, or rather forgeries, of his countrymen ; particularly Lauder on Milton, and Bowers' History of the Popes.

‡‡ David Garrick, Esq. joint Patentee and Acting Manager of the Theatre-Royal, Drury-Lane.

§§ Counsellor John Ridge, a gentleman belonging to the Irish bar, the relish of whose agreeable and pointed conversation is admitted, by all his acquaintance, to be very properly compared to the above sauce.

||| Sir Joshua Reynolds, President of the Royal Academy.

That

That * Hickey's a capon; and, by the same rule,
Magnanimous Goldsmith a gooseberry fool:
At a dinner so various, at such a repast,
Who'd not be a glutton, and stick to the last?
Here, waiter, more wine, let me sit while I'm
able,

Till all my companions sink under the table;
Then with chaos and blunders encircling my
head,

Let me ponder, and tell what I think of the dead.

Here lies the good Dean, re-united to earth,
Who mixt reason with pleasure, and wisdom
with mirth:

If he had any faults, he has left us in doubt,
At least in six weeks I could not find 'em out;
Yet some have declar'd, and it can't be deny'd 'em,
That fly-boots was cursedly cunning to hide 'em.

Here lies our good Edmund, whose genius
was such,

We scarcely can praise it or blame it too much;
Who, born for the universe, narrow'd his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for man-
kind. [throat;

Tho' fraught with all learning, yet straining his
To persuade † Tommy Townsend to lend him
a vote; [fining,

Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on re-
And thought of convincing, while they thought
of dining;

Tho' equal to all things, for all things unfit;
Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit:
For a patriot, too cool; for a drudge, disobedient,
And too fond of the *right* to pursue the *expedient*.
In short, 'twas his fate, unemploy'd, or in place,
Sir,

To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor.

* An eminent Attorney.

† Mr. T. Townsend, member for Whitechurch.

‡ Mr. Richard Burke. This gentleman having slightly fractured one of his arms and legs, at different times, the Doctor has called him on those accidents, as a kind of retributive justice for breaking his jests upon other people.

Here lies honest William, whose heart was a
mint, [was in't;

While the owner ne'er knew half the good that
The pupil of impulse, it forc'd him along,
His conduct still right, with his argument wrong;
Still aiming at honour, yet fearing to roam,
The coachman was tipsy, the chariot drove home;
Would you ask for his merits, alas! he had none;
What was good was spontaneous, his faults
were his own.

Here lies honest Richard, whose fate I must
sigh at,

Alas, that such frolic should now be so quiet!
What spirits were his, what wit and what whim,
‡ Now breaking a jest, and now breaking a limb;
Now wrangling and grumbling to keep up the
ball,

Now teasing and vexing, yet laughing at all!
In short, so provoking a devil was Dick, [Nick:
That we wish'd him full ten times a day at Old
But missing his mirth and agreeable vein,
As often we wish'd to have Dick back again.

Here Cumberland lies, having acted his parts,
The Terence of England, the mender of hearts;
A flattering painter, who made it his care [are-
To draw men as they ought to be—not as they
His gallants are all faultless, his women divine,
And comedy wonders at being so fine;
Like a tragedy-queen he has dizen'd her out,
Or rather, like tragedy, giving a rout.

His Fools have their follies so lost in a crowd
Of virtues and feelings, that folly grows proud;
And coxcombs alike in their failings alone,
Adopting his portraits are pleas'd with their own.
Say, where has our poet this malady caught,
Or wherefore his characters thus without fault?

Say,

Say, was it that vainly directing his view,
To find out mens virtues, and finding them few,
Quite sick of pursuing each troublesome elf,
He grew lazy at last, and drew from himself!

Here Douglas retires from his toils, to relax
The scourge of impostors, the terror of quacks;
Come all ye quack bards, and ye quacking di-
vines, [reclines.

Come and dance on the spot where your tyrant
When Satire and Censure encirc'd his throne,
I fear'd for your safety, I fear'd for my own;
But now he is gone, and we want a detector,
Our Dodds shall be pious, our Kenricks shall
lecture;

Macpherson write bombast, and call it a style;
Our Townshend make speeches, and I shall com-
pile; [over,

New Lauders and Bowers the Tweed shall cross
No countryman living their tricks to discover;
Detection her taper shall quench to a spark,
And Scotchman meet Scotchman, and cheat in
the dark.

Here lies David Garrick, describe me who can,
An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man;
As an actor, confess without rival to shine;
As a wit, if not first, in the very first line;
Yet with talents like these, and an excellent heart,
The man had his failings—a dupe to his art;
Like an ill-judging beauty, his colours he spread,
And beplaster'd with rouge his own natural red.
On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting;
'Twas only that when he was off he was acting:
With no reason on earth to go out of his way,
He turn'd and he vary'd full ten times a day;
Tho' secure of our hearts, yet confoundedly sick
If they were not his own by finessing and trick:
He cast off his friends, as a huntsman his pack,
For he knew, when he pleas'd, he could whistle
them back.

Of praise a mere glutton, he swallow'd what
came;

And the puff of a dunce, he mistook it for fame;
Till his relish grown callous, almost to disease,
Who pepper'd the highest was surest to please.
But let us be candid, and speak out our mind;
If dunces applauded, he paid them in kind.

Ye Kenricks, ye Kellys, and Woodfalls so grave,
What a commerce was yours, while you got and
you gave! [rais'd,

How did Grub-street re-echo the shouts that you
While he was be-Roscius'd, and you were be-
prais'd!

But peace to his spirit, wherever it flies,
To act as an angel, and mix with the skies:
Those poets who owe their best fame to his skill,
Shall still be his flatterers go where he will.
Old Shakespeare, receive him with praise and
with love,

And Beaumonts and Bens be his Kellys above.

Here Hickey reclines: a most blunt, pleasant
creature;

And slander itself must allow him good-nature;
He cherish'd his friend, and he relish'd a bumper;
Yet one fault he had, and that one was a thumper:
Perhaps you may ask, if the man was a miser?
I answer, no, no, for he always was wiser;
Too courteous perhaps, or obligingly flat;
His very worst foe can't accuse him of that.
Perhaps he confided in men as they go,
And so was too foolishly honest? Ah! no!
Then what was his failing? come tell it, and
burn ye.

He was, could he help it, a special attorney.

Here Reynolds is laid; and to tell you my mind,
He has not left a wiser or better behind.
His pencil was striking, resistless, and grand;
His manners were gentle, complying and bland;
Still born to improve us in every part;
His pencil our faces, his manners our heart.

To

To coxcombs averſe, yet moſt civilly ſteering ;
 When they judg'd without ſkill, he was ſtill
 hard of hearing :
 When they talk'd of their Raphaels, Corregios,
 and ſtuff,
 He ſhifted his * trumpet, and only took ſnuff.

§ 426. *Sonnet. On Echo and Silence.*

By GEORGE BRYDGES, Eſq.

IN eddy'g courſe, when leaves began to fly,
 And Autumn in her lap the treaſure ſtrew,
 As mid wild ſcenes I chanc'd the muſe to woo,
 Thro' glens untrod, and woods that frown'd on
 high,
 Two ſleeping nymphs, with wonder mute I ſpy :
 And lo ! ſhe's gone—in robe of dark green
 hue,
 'Twas Echo from her ſiſter Silence flew ;
 For quick the hunter's horn reſounded to the
 ſky,
 In ſhade affrighted, Silence melts away ;
 Not ſo, her ſiſter. Hark ! For onward ſtill,
 With far-heard ſtep ſhe takes her haſty way,
 Bounding from rock to rock, and hill to hill.
 Ah ! may the merry maid, in mockful play,
 With thouſand mimic tones the laughing foreſt
 fill !

§ 427. *To a young Lady, with a Roſe-bud.*

By THEOPHILUS SWIFT, Eſq.

SWIFT bud, to Myra's boſom go,
 And live beneath her eye ;
 There in the fun of beauty blow,
 Or taſte of heaven, and die.

* Sir Joſhua Reynolds is ſo remarkably deaf, as to be under the neceſſity of uſing an ear-trumpet in company.

† Duchefs of Gordon.

Sweet earneſt of the blooming year,
 Whoſe dawning beauties ſpeak
 The budding bluſh of ſummer near,
 The ſummer on her cheek.
 Beſt emblem of the maid I love,
 Reſembling beauty's morn,
 To Myra's boſom haſte, and prove
 One roſe without a thorn.

§ 428.

The following lines are the ſubſtance of a converſation between the Hon. Henry Erſkine and a certain Northern Duchefs, not more diſtinguiſhed by her beauty than her wit and happy talents at repartee ; in which alſo it is well known the honourable gentleman is peculiarly eminent. The thought was almoſt inſtantly turned into rhyme by the author of the Cave of Morar.*

WHY don't your Grace, ſaid Erſkine, ſtill
 reſide
 With us, in George's Square, our joy and pride ?
 Won't you return ? No, no, reply'd her Grace,
 I do not like it—'tis a vile dull place.
 That is, quoth he, as if the Sun ſhould ſay,
 ' A vile dark morning this—I will not riſe
 'to-day.'

Sept. 16, 1786.

§ 429 *Epigram.*

CURIO, 'tis ſaid, a Comedy has writ,
 Replete throughout with novelty and wit.
 If it has wit,—to both will I agree ;
 For Wit from Curio muſt be Novelty.

§ 430. To a Lady with the Print of Venus attired by the Graces.

By the Hon. G—N—R.

THAT far superior is thy state,
E'en Envy must agree ;
On thee a thousand Graces wait ;
On Venus only three.

§ 431. The Frontispiece to the second edition of Dr. Johnson's Letters is an admirable rebuke to the venal pen of Madame Piozzi. It is, we understand, the production of a well-known and ingenious Satyrist. He has introduced the Ghost of the Doctor, who addresses the Lady in the following epigrammatic lines :

WHEN Streatham spreads its plenteous board,
I open'd learning's valued hoard,
And as I feasted, pros'd :
Good things I said, good things I eat,
I gave you knowledge for your meat,
And thought th'account was clos'd.
If obligations still I ow'd,
You sold each item to the crowd ;
I suffer'd by the tale.
For God's sake, Madam ! let me rest,
Nor longer vex your quondam guest ;
I'll pay you for your ale .

§ 432. The following Impromptu, by the Hon. Thomas Erskine, was occasioned by his being much indisposed one evening at Lady Payne's, who very kindly made him retire, and lie down. He soon returned with the following lines in his hand, which he presented to her Ladyship.

'TIS true I am ill, but I need not complain ;
For he never knew pleasure, who never knew Payne.

§ 433. On a Bed.

IN bed we laugh, in bed we cry,
And, born in bed, in bed we die ;
The near approach a bed may show
Of human blifs to human woe.

§ 434. On an Orator who had his speech in his hat, but could not make it out.

HIS conscious hat well-lin'd with borrow'd prose,
The lubber chief in sulky mien arose ;
Elate with pride his long-pent silence broke ;
And could he but have read, he might have spoke.

§ 435. Original Epigram.

DO you, said Fanny, t'other day,
In earnest love me as you say ?
Or are those tender words apply'd
Alike to fifty girls beside ?
Dear, cruel girl, cry'd I, forbear ;
For by those eyes—those lips—I swear—
—She stopp'd me as the oath I took,
And cry'd, you've sworn, now kiss the book.

§ 436. Absence.—To Cynthia. PETER PINDAR.

HERE, Cynthia, let thy beauty beam ;
Too long von vallies have been blett ;
Too long yon fountain's happy stream
Hath borne thine image on its breast.
Oh, haste to these deserted bowers !
And him whose sighs have pierc'd thy grove,
To tell what sorrows load the hours,
Whilst others strive to gain thy love.
Sweet wand'rer, listen to my prayer :
Return, and banish ev'ry sigh ;
Oh, haste ! if aught I boast be fair,
And hold a charm for Cynthia's eye.

• Posterity should know, that Mrs. Piozzi was in the brewing line.

In

In vain I ask—my sighs are vain,
Th'admiring swains withhold the maid,
Whose smiles are sunshine to their plain,
Whose absence forms a midnight shade.

§ 437. *In Imitation of Spenser. Written at Santa Cruz, in the Island of Teneriffe, and sent to Donna Antonietta De R—, a Spanish young Lady. Written at her Villa on that Island.*
PETER PINDAR.

BEHOLD, in those lorn shades a damsel dwell—

I ween the fairest amongst all the fair;
A while doth Virtue bid her sky farewell,
To live with Sylvia, passing all compare;
Eke Innocence doth leave her bower above,
To join her gentle sister of the grove.

Yet what availeth, beauteous maid, thy mien
To mortals driven from thy dark retreat!
Ah, what thy sparkling eyne of peerless sheen,
Sith lovers are forbidden from thy seat!
Soothly, the balms of Araby the Blest [steam!
Are nought; if unenjoy'd, their fragrance
What is fair Luna from her silv'ry vest,
If ne'er she sheweth to the world her beam?
Then break like Luna from her cloud of night,
And glad us, lovely virgin, with thy light.
For thee the poet heaveth sighs how deep!
Yet,—yet unheard,—they mingle with the wind—

Ah, virgin! well my artless lays may weep,
Sith Spenser hapless 'plain'd for Rosalind:
Spenser, whose sweet song far surpasseth mine—
As Rosalinda's beauties yield to thine.
Yet trust me, fair one, I will verse indite,
And thou, the subject soft, to bring me praise;
Tho' love be cruel, yet for laud I'll write,
And immortality must crown my lays:
For sith thy charms so much delighten Fame,
She'll suffer nought to die that holds thy name.

§ 438. *Lines to the Memory of Mrs. Tickell.*

REPLETE with every charm to win the heart;

To soothe life's sorrows, or its joys impart,
Soft—timid—elegant—her beauteous mien
Bespoke the feeling, gentle mind within.

Torn from her husband's fond adoring arms,
From friends who weep her matchless worth and charms,

By pale disease, which on her beauties prey'd,
Her roses blighted, and her form decay'd;
They, like the graces of her virtuous mind,
Were not for weak mortality design'd!
Thus the sweet tuberoze, in the thorny shade,
Whose flow'rets wither, and whose honours fade,
Till frost'ring dews and sunshine's cheering ray
Again call forth its beauties into day—
Thus, 'midst the agonizing tears of woe,
Truth whispers from the grave,—*Thus shalt thou blow!*

There is a coming morn shall bid thee rise,
And in the bloom of virtue grace yon skies,
Where truth and piety shall live sublime,
And worth shall find its own congenial clime.
Then mourn not that the Saint, thus undismay'd,
Dy'd at that dread command—she e'er obey'd.

§ 439. *The Three Vernons. By the Honourable HORACE WALPOLE, of Strawberry-Hill.*

HENRIETTA's serious charms
Awe the breast her beauty warms:
See she blushes, love presumes;
See she frowns! he drops his plumes.
Dancing lighter o'er the ocean,
Was not Cytherea's motion:
She speaks, and art repines to see
The triumph of simplicity.

Lips that smile a thousand meanings,
Humid with Hyblean gleanings;

Eyes

Eyes that glitter into wit,
Wanton mirth with fancy smit;
Arch naivette that gaily wanders
In each dimpling cheek's meanders;
Shedding roses, shifting graces
In a face that's thousand faces;
Sweet assemblage, all combine
In pretty playful Caroline.

Sober as the matron's air,
Humble as the cloister'd fair,
Patient till new springs disclose
The bud of promis'd beauty's rose,
Waving praises, perfum'd breath,
Ensures its young Elizabeth.

Lovely three, whose future reign
Shall sing some younger sweeter swain.
For me suffice in Amphill groves,
Cradle of graces and of loves,
I first announc'd, in artless page,
The glories of a rising age;
And promis'd, where my Anna shone,
Three Offorys as bright as one.

§ 440. *The superannuated Horse to his Master*, who had sentenced him to die at the end of the Summer, on account of his being unable, from extreme old age, to live through the Winter.*

AND must thou fix my doom, sweet master,
say,
And wilt thou kill thy servant, old and poor?
A little longer let me live, I pray;
A little longer hobble round thy door.
For much it glads me to behold this place,
And house within this hospitable shed;
It glads me more to see my master's face,
And linger near the spot where I was bred.

For, ah! to think of what we both enjoy'd
In my life's prime, ere I was old and poor,
When from the jocund morn to eve employ'd,
My gracious master on this back I bore.

Thrice told ten years have danc'd on down along,
Since first these way-worn limbs to thee I gave,
Sweet-smiling years! when both of us were
young,

The kindest master, and the happiest slave.

Ah, years sweet smiling! now for ever flown!
Ten years thrice told, alas, are but a day!
Yet, as together we are aged grown,
Together let us wear our age away.

For still, the times behind are dear to thought,
And rapture mark'd each minute as it flew;
To the light heart all-changing seasons brought
Pains that were soft, or pleasures that were
new.

Ah! call to mind how oft, near Scarning's
stream, [grove,
My steps were bent to yonder muse-trod
There,—she who lov'd thee was the tender
And I the chosen messenger of love. [theme,

On the gale's pinion, with a lover's care,
E'en with the speed of thought did I not go—
Explore the cottage of thy absent fair,
And eas'd thy sick'ning bosom of its woe?

And when that doubting heart still felt alarms,
Throbbing alternate with its hope and fear,
Did I not bear thee safely to her arms,
Assure thy faith, and dry up ev'ry tear?

And, ah, forget not when the fever's power
Rag'd sore, how swift I fought the zephyr's
To cool thy pulses in the fragrant bower, [wing,
And bathe thy temples in the clearest spring.

* The Rev. Mr. Potter, at Scarning, in Norfolk, to whom the public are indebted for the admirable Translations of Æschylus and Euripides.

Friend to thy love and health, and not a foe
 E'en to the muse who led thee on to fame;
 Yes, e'en thy lyre to me some charms may owe,
 And fancy kindles into brighter flame.
 And hast thou fix'd my doom, sweet master, say;
 And wilt thou kill thy servant, old and poor?
 A little longer let me live I pray;
 A little longer hobble round thy door.
 Nor could'st thou bear to see thy servant bleed,
 Tho' weeping pity has decreed his fate;
 Yet, ah! in vain, thy heart for life shall plead,
 If nature has deny'd a longer date.
 Alas! I feel 'tis Nature dooms my death,
 Ah me! I feel 'tis Pity gives the blow—
 Yet ere it falls, ah, Nature! take my breath,
 And my kind master shall no sorrow know.
 Ere the last morn of my allotted life,
 A softer fate shall end me old and poor;
 May timely save me from th'uplifted knife,
 And gently stretch me at my master's door.

§ 441. *To Sleep.*

FIRST round my brows a poppy wreath I'll
 bind,
 Gather'd, while moisten'd with the falling dew,
 With ivy tendrils round their stems entwined —
 Then, to the god of sleep, my song pursue.
 Hail, balmy sleep! thou offspring of the night!
 Alone of thee the muse delights to sing;
 Bend hitherwards thy gentle airy flight!
 And o'er me drop thy dark extended wing.
 Thy sacred influence to my soul impart, [scend;
 And on my couch, oh, 'Partial Sleep!' de-
 'Tis thou alone can'st sooth my grief-worn heart;
 "Nature's best nurse," and Sorrow's gentlest
 friend.

Spread wide thine arms, and fold me to thy
 breast;

There I can taste the blessings of repose:
 Then, with my sorrows, shall I sink to rest,
 And calm oblivion mitigate my woes.

§ 442. *The Poet and Spider.*

ARTIST, who underneath my table
 Thy curious texture hast display'd;
 Who, if we may believe the fable,
 Was once a blooming beauteous maid:
 Infidious, restless, watchful spider,
 Fear no officious damsel's broom;
 Extend thy artful fabric wider,
 And spread thy banners round my room.
 Swept from the rich man's costly stanchion,
 Thou'rt welcome to my dirty roof;
 Here, thou may'st find a peaceful mansion;
 Here, undisturb'd, attend thy woof.
 Whilst I thy wond'rous fabric stare at,
 And think on helpless poet's fate;
 Like thee, confin'd to lonely garret;
 And widely banish'd rooms of state.
 And as, from out the tortur'd body,
 Thou draw'st thy slender strings with pain;
 So th'poet labours, like a noddy,
 To spin materials from his brain.
 He, for some flatt'ring, tawdry creature,
 That spreads her chains before his eye;
 And that's a conquest little better
 Than thine o'er captive butterfly.
 Thus far 'tis plain we both agree,
 Perhaps our deaths may better shew it;
 'Tis ten to one but penury
 Ends both the Spider and the Poet.

SONGS, BALLADS, &c.

§ 1. *Harpalus and Phillida.*

PHILLIDA was a fair maid,
As fresh as any flower;
Whom Harpalus the herdsman pray'd
To be her paramour.

Harpalus and eke Corin,
Were herdsmen both yfere;*
And Phillida could twist and spin,
And thereto sing full clear.

But Phillida was all too coy
For Harpalus to win;
For Corin was her only joy,
Who forst † her not a pin.

How often would she flowers twine,
How often garlands make
Of cowslips and of columbine;
And all for Corin's sake!

But Corin he had hawks to lure,
And forsed more the field;
Of lover's law he took no cure;
For once he was beguil'd.

Harpalus prevailed nought;
His labour all was lost;
For he was farthest from her thought,
And yet he lov'd her most.

Therefore wax'd he both pale and lean,
And dry as clot of clay;
His flesh it was consumed clean;
His colour gone away.

His beard it had not long be shave;
His hair hung all unkempt ‡;
A man fit even for the grave,
Whom spiteful love had spent.

His eyes were red, and all fore-watch'd ||;
His face besprent § with tears;
It seem'd unhap had him long hatch'd,
In midst of his despairs.

His clothes were black, and also bare;
As one forelorn was he;
Upon his head always he ware
A wreath of willow tree.

His beasts he kept upon the hill,
And he sat in the dale;
And thus with sighs and sorrows shrill,
He 'gan to tell his tale:

"O Harpalus!" (this would he say)
"Unhappiest under sun!
The cause of thine unhappy day
By love was first begun.

For thou went'st first by suit to seek
A tiger to make tame;
That sets not by thy love a leek;
But makes thy grief her game.

As easy it were to convert
The frost into the flame
As for to turn a froward heart,
Whom thou so fain would'st frame.

Corin he liveth careless,
He leaps among the leaves;
He eats the fruits of thy redress**;
Thou reaps, he takes the sheaves.

My beasts, a while your food refrain;
And hark your herdsman's found,
Whom spiteful love, alas! hath slain,
Through-girt †† with many a wound.

* Together. † Loved. ‡ Uncombed.
** Labour. †† Pierced through.

|| Overwatched, or tired with watching. § Besprinkled.

O happy be ye, beastes wild,
Who here your pasture takes;
I see that ye be not beguil'd,
Of these your faithful makes †.

The hart he feedeth by the hind,
The buck hard by the doe;
The turtle-dove is not unkind
To him that loves her so.

But, welaway! that Nature wrought
Thee, Phillida, so fair;
For I may say that I have bought
Thy beauty all too dear!

What reason is that cruelty
With beauty should have part?
Or else that such great tyranny
Should dwell in woman's heart?

O Cupid! grant this my request,
And do not stop thine ears,
That she may feel within her breast
The pains of my despairs:

Of Corin that is careless
That she may crave her fee,
As I have done in great distress
That lov'd her faithfully.

But since that I shall die her slave,
Her slave and eke her thrall,
Write you, my friends, upon my grave
This chance that is befall:

"Here lieth unhappy Harpalus,
"By cruel love now slain;
"Whom Phillida unjustly thus
"Hath murder'd with disdain!"

§ 2. *Gammer Gurton's Needle. Drinking Song.*

I CANNOT eat but little meat,
My stomach is not good;
But sure, I think that I can drink
With him that wears a hood.

Tho' I go bare, take ye no care,
I nothing am a cold;
I stuff my skin so full within
Of jolly good ale and old.
Back and side go bare, go bare;
Both foot and hand go cold;
But, belly, God send thee good ale enough,
Whether it be new or old.

I love no roast but a nut-brown toast,
And a crab laid in the fire;
A little bread shall do me stead;
Much bread I nought desire.
No frost, no snow, no wind, I trow,
Can hurt me if I wold,
I am so wrapp'd, and thoroughly lapp'd,
Of jolly good ale and old.
Back and side, &c.

And Tib, my wife, that as her life
Loveth well good ale to seek,
Full oft drinks she, till ye may see
The tears run down her cheek:
Then doth she trow to me the bowl,
Even as a milkworm should,
And saith, 'sweetheart, I took my part
Of this jolly good ale and old.'
Back and side, &c.

Now let them drink till they nod and wink,
Even as good fellows should do;
They shall not miss to have the bliss;
Good ale doth bring men to.
And all poor souls that have scour'd bow'ls,
Or have them lustily trow'd,
God save the lives of them and their wives,
Whether they be young or old.
Back and side, &c.

§ 3. *Song. SIR JOHN DENHAM.*

MORPHEUS, the humble god, that dwells
In cottages and smoky cells,

Hates gilded roofs and beds of down,
And, though he fears no prince's frown,
Flees from the circle of a crown.

Come, I say, thou pow'rful god,
And thy leaden charming rod,
Dipp'd in the Lethean lake,
O'er his wakeful temples shake,
Lest he should sleep and never wake.

Nature, alas! why art thou so
Obliged to thy greatest foe?
Sleep, that is thy best repast,
Yet of death it bears a taste;
And both are the same thing at last.

§ 4. Song. Sir PHILIP SIDNEY.

"WHO is it that this dark night,
Underneath my window 'plaineth?"
It is one who, from thy sight
Being (ah!) exil'd, disdaineth
Every other vulgar light.

"Why, alas! and are you he?
Are not these fancies changed?"
Dear, when you find change in me,
Though from me you be estranged,
Let my change to ruin be.

"What if you new beauties see?
Will not they stir new affection?"
I will think they pictures be
(Image-like of faint perfection)
Poorly counterfeiting thee.

"Peace! I think that some give ear.
Come, no more, lest I get anger."
Bliss! I will my bliss forbear,
Fearing, sweet, you to endanger;
But my soul shall harbour there.

"Well, begone; begone, I say,
Lest that Argus' eyes perceive you."
O! unjust is fortune's sway,
Which can make me thus to leave you,
And from louts to run away!

§ 5. The Mad Maid's Song.

ROBERT HERRICK.

GOOD-morrow to the day so fair;
Good-morrow, Sir, to you;
Good-morrow to mine own torn hair,
Bedabbled with the dew.
Good-morrow to this primrose too;
Good-morrow to each maid
That will with flowers the tomb bestrew
Wherein my love is laid.
I'll seek him there! I know, ere this,
The cold, cold earth doth shake him;
But I will go, or send a kiss
By you, Sir, to awake him.

Pray, hurt him not; though he be dead,
He knows well who do love him;
And who with green turfs rear'd his head,
And who do rudely move him.
He's soft and tender—pray, take heed—
With bands of cowslips bind him;
And bring him home—but 'tis decreed
That I shall never find him.

§ 6. Song. SEDLEY.

NOT, Celia, that I juss't am,
Or better than the rest;
For I would change each hour, like them,
Were not my heart at rest.
But I am ty'd to very thee
By ev'ry thought I have:
Thy face I only care to see,
Thy heart I only crave.
All that in woman is ador'd,
In thy dear self I find;
For the whole sex can but afford
The handsome and the kind.
Why then should I seek farther store,
And still make love anew!
When change itself can give no more,
'Tis easy to be true.

§ 7. Song. LORD BRISTOL.

SEE, O see!
 How every tree,
 Every bower,
 Every flower,
 A new life gives to others joys;
 Whilst that I
 Grief-stricken lie,
 Nor can meet
 With any sweet
 But what faster mine destroys.
 What are all the senses pleasures,
 When the mind hath lost all measures?

Hear, O hear!
 How sweet and clear
 The nightingale,
 And waters fall,
 In concert join for others ears;
 Whilst to me,
 For harmony,
 Every air
 Echoes despair,
 And every drop provokes a tear.
 What are all the senses pleasures
 When the mind hath lost all measures?

§ 8. *Phillida flouts me.*

OH! what a pain is love!
 How shall I bear it!
 She will unconstant prove,
 I greatly fear it.
 She so torments my mind,
 That my strength faileth,
 And wavers with the wind,
 As a ship that faileth;
 Please her the best I may,
 She looks another way;
 Alack and well-a-day!
 Phillida flouts me!

All the fair yesterday
 She did pass by me;
 She look'd another way,
 And would not spy me;
 I woo'd her for to dine,
 But could not get her.
 WILL had her to the wine;
 He might entreat her.
 With DANIEL she did dance;
 On me she look'd askance!
 Oh! thrice unhappy chance!
 Phillida flouts me!

Fair maid! be not so coy,
 Do not disdain me;
 I am my mother's joy,
 Sweet! entertain me!
 She'll give me, when she dies,
 All that is fitting;
 Her poultry and her bees,
 And her geese sitting;
 A pair of mattress beds,
 And a bagful of shreds;
 And yet for all this goods
 Phillida flouts me!

She hath a clout of mine,
 Wrought with good *Coventry*,
 Which she keeps for a sign
 Of my fidelity.
 But if faith, if she flinch,
 She shall not wear it;
 To TIB, my rother wench,
 I mean to bear it.
 And yet it grieves my heart
 So soon from her to part!
 Death strikes me with his dart!
 Phillida flouts me!

Thou shalt eat curds and cream
 All the year lasting;
 And drink the crystal stream,
 Pleasant in tasting:

Wigge and whey, while thou burst,
And bramble-berry,
Pye-lid and pastry crust,
Pears, plums, and cherry;
Thy raiment shall be thin,
Made of a weaven skin;
Yet all not worth a pin!

Phillida flouts me!

Fair maidens have a care,
And in time take me;
I can have those as fair,
If you forsake me.
For DOLL the dairy-maid
Laugh'd on me lately,
And wanton WINIFRED
Favours me greatly.
One throws milk on my clothes,
T'other plays with my nose:
What wanton signs are those!

Phillida flouts me!

I cannot work and sleep
All at a season;
Love wounds my heart so deep,
Without all reason.
I 'gin to pine away,
With grief and sorrow,
Like to a fatted beast
Penn'd in a meadow.
I shall be dead, I fear,
Within this thousand year,
And all for very fear

Phillida flouts me!

§ 9. *Song in the new Comedy of the Heiress.*
Written by General BURGOYNE.

FOR tenderness fram'd in life's earliest day,
A parent's soft sorrows to mine led the way:
The lesson of pity was caught from her eye,
And ere words were my own, I spoke in a sigh.

The nightingale plunder'd, the mate-widow'd
dove,
The warbl'd complaint from the suffering grove,
To youth, as it ripen'd, gave sentiment new;
The object still changing, the sympathy true.
Soft embers of passion still rest in the glow!
A warmth of more pain may this breast never
know!
Or if too indulgent the blessing I claim,
May the spark drop from reason that wakens the
flame!

§ 10. *Song.*

THO' Bacchus may boast of his care-killing
bowl,
And folly in thought-drowning revels delight;
Such worship, alas! hath no charms for the soul,
When softer devotions the senses invite.
To the arrow of fate, or the canker of care,
His potions oblivious a balm may bestow:
But, to fancy that feeds on the charms of the fair,
The death of reflection's the birth of all woe.
What soul that's possess'd of a dream so divine,
With riot would bid the sweet vision begone?
For the tear that bedews sensibility's shrine,
Is a drop of more worth than all Bacchus's
tun.
The tender excess that enamours the heart,
To few is imparted, to millions deny'd;
'Tis the brain of the victim that tempers the dart,
And fools jest at that for which sages have
dy'd:
Each change and excess hath through life been
my doom,
And well can I speak of its joy and its strife;
The bottle affords us a glimpse through the gleam,
But love's the true sunshine that gladdens our
life.
Come then, rosy Venus, and spread o'er my
fight
The magic illusions that ravish the soul!

T 4

Awake

Awake in my breast the soft dream of delight,
 And drop from my myrtle one leaf in my bowl.
 Then deep will I drink of the nectar divine,
 Nor e'er jolly God, from thy banquet remove,
 But each tube of my heart ever thirst for the vine,
 That's mellow'd by friendship, and sweeten'd
 by love.

§ 11. Song.

THINK not, my love, when secret grief
 Preys on my sadden'd heart,
 Think not I wish a mean relief,
 Or wou'd from sorrow part.
 Dearly I prize those sighs sincere
 That my true fondness prove,
 Nor could I bear to check the tear
 That flows from hapless love.
 Alas! tho' doom'd to hope in vain
 The joys that love requite,
 Yet will I cherish all its pain
 With sad, but dear delight.
 This treasur'd grief, this lov'd despair,
 My lot for ever be—
 But dearest! may the pangs I bear
 Be never known by thee!

§ 12. Song. PETER PINDAR.

HOW bright were the blushes of morn,
 How sweet was the song of the grove,
 Ere Cynthia thus left me forlorn,
 And frowning forbade me to love.
 My streams I was wont to adore—
 My flocks bleated music around;
 And, shepherds, I lov'd them the more,
 Because she was pleas'd with the sound.
 Dear Cynthia! ah, who could behold
 A damsel with beauty so blest,
 Nor wish in his arms to unfold
 Such charms as were never possess'd!

Oh attend, thou fair cause of my woes!
 Oh, refuse not to hear me complain!
 Thy smile hath undone my repose,
 And that only can bless me again.

§ 13. Song. IBID.

HOW long shall hapless Colin mourn
 The cold regard of Delia's eye?
 The heart whose only guilt is love,
 Can Delia's softness doom to die?
 Sweet is thy name to Colin's ears!
 Thy beauties, ah! divinely bright—
 In one short hour by Delia's side,
 I pass whole ages of delight.
 Yet though I lov'd thee more than life,
 Not to displease a cruel maid,
 My tongue forebore its fondest tale,
 And murmur'd in the distant shade.
 What happier shepherd has thy smile,
 A bliss for which I hourly pine?
 Some swain, perhaps, whose fertile vale,
 Whose fleecy flocks are more than mine.
 Few are the vales that Colin boasts,
 And few the flocks those vales that rove;
 I court not Delia's heart with wealth,
 A nobler bribe I offer—love.
 Yet should the virgin yield her hand,
 And, thoughtless, wed for wealth alone—
 The act may make my bosom bleed,
 But surely cannot bless *her own*.

§ 14. Song. Lord LYTTLETON.

SAY, Myra, why is gentle Love
 A stranger to that mind
 Which pity and esteem can move;
 Which can be just and kind?
 Is it, because you fear to share
 The ills that love molest,
 The jealous doubt, the tender care,
 That rack the am'rous breast?

Alas!

Alas! by some degree of woe,
We ev'ry bliss must gain:
The heart can ne'er a transport know,
That never feels a pain.

§ 15. Song. WALLER.

GO, lovely rose!
Tell her that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.
Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spy'd,
That hadst thou sprung
In deserts, where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended dy'd.
Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retir'd;
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desir'd,
And not blush so to be admir'd.
Then die! that she,
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee:
How small a part of time they share,
That are so wondrous sweet and fair!

§ 16. Song. *L'Amour timide*. MOORE.

IF in that breast, so good, so pure,
Compassion ever lov'd to dwell,
Pity the sorrows I endure,
The cause—I must not—dare not tell.
That grief that on my quiet preys—
That rends my heart, that checks my tongue,
I fear will last me all my days;
But feel it will not last me long.

§ 17. Song. *Earl of Dorset* *.

TO all you ladies now at land,
We men at sea indite;
But first would have you understand
How hard it is to write;
The Muses now, and Neptune too,
We must implore to write to you.
With a fa la, la, la, la.
For though the Muses should prove kind,
And fill our empty brain;
Yet if rough Neptune rouse the wind
To wave the azure main,
Our paper, pen, and ink, and we,
Roll up and down our ships at sea.
With a fa, &c.
Then, if we write not by each post,
Think not we are unkind;
Nor yet conclude our ships are lost
By Dutchmen or by wind:
Our tears we'll send a speedier way,
The tide shall bring them twice a day.
With a fa, &c.
The king, with wonder and surprize,
Will swear the seas grow bold;
Because the tides will higher rise
Than e'er they did of old:
But let him know it is our tears
Bring floods of grief to Whitehall-stairs.
With a fa, &c.
Should foggy Opdam chance to know
Our sad and dismal story;
The Dutch would scorn so weak a foe,
And quit their fort at Goree:
For what resistance can they find
From men who've left their hearts behind?
With a fa, &c.
Let wind and weather do its worst,
Be you to us but kind;

* Written at sea, the first Dutch war, 1665, the night before an engagement.

Let Dutchmen vapour, Spaniards curse,

No sorrow we shall find :

'Tis then no matter how things go,
Or who's our friend, or who's our foe.

With a fa, &c.

To pass our tedious hours away,

We throw a merry main;

Or else at serious ombre play;

But why should we in vain

Each other's ruin thus pursue?

We were undone when we left you.

With a fa, &c.

But now our fears tempestuous grow,

And cast our hopes away;

Whilst you, regardless of our woe,

Sit careless at a play:

Perhaps permit some happier man

To kiss your hand, or flirt your fan.

With a fa, &c.

When any mournful tune you hear,

That dies in every note;

As if it sigh'd with each man's care

For being so remote:

Think then how often love we've made

To you, when all those tunes were play'd.

With a fa, &c.

In justice you cannot refuse

To think of our distress;

When we for hopes of honour lose

Our certain happiness:

All those designs are but to prove

Ourselves more worthy of your love.

With a fa, &c.

And now we've told you all our loves,

And likewise all our fears;

In hopes this declaration moves

Some pity for our tears,

Let's hear of no inconstancy,

We have too much of that at sea.

With a fa, la, la, la, la.

§ 18. Song. Lord LANSDOWNE.

WHY, cruel creature, why so bent
To vex a tender heart?

To gold and title you relent;

Love throws in vain his dart.

Let glittering fops in courts be great,

For pay let armies move:

Beauty should have no other bait,

But gentle vows and love.

If on those endless charms you lay

The value that's their due,

Kings are themselves too poor to pay:

A thousand worlds too few.

But if a passion without vice,

Without disguise or art,

Ah, Celia! if true love's your price,

Behold it in my heart.

§ 19. Song. Sir CAR SCROOPE.

ONE night, when all the village slept,
Myrtillo's sad despair

The wretched shepherd waking kept,

To tell the woods his care:

Begone (said he) fond thoughts, begone!

Eyes, give your sorrows o'er!

Why should you waste your tears for one

Who thinks on you no more?

Yet, oh! ye birds, ye flocks, ye pow'rs

That dwell within this grove,

Can tell how many tender hours

We here have past in love!

Yon stars above (my cruel foes!)

Have heard how she has sworn

A thousand times, that like to those

Her flame should ever burn!

But since she's lost—oh! let me have

My wish, and quickly die;

In this cold bank I'll make a grave,

And there for ever lie;

Sad nightingales the watch shall keep,
And kindly here complain.
Then down the shepherd lay to sleep;
But never rose again.

§ 20. *A Pastoral Elegy.*

AH, Damon, dear shepherd, adieu!
By love and first nature ally'd,
Together in fondness we grew;
Ah, would we together had dy'd!
For thy faith, which resembl'd my own,
For thy soul, which was spotless and true,
For the joys we together have known,
Ah, Damon, dear shepherd, adieu!
What bliss can hereafter be mine?
Whom ever engaging I see,
To his friendship I ne'er can incline,
For fear I should mourn him like thee.
Though the Muses should crown me with art,
Though honour and fortune should join:
Since thou art deny'd to my heart,
What bliss can hereafter be mine?
Ah, Damon, dear shepherd, farewell!
Thy grave with sad osiers I'll bind:
Though no more in one cottage we dwell,
I can keep thee for ever in mind:
Each morning I'll visit alone
His ashes, who lov'd me so well,
And murmur each eve o'er his stone,
' Ah Damon, dear shepherd farewell !'

§ 21. *Song.* MOORE.

HARK! hark! 'tis a voice from the tomb!
Come, Lucy, it cries, come away;
The grave of thy Colin has room,
To rest thee beside his cold clay.
I come, my dear shepherd, I come;
Ye friends and companions, adieu!
I haste to my Colin's dark home,
To die on his bosom so true.
All mournful the midnight bell rung,

When Lucy, sad Lucy arose;
And forth to the green turf she sprung,
Where Colin's pale ashes repose.
All wet with the night's chilling dew,
Her bosom embrac'd the cold ground,
While stormy winds over her blew,
And night-ravens croak'd all around.
How long, my lov'd Colin, she cry'd;
How long must thy Lucy complain?
How long shall the grave my love hide?
How long ere it join us again?
For thee thy fond shepherdess liv'd,
With thee o'er the world would she fly,
For thee has she sorrow'd and griev'd,
For thee would she lie down and die.
Alas! what avails it how dear
Thy Lucy was once to her swain!
Her face like the lily so fair,
And eyes that gave light to the plain!
The shepherd that lov'd her is gone,
That face and those eyes charm no more,
And Lucy, forgot and alone,
To death shall her Colin deplore.
While thus she lay sunk in despair,
And mourn'd to the echoes around,
Inflam'd all at once grew the air,
And thunder shook dreadful the ground.
I hear the kind call and obey;
Oh Colin, receive me! she cry'd:
Then breathing a groan o'er his clay,
She hung on his tomb-stone and dy'd.

§ 22. *Song.* GAY.

'T'WAS when the seas were roaring
With hollow blasts of wind,
A damsel lay deploring,
All on a rock reclin'd.
Wide o'er the foaming billows
She cast a wistful look;
Her head was crown'd with willows,
That trembled o'er the brook.

Twelve months are gone and over,
 And nine long tedious days:
 Why didst thou, vent'rous lover,
 Why didst thou trust the seas?
 Cease, cease thou cruel ocean,
 And let my lover rest:
 Ah! what's thy troubled motion
 To that within my breast?
 The merchant robb'd of pleasure,
 Views tempests in despair;
 But what's the loss of treasure
 To losing of my dear?
 Should you some coast be laid on,
 Where gold and di'monds grow,
 You'd find a richer maiden,
 But none that loves you so.
 How can they say that Nature
 Hath nothing made in vain;
 Why then beneath the water
 Do hideous rocks remain?
 No eyes these rocks discover,
 That lurk beneath the deep,
 To wreck the wand'ring lover,
 And leave the maid to weep.
 All melancholy lying,
 Thus wail'd she for her dear;
 Repaid each blast with sighing,
 Each billow with a tear.
 When o'er the white wave stooping,
 His floating corpse she spy'd;
 Then like a lily drooping,
 She bow'd her head and dy'd.

§ 23. Song.

HARD by the hall, our master's house,
 Where Mersey flows to meet the main;
 Where woods, and winds, and waves dispose
 A lover to complain;
 With arms across, along the strand
 Poor Lycon walk'd, and hung his head,
 Viewing the footsteps in the sand
 Which a bright nymph had made,

The tide, says he, will soon erase
 The marks so lightly here impress;
 But time or tide will ne'er deface
 Her image in my breast.
 Am I some savage beast of prey,
 Am I some horrid monster grown,
 That thus she flies so swift away,
 Or meets me with a frown?
 That bosom soft, that lily skin
 (Trust not the fairest outside show)
 Contains a marble heart within,
 A rock hid under snow.
 Ah me! the flints and pebbles wound
 Her tender feet, from whence there fell
 Those crimson drops which stain the ground,
 And beautify each shell.
 Ah fair one! moderate thy flight,
 I will no more in vain pursue,
 But take my leave for a long night;
 Adieu! lov'd maid, adieu!
 With that, he took a running leap,
 He took a lover's leap indeed,
 And plung'd into the sounding deep,
 Where hungry fishes feed.
 The melancholy hern stalks by;
 Around the squalling sea-gulls yell;
 Aloft the croaking ravens fly,
 And toll his funeral bell.
 The waters roll above his head,
 The billows toss it o'er and o'er;
 His iv'ry bones lie scattered,
 And whiten all the shore.

§ 24. Song.

NO glory I covet, no riches I want,
 Ambition is nothing to me;
 The one thing I beg of kind Heaven to grant,
 Is a mind independent and free.
 With passions unruff'd, untainted with pride,
 By reason my life let me square;
 The wants of my nature are cheaply supply'd,
 And the rest are but folly and care.

The

The blessings which Providence freely has lent,
 I'll justly and gratefully prize;
 Whilst sweet meditation, and cheerful content,
 Shall make me both healthful and wise.
 In the pleasures the great man's possessions dis-
 Unenvy'd I'll challenge my part; [play,
 For ev'ry fair object my eyes can survey,
 Contributes to gladden my heart.
 How vainly, through infinite trouble and strife,
 The many their labours employ!
 Since all that is truly delightful in life,
 Is what all, if they please, may enjoy.

§ 25. Song. *Jemmy Dawson* *. SHENSTONE.

COME listen to my mournful tale,
 Ye tender hearts, and lovers dear;
 Nor will you scorn to heave a sigh,
 Nor will you blush to shed a tear.
 And thou, dear Kitty, peerless maid,
 Do thou a pensive ear incline;
 For thou canst weep at ev'ry woe,
 And pity every plaint but mine.
 Young Dawson was a gallant youth,
 A brighter never trod the plain;
 And well he lov'd one charming maid,
 And dearly was he lov'd again.
 One tender maid she lov'd him dear,
 Of gentle blood the damsel came:
 And faultless was her beauteous form,
 And spotless was her virgin fame.
 But curse on party's hateful strife,
 That led the favour'd youth astray;
 The day the rebel clans appear'd,
 O had he never seen that day!
 Their colours and their fash he wore,
 And in the fatal dress was found;

And now he must that death endure,
 Which gives the brave the keenest wound.
 How pale was then his true-love's cheek,
 When Jemmy's sentence reach'd her ear!
 For never yet did Alpine snows
 So pale, or yet so chill, appear.
 With faltering voice she weeping said,
 Oh Dawson, monarch of my heart!
 Think not thy death shall end our loves,
 For thou and I will never part.
 Yet might sweet mercy find a place,
 And bring relief to Jemmy's woes,
 O George! without a prayer for thee
 My prisons should never close.
 The gracious prince that gave him life
 Would crown a never-dying flame;
 And every tender babe I bore
 Should learn to list the giver's name.
 But tho', dear youth, thou should'st be dragg'd
 To yonder ignominious tree;
 Thou shalt not want a faithful friend
 To share thy bitter fate with thee.
 O then her mourning coach was call'd,
 The sledge mov'd slowly on before;
 Though borne in her triumphal car,
 She had not lov'd her favourite more.
 She follow'd him, prepar'd to view
 The terrible behests of law;
 And the last scene of Jemmy's woes
 With calm and stedfast eye she saw.
 Distorted was that blooming face,
 Which she had fondly lov'd so long;
 And stifled was that tuneful breath,
 Which in her praise had sweetly sung
 And sever'd was that beauteous neck,
 Round which her arms had fondly clos'd;

* Captain James Dawson, the amiable and unfortunate subject of these beautiful stanzas, was one of the eight officers belonging to the Manchester Regiment of volunteers, in the service of the Young Chevalier, who were hanged, drawn, and quartered, on Kennington-Common, in 1746. And this ballad, written about the time, is founded on a remarkable circumstance which actually happened at his execution. Just before his death, he wrote a song on his own misfortunes; which is supposed to be still extant.

And

And mangled was that beauteous breast,
 Out which her love-sick head repos'd:
 And ravish'd was that constant heart,
 She did to ev'ry heart prefer;
 For though it could its king forget,
 'Twas true and loyal still to her.
 Amid those unrelenting flames
 She bore this constant heart to see;
 But when 'twas moulder'd into dust,
 Now, now, she cry'd, I follow thee.
 My death, my death, alone can shew
 The pure and lasting love I bore:
 Accept, O Heaven! of woes like ours,
 And let us, let us weep no more.
 The dismal scene was o'er and past,
 The lover's mournful hearse retir'd;
 The maid drew back her languid head,
 And, sighing forth his name, expir'd.
 Though justice ever must prevail,
 The tear my Kitty sheds is due;
 For seldom shall she hear a tale
 So sad, so tender, and so true.

§ 26. *Song. A Morning Piece; or a Hymn
 for the Hay-makers.* SMART.

BRISK chaunticleer his matins had begun,
 And broke the silence of the night;
 And thrice he call'd aloud the tardy sun,
 And thrice he hail'd the dawn's ambiguous
 light. [run.
 Back to their graves the fear-begotten phantoms
 Strong Labour got up with his pipe in his mouth,
 And stoutly strode over the dale;
 He lent new perfume to the breath of the south;
 On his back hung his wallet and flail.
 Behind him came Health from her cottage of thatch,
 Where never physician had lifted the latch.
 First of the village Colin was awake,
 And thus he sung, reclining on his rake:
 Now the rural Graces three
 Dance beneath yon maple-tree;

First the vestal Virtue, known
 By her adamant zone;
 Next to her, in rosy pride,
 Sweet Society, the bride;
 Last Honesty, full seemly drest
 In her cleanly homespun vest.
 The abbey bells, in wak'ning rounds,
 The warning peal have given;
 And pious Gratitude resounds
 Her morning hymn to Heav'n.
 All Nature wakes; the birds unlock their throats;
 And mock the shepherd's rustic notes.
 All alive o'er the lawn,
 Full glad of the dawn,
 The little lambkins play,
 Sylvia and Sol arise, and all is day.
 Come, my mates, let us work,
 And all hands to the fork,
 While the sun shines, our haycocks to make;
 So fine is the day,
 And so fragrant the hay,
 That the meadow's as blithe as the wake.
 Our voices let's raise
 In Phoenix's praise,
 Inspir'd by so glorious a theme;
 Our musical words
 Shall be join'd by the birds,
 And we'll dance to the tune of the stream.

§ 27. *Song. Sir JOHN SUCKLING.*

WHY so pale and wan, fond lover?
 Pr'ythee, why so pale?
 Will, when looking well can't move her,
 Looking ill prevail?
 Pr'ythee, why so pale?
 Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
 Pr'ythee, why so mute?
 Will, when speaking well can't win her,
 Saying nothing do't?
 Pr'ythee, why so mute?

Quit,

Quit, quit, for shame; this will not move;
 This cannot take her;
 If of herself she will not love,
 Nothing can make her;
 The devil take her.

§ 28. *Song. Humphrey Gubbin's Courtship.*

A Courting I went to my love,
 Who is sweeter than roses in May;
 And when I came to her, by Jove,
 The devil a word could I say.
 I walk'd with her into the garden,
 There fully intending to woo her;
 But may I be ne'er worth a farthing,
 If of love I said any thing to her.
 I clasp'd her hand close to my breast,
 While my heart was as light as a feather;
 Yet nothing I said, I protest,
 But—Madam, 'tis very fine weather.
 To an arbour I did her attend,
 She ask'd me to come and sit by her;
 I crept to the furthest end,
 For I was afraid to come nigh her.
 I ask'd her which way was the wind?
 For I thought in some talk we must enter.
 Why, Sir (she answer'd, and grinn'd)
 Have you just sent your wits for a venture?
 Then I follow'd her into the house;
 There I vow'd I my passion would try;
 But there I was still as a mouse:—
 Oh! what a dull booby was I!

§ 29. *Song. The Despairing Lover. WALSH.*

DISTRACTED with care,
 For Phyllis the fair;
 Since nothing could move her,
 Poor Damon, her lover,
 Resolves in despair

No longer to languish,
 Nor bear so much anguish;
 But, mad with his love,
 To a precipice goes,
 Where a leap from above
 Would soon finish his woes.

When in rage he came there,
 Beholding how steep
 The sides did appear,
 And the bottom how deep!
 His torments projecting,
 And sadly reflecting,
 That a lover forsaken
 A new love may get;
 But a neck, when once broken,
 Can never be set:

And that he could die
 Whenever he would;
 But, that he could live
 But as long as he could:
 How grievous soever
 The torment might grow,
 He scorn'd to endeavour
 To finish it so.
 But bold, unconcern'd
 At thoughts of the pain,
 He calmly return'd to his cottage again.

§ 30. *Song.*

A Cbler there was, and he liv'd in a stall,
 Which serv'd him for parlour, for kitchen,
 and hall;
 No coin in his pocket, no care in his pate,
 No ambition had he, nor duns at his gate.
 Derry down, down, down, derry down.

Contented he work'd, and he thought himself
 happy, [nappy:
 If at night he could purchase a jug of brown
 How

How he'd laugh then, and whistle, and sing too
most sweet : [meet
Saying, Just to a hair I have made both ends
Derry down, down, &c.

But love, the disturber of high and of low,
That shoots at the peasant as well as the beau ;
He shot the poor cobbler quite through the heart ;
I wish he had hit some more ignoble part.

Derry down, down, &c.

It was from a cellar this archer did play,
Where a buxom young damsel continually lay ;
Her eyes shone so bright when she rose ev'ry day,
That she shot the poor cobbler quite over the way.

Derry down, down, &c.

He sung her love-songs as he sat at his work,
But she was as hard as a Jew or a Turk ;
Whenever he spoke, she would flounce and
would flier,

Which put the poor cobbler quite into despair.

Derry down, down, &c.

He took up his awl that he had in the world,
And to make away with himself was resolv'd ;
He pierc'd through his body instead of the sole,
So the cobbler he dy'd, and the bell it did toll.

Derry down, down, &c.

And now, in good will, I advise as a friend,
All cobblers take warning by this cobbler's end :
Keep your hearts out of love ; for we find by
what's past,

That love brings us all to an end at the last.

Derry down, down, down, derry down.

§ 31. Song. MOORE.

WHEN Damon languish'd at my feet,
And I believ'd him true,
The moments of delight how sweet !
But ah ! how swift they flew !
The sunny hill, the flowery vale,
The garden, and the grove,
Have echoed to his ardent tale,
And vows of endless love.

The conquest gain'd, he left his prize,
He left her to complain ;
To talk of joy with weeping eyes,
And measure time by pain.
But Heaven will take the mourner's part,
In pity to despair ;
And the last sigh that rends the heart,
Shall waft the spirit there.

§ 32. Song. BARTON BOOTH, Esq.

SWEET are the charms of her I love,
More fragrant than the damask rose,
Soft as the down of turtle dove,

Gentle as the air when Zephyr blows,
Refreshing as descending rains
To sun-burnt climes and thirsty plains ;
True as the needle to the pole,

Or as the dial to the sun ;
Constant as gliding waters roll,
Whose swelling tides obey the moon ;
From every other charmer free,
My life and love shall follow thee.

The lamb the flowery thyme devours,
The dam the tender kid pursues ;
Sweet Philomel, in shady bowers,
Of verdant spring, her note renews ;
All follow what they most admire,
As I pursue my soul's desire.

Nature must change her beauteous face,
And vary as the seasons rise ;
As winter to the spring gives place,

Summer th' approach of autumn flies :
No change on love the seasons bring,
Love only knows perpetual spring.

Devouring time, with stealing pace,
Makes lofty oaks and cedars bow ;
And marble towers, and gates of brass,
In his rude march he levels low :
But time, destroying far and wide,
Love from the soul can ne'er divide.

Death

Death only with his cruel dart,
 The gentle godhead can remove;
 And drive him from the bleeding heart,
 To mingle with the blest'd above;
 Where, known to all his kindred train,
 He finds a lasting rest from pain.
 Love, and his sister fair, the soul,
 Twin-born, from heaven together came:
 Love will the universe controul,
 When dying seasons lose their name;
 Divine abodes shall own his pow'r,
 When time and death shall be no more.

§ 33. Song. PARNELL.

MY days have been so wond'rous free,
 The little birds that fly
 With careless ease from tree to tree,
 Wee but as blest'd as I.
 Ask gliding waters, if a tear
 Of mine increas'd their stream?
 Or ask the sighing gales, if e'er
 I lent a sigh to them?
 But now my former days retire,
 And I'm by beauty caught;
 The tender chains of sweet desire
 Are fix'd upon my thought.
 An eager hope within my breast
 Does ev'ry doubt controul;
 And lovely Nancy stands confess't
 The favourite of my soul.
 Ye nightingales, ye twisting pines,
 Ye swains that haunt the grove,
 Ye gentle echoes, breezy winds!
 Ye close retreats of love!
 With all of nature, all of art,
 Assist the dear design;
 O teach a young unpractis'd heart
 To make her ever mine.
 The very thought of change I hate,
 As much as of despair;

Nor ever covet to be great,
 Unless it be for her.
 'Tis true, the passion in my mind
 Is mix'd with soft distress!
 Yet while the fair I love is kind,
 I cannot wish it less.

§ 34. Song. May-Eve: or, Kate of Aberdeen.
 CUNNINGHAM.

THE silver moon's enamour'd beam
 Steals softly through the night,
 To wanton with the winding stream,
 And kiss reflected light.
 To beds of state go, balmy sleep,
 ('Tis where you've seldom been)
 May's vigil while the shepherds keep
 With Kate of Aberdeen.
 Upon the green the virgins wait,
 In rosy chaplets gay,
 Till morn unbar her golden gate,
 And give the promis'd May.
 Methinks I hear the maids declare
 The promis'd May, when seen,
 Not half so fragrant, half so fair,
 As Kate of Aberdeen.
 Strike up the tabor's boldest notes,
 We'll rouse the nodding grove;
 The nested birds shall raise their throats,
 And hail the maid I love.
 And see—the matin lark mistakes,
 He quits the tufted green:
 Fond bird! 'tis not the morning breaks,
 'Tis Kate of Aberdeen.
 Now lightsome o'er the level mead,
 Where midnight Fairies rove,
 Like them the jocund dance we'll lead,
 Or tune the reed to love:
 For see, the rosy May draws nigh;
 She claims a virgin queen;
 And hark! the happy shepherds cry,
 'Tis Kate of Aberdeen.

Song.

35. *Song.*

JOHNSON.

NOT the soft sighs of vernal gales,
 The fragrance of the flowery vales,
 The murmurs of the crystal rill,
 The vocal grove, the verdant hill;
 Not all their charms, though all unite,
 Can touch my bosom with delight.
 Not all the gems on India's shore,
 Not all Peru's unbounded store;
 Not all the power, nor all the fame,
 That heroes, kings, or poets claim;
 Nor knowledge, which the learn'd approve,
 To form one wish my soul can move.
 Yet Nature's charms allure my eyes,
 And knowledge, wealth, and fame I prize;
 Fame, wealth, and knowledge I obtain,
 Nor seek I Nature's charms in vain;
 In lovely Stella all combine,
 And lovely Stella! thou art mine.

§ 36. *Delia. A Pastoral.* CUNNINGHAM.

THE gentle swain, with graceful pride,
 Her glassy plumage laves,
 And sailing down the silver tide,
 Divides the whispering waves:
 The silver tide that wandering flows,
 Sweet, to the bird must be!
 But not so sweet, blithe Cupid knows,
 As Delia is to me.
 A parent bird, in plaintive mood,
 On yonder fruit-tree sung,
 And still the pendant nest she view'd
 That held her callow young:
 Dear to the mother's fluttering heart
 The genial brood must be;
 But not so dear (the thousandth part)
 As Delia is to me.
 The roses that my brow surround
 Were natives of the dale;
 Scarce pluck'd, and in a garland bound,
 Before their sweets grew pale!

My vital bloom would thus be froze,
 If luckless torn from thee!
 For what the root is to the rose,
 My Delia is to me.
 Two doves I found, like new-fall'n snow,
 So white the beauteous pair!
 The birds to Delia I'll bestow;
 They're like her bosom fair!
 When in their chaste connubial love,
 My secret wish she'll see;
 Such mutual bliss as turtles prove,
 May Delia share with me!

§ 37. *Song.* AKENSIDE.

THE shape alone let others prize,
 The features of the fair!
 I look for spirit in her eyes,
 And meaning in her air.
 A damask cheek and ivory arm
 Shall ne'er my wishes win:
 Give me an animated form,
 That speaks a mind within.
 A face where awful honour shines,
 Where sense and sweetness move,
 And angel innocence refines
 The tenderness of love.
 These are the soul of beauty's frame,
 Without whose vital aid
 Unfinish'd all her features seem,
 And all her roses dead.
 But ah! where both their charms unite,
 How perfect is the view,
 With every image of delight,
 With graces ever new!
 Of power to charm the greatest woe,
 The wildest rage controul;
 Diffusing mildness o'er the brow,
 And rapture thro' the soul.
 Their power but faintly to express
 All language must despair;
 But go, behold Arpasia's face,
 And read it perfect there.

Song.

§ 38. *Song. On Young Olinda.*

WHEN innocence and beauty meet,
 To add to lovely female grace,
 Ah, how beyond expression sweet
 Is ev'ry feature of the face!
 By virtue ripen'd from the bud,
 The flower angelic odours breeds;
 The fragrant charms of being good
 Makes gaudy vice to smell like weeds.
 Oh sacred Virtue! tune my voice
 With thy inspiring harmony;
 Then I shall sing of rapt'rous joys,
 Which fill my soul with love of thee.
 To lasting brightness be refin'd,
 When this vain shadow flies away;
 Th'eternal beauties of the mind
 Will last when all things else decay.

§ 39. *Song. From the Lapland Tongue.*
 STEEL.

THOU rising sun, whose gladsome ray
 Invites my fair to rural play,
 Dispel the mist, and clear the skies,
 And bring my Orra to my eyes.
 Oh! were I sure my dear to view,
 I'd climb that pine-tree's topmost bough,
 Aloft in air that quivering plays,
 And round and round for ever gaze.
 My Orra Moor, where art thou laid?
 What wood conceals my sleeping maid?
 Fast by the roots enrag'd I'd tear
 The trees that hide my promis'd fair.
 Oh! could I ride on clouds and skies,
 Or on the raven's pinions rise!
 Ye storks, ye swans, a moment stay,
 And waft a lover on his way!
 My bliss too long my bride denies,
 Apace the winking summer flies:
 Nor yet the wintry blast I fear,
 Not storms or night shall keep me here.

Song.

What may for strength with steel compare?
 Oh! Love has fetters stronger far:
 By bolts of steel are limbs confin'd,
 But cruel Love enchains the mind.
 No longer then perplex thy breast;
 When thoughts torment, the first are best;
 'Tis mad to go, 'tis death to stay,
 Away to Orra, haste away!

§ 40. *Song. The Midsummer Wish. CROKAL L*

WAST me, some soft and cooling breeze,
 To Windsor's shady kind retreat;
 Where sylvan scenes, wide-spreading trees,
 Repel the dog-star's raging heat.
 Where tufted grass, and mossy beds,
 Afford a rural calm repose;
 Where woodbines hang their dewy heads,
 And fragrant sweets around disclose.
 Old oozy Thames, that flows fast by,
 Along the smiling valley plays;
 His glassy surface cheers the eye,
 And through the flow'ry meadow strays.
 His fertile banks with herbage green,
 His vales with golden plenty swell;
 Where'er his purer streams are seen,
 The gods of health and pleasure dwell.
 Let me thy clear, thy yielding wave,
 With naked arm once more divide;
 In thee my glowing bosom lave,
 And stem thy gently rolling tide.
 Lay me, with damask roses crown'd,
 Beneath some osier's dusky shade;
 Where water-lilies deck the ground,
 Where bubbling springs refresh the glade.

§ 41. *Song. Miss WHATELEY.*

COME, dear Pastora, come away!
 And hail the cheerful spring;
 Now fragrant blossoms crown the May,
 And woods with love-notes ring:

Now

Now Phoebus to the west descends,
 And sheds a fainter ray;
 And as our rural labour ends,
 We bless the closing day.
 In yonder artless maple bower,
 With blooming woodbines twin'd,
 Let us enjoy the evening hour,
 On earth's soft lap reclin'd:
 Or where yon poplar's verdant boughs
 The crystal current shade;
 O deign, fair nymph, to hear the vows
 My faithful heart has made!
 Within this breast no soft deceit,
 No artful flattery hides:
 But truth, scarce known among the great,
 O'er ev'ry thought presides:
 On pride's false glare I look with scorn,
 And all its glittering train;
 Be mine the pleasures which adorn
 This ever-peaceful pain.
 Come then, my fair, and with thy love
 Each rising care subdue;
 Thy presence can each grief remove,
 And every joy renew;
 The lily fades, the rose grows faint,
 Their transient bloom is vain;
 But lasting truth and virtue paint
 Pastora of the plain.

§ 42. *Song.*

COME, dear Amanda, quit the town,
 And to the rural hamlets fly;
 Behold, the wintry storms are gone,
 A gentle radiance glads the sky.
 The birds awake, the flowers appear,
 Earth spreads a verdant couch for thee;
 'Tis joy and music all we hear!
 'Tis love and beauty all we see!
 Come let us mark the gradual spring,
 How peep the buds, the blossom blows,

Till Philomel begins to sing,
 And perfect May to spread the rose.
 Let us secure the short delight,
 And wisely crop the blooming day;
 For soon, too soon, it will be night;
 Arise, my love, and come away.

§ 43. *Song. From the Lapland Tongue.*

STEEL.

HASTE, my rein-deer! and let us nimbly go
 Our amorous journey through this dreary
 waste:
 Haste, my rein-deer! still, still thou art too slow,
 Impetuous love demands the lightning's haste.
 Around us far the rushy moors are spread;
 Soon will the sun withdraw his cheerful ray,
 Darkling and tir'd we shall the marshes tread,
 No lay unsung to cheat the tedious way.
 The watery length of these unjoyous moors,
 Does all the flowery meadows pride excel;
 Through these I fly to her my soul adores;
 Ye flowery meadows, empty pride, farewell.
 Each moment from the charmer I'm confin'd,
 My breast is tortur'd with impatient fires;
 Fly, my rein-deer, fly swifter than the wind,
 Thy tardy feet wing with my fierce desires.
 Our pleasing toil will then be soon o'erpaid,
 And thou in wonder lost, shalt view my fair,
 Admire each feature of the lovely maid,
 Her artless charms, her bloom, her sprightly air.

§ 44. *Song. HILDEBRAND JACOB, Esq.*

I ENVY not the mighty great,
 Those powerful rulers of the state,
 Who settle nations as they please,
 And govern at th'expence of ease.
 Far happier the shepherd's swain,
 Who daily drudges on the plain,
 And nightly in some humble shed
 On rushy pillows lays his head.

No

No curs'd ambition breaks his rest,
No factious wars divide his breast;
His flock, his pipe, and artless fair,
Are all his hope, and all his care.

§ 45. *Song. Arno's Vale.*
Earl of MIDDLESEX.*

WHEN here, Lucinda, first we came,
Where Arno rolls his silver stream,
How blythe the nymphs, the swains how gay!
Content inspir'd each rural lay.
The birds in livelier concert sung,
The grapes in thicker clusters hung;
All look'd as joy could never fail,
Among the sweets of Arno's vale.
But since the good Palemon dy'd,
The chief of shepherds, and their pride,
Now Arno's sons must all give place
To northern men, an iron race.
The taste of pleasure now is o'er;
Thy notes, Lucinda, please no more;
The muses droop, the Goths prevail;
Adieu the sweets of Arno's vale!

§ 46. *Song. Summer.*
THOMAS BREREWOOD, Esq.

WHERE the light cannot pierce, in a grove
of tall trees,
With my fair one as blooming as May,
Undisturb'd by all sound but the sighs of the
Let me pass the hot noon of the day. [breeze,
When the sun, less intense, to the westward in-
clines,
For the meadows the groves we'll forsake,
And see the rays dance, as inverted he shines,
On the face of some river or lake.
Where my fairest and I on its verge as we pass
(For 'tis she that must still be my theme)

Our shadows may view on the watery glass,
While the fish are at play in the stream.
May the herds cease to low, and the lambskins
to bleat,

When she sings me some amorous strain!
All be silent and hush'd, unless Echo repeat
The kind words and sweet sounds back again!
And when we return to our cottage at night,
Hand in hand as we sauntering stray,
Let the moon's silver beams through the leaves
give us light,
Just direct us, and chequer our way.
Let the nightingale warble its notes in our walk,
As thus gently and slowly we move;
And let no single thought be express'd in our
But of friendship improv'd into love. [talk,
Thus enchanted each day with these rural de-
lights,
And secure from ambition's alarms;
Soft love and repose shall divide all our nights,
And each morning shall rise with new charms.

§ 47. *Song. MOORE.*

HOW bless'd has my time been, what joys
have I known, [own!
Since wedlock's soft bondage made Jessy my
So joyful my heart is, so easy my chain,
That freedom is tasteless, and roving a pain.
Through walks grown with woodbines, as often
we stray,
Around us our boys and girls frolic and play:
How pleasing their sport is the wanton ones see,
And borrow their looks from my Jessy and me.
To try her sweet temper, sometimes am I seen
In revels all day with the nymphs on the green;
Though painful my absence, my doubts she be-
guiles, [smiles.
And meets me at night with compliance and

* Charles Sackville, afterwards Duke of Dorset. It was written at Florence in 1737, on the death of John Gaston, the last Duke of Tuscany, of the house of Medici; and addressed to Signora Muscovita, a singer, a favourite of the author's.

What though on her cheeks the rose loses its hue,
Her wit and good humour bloom all the year
through;

Time still, as he flies, adds increase to her truth,
And gives to her mind what he steals from her
youth.

Ye shepherds so gay, who make love to ensnare,
And cheat with false vows the too-credulous fair;
In search of true pleasure how vainly you roam!
To hold it for life, you must find it at home.

§ 48. *Song.* FITZGERALD.

THE charms which blooming beauty shows
From faces heav'nly fair,
We to the lily and the rose,
With semblance apt, compare.
With semblance apt, for ah! how soon,
How soon they all decay!
The lily droops, the rose is gone,
And beauty fades away.
But when bright virtue shines confess'd,
With sweet discretion join'd;
When mildness calms the peaceful breast,
And wisdom guides the mind:
When charms like these, dear maid, conspire
Thy person to approve,
They kindle generous chaste desire,
And everlasting love.
Beyond the reach of time or fate
These graces shall endure;
Still, like the passion they create,
Eternal, constant, pure.

§ 49. *Song.*

BUSY, curious, thirsty fly,
Drink with me, and drink as I;
Freely welcome to my cup,
Could thou sip, and sip it up.
Make the most of life you may,
Life is short, and wears away.

Both alike are mine and thine,
Hastening quick to their decline:
Thine's a summer, mine no more,
Though repeated to threescore;
Threescore summers, when they're gone,
Will appear as short as one.

§ 50. *Song.*

HAD Neptune, when first he took charge of
the sea,
Been as wise, or at least been as merry as we,
He'd have thought better on't, and instead of his
brine, [wine.
Would have fill'd the vast ocean with generous
What trafficking then would have been on the
main,
For the sake of good liquor, as well as for gain!
No fear then of tempest, or danger of sinking;
The fishes ne'er drown that are always a drinking.
The hot thirsty sun then would drive with more
Secure in the evening of such a repast; [haste,
And when he'd got tipsy would have taken his
With double the pleasure in Thetis's lap. [nap,
By the force of his rays, and thus heated with
wine,
Consider how gloriously Phoebus would shine;
What vast exhalations he'd draw up on high,
To relieve the poor earth as it wanted supply.
How happy us mortals, when blest'd with such
To fill all our vessels, and fill them again! [rain,
Nay even the beggar, that has ne'er a dish,
Might jump into the river, and drink like a fish.
What mirth and contentment in every one's
brow, [plough!
Hob as great as a prince dancing after the
The birds in the air, as they play on the wing,
Although they but sip, would eternally sing.
The stars, who I think don't to drinking incline,
Would frisk and rejoice at the fume of the wine;
And merrily twinkling, would soon let us know,
That they were as happy as mortals below.

Had

Had this been the case, what had we then en-
joy'd,

Our spirits still rising, our fancy ne'er cloy'd !
A pox then on Neptune, when 'twas in his pow'r,
To slip, like a fool, such a fortunate hour !

§ 51. Song. SHENSTONE.

A DIEU, ye jovial youths, who join
To plunge old Care in floods of wine ;
And, as your dazzled eye-balls roll,
Discern him struggling in the bowl.
Not yet is hope so wholly flown,
Not yet is thought so tedious grown,
But limpid stream and shady tree
Retain, as yet, some sweets for me.
And see, through yonder silent grove,
See yonder does my Daphne rove :
With pride her footsteps I pursue,
And bid your frantic joys adieu.
The sole confusion I admire,
Is that my Daphne's eyes inspire :
I scorn the madness you approve,
And value reason next to love.

§ 52. Song.

MY mind to me a kingdom is ;
Such perfect joy therein I find,
As far exceeds all earthly bliss
That God or Nature hath assign'd :
Though much I want that most would have,
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.
Content I live, this is my stay ;
I seek no more than may suffice :
I press to bear no haughty sway ;
Look what I lack my mind supplies.
Lo ! thus I triumph like a king,
Content with that my mind doth bring.
I see how plenty surfeits oft,
And hasty climbers soonest fall :
I see that such as sit aloft
Mishap doth threaten most of all :

These get with toil, and keep with fear :
Such cares my mind could never bear.

No princely pomp, nor wealthy store,
No force to win a victory,
No wily wit to salve a sore,
No shape to win a lover's eye ;
To none of these I yield as thrall,
For why, my mind despiseth all.
Some have too much, yet still they crave,
I little have, yet seek no more :
They are but poor, though much they have ;
And I am rich with little store :
They poor, I rich ; they beg, I give ;
They lack, I lend ; they pine, I live.

I laugh not at another's loss,
I grudge not at another's gain ;
No worldly wave my mind can toss :
I brook that is another's bane ;
I fear no foe, nor fawn no friend ;
I lothe not life, nor dread mine end.
My wealth is health and perfect ease ;
My conscience clear, my chief defence
I never seek by bribes to please,
Nor by desert to give offence :
Thus do I live, thus will I die ;
Would all did so as well as I !

I take no joy in earthly bliss ;
I weigh not Croesus' wealth a straw ;
For care, I care not what it is ;
I fear not Fortune's fatal law :
My mind is such as may not move
For beauty bright, or force of love.
I wish but what I have at will ;
I wander not to seek for more ;
I like the plain, I climb no hill ;
In greatest storms I sit on shore,
And laugh at them that toil in vain
To get what must be lost again.
I kiss not where I wish to kill ;
I feign not love where most I hate ;

I break no sleep to win my will;
 I wait not at the mighty's gate;
 I scorn no poor, I fear no rich;
 I feel no want, nor have too much.

The court, ne cart, I like ne loath;
 Extremes are counted worst of all;
 The golden mean betwixt them both
 Doth surest fit, and fears no fall;
 This is my choice; for, why, I find
 No wealth is like a quiet mind.

§ 53. *Song. Countess of WINCHELSEA.*

WOULD we attain the happiest state
 That is design'd us here;
 No joy a rapture must create,
 No grief beget despair.
 No injury fierce anger raise,
 No honour tempt to pride;
 No vain desires of empty praise
 Must in the soul abide.
 No charms of youth or beauty move
 The constant settled breast:
 Who leaves a passage free to love,
 Shall let in all the rest.
 In such a heart soft peace will live,
 Where none of these abound;
 The greatest blessing Heaven does give,
 Or can on earth be found.

§ 54. *Song. BEDINGFIELD.*

TO hug yourself in perfect ease,
 What would you wish for more than these?
 A healthy, clean, paternal seat,
 Well shaded from the summer's heat;
 A little parlour-stove, to hold
 A constant fire from winter's cold,
 Where you may sit, and think, and sing,
 Far off from court, God bless the king!
 Safe from the harpies of the law,
 From party-rage and great man's paw;

Have choice few friends of your own taste;
 A wife agreeable and chaste;
 An open, but yet cautious mind,
 Where guilty cares no entrance find;
 Nor miser's fears, nor envy's spite,
 To break the sabbath of the night;
 Plain equipage, and temp'rate meals,
 Few taylor's, and no doctor's bills;
 Content to take, as Heaven shall please,
 A longer or a shorter lease.

§ 55. *Song. Mrs. PILKINGTON.*

I ENVY not the proud their wealth,
 Their equipage and state:
 Give me but innocence and health,
 I ask not to be great.
 I in this sweet retirement find
 A joy unknown to kings,
 For sceptres to a virtuous mind
 Seem vain and empty things.
 Great Cincinnatus at his plough
 With brighter lustre shone
 Than guilty Cæsar e'er could shew,
 Though seated on a throne.
 Tumultuous days and restless nights
 Ambition ever knows,
 A stranger to the calm delights
 Of study and repose.
 Then free from envy, care, and strife,
 Keep me, ye powers divine!
 And pleas'd, when ye demand my life,
 May I that life resign!

§ 56. *Song. The Character of a happy Life.*
Sir HENRY WOTTON.

HOW happy is he born and taught,
 That serveth not another's will;
 Whose armour is his honest thought,
 And simple truth his utmost skill!
 Whose passions not his master's are,
 Whose soul is still prepar'd for death;
 Unty'd unto the world by care
 Of public fame, or private breath!

Who

Who envies none that chance doth raise,
 Nor vice hath ever understood;
 How deepest wounds are given by praise,
 Nor rules of state, but rules of good!
 Who hath his life from rumours freed,
 Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
 Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
 Nor ruin make oppressors great!
 Who God doth late and early pray,
 More of his grace than gifts to lend:
 And entertains the harmless day
 With a religious book or friend!
 This man, is freed from servile hands,
 Of hope to rise, or fear to fall:
 Lord of himself, though not of lands,
 And having nothing, yet hath all.

§ 57. Song. *The Lass of the Hill.*
 Miss MARY JONES.

ON the brow of a hill a young shepherdess
 dwelt,
 Who no pang, of ambition or love had e'er felt;
 For a few sober maxims still ran in her head,
 That 'twas better to earn, ere she eat her brown
 bread:
 That to rise with the lark was conducive to health,
 And, to folks in a cottage, contentment was
 wealth.
 Now young Roger, who liv'd in the valley below,
 Who at church and at market was reckon'd a
 beau,
 Had many times try'd o'er her heart to prevail,
 And would rest on his pitchfork to tell her his tale:
 With his winning behaviour he melted her heart;
 But, quite artless herself, she suspected no art.
 He had sigh'd, and protested, had kneel'd, and
 implor'd,
 And could lye with the grandeur and air of a lord:
 Then her eyes he commended in language well
 dress'd, [breast;
 And enlarg'd on the torments that troubl'd his

Till his sighs and his tears had so wrought on
 her mind, [clin'd.
 That in downright compassion to love she in-
 But as soon as he'd melted the ice of her breast,
 All the flames of his love in a moment decreas'd,
 And at noon he goes flaunting all over the vale,
 Where he boasts of his conquests to Susan and
 Nell: [haste;
 Though he sees her but seldom, he's always in
 And if ever he mentions her, makes her his jest.
 All the day she goes sighing and hanging her head,
 And her thoughts are so pester'd, she scarce earns
 her bread; [goes,
 The whole village cry shame, when a milking she
 That so little affection is shewn to the cows:
 But she heeds not their railing, e'en let them rail
 on, [gone.
 And a fig for the cows, now her sweetheart is
 Now beware ye young virgins of Britain's gay
 isle, [smile:
 How ye yield up your hearts to a look or a
 For Cupid is artful, and virgins are frail,
 And you'll find a false Roger in every vale,
 Who to court you, and tempt you, will try all
 his skill;
 But remember the Lass on the brow of the hill.

§ 58. Song. *A Moral Thought.*
 Dr. HAWKESWORTH.

THRO' groves sequester'd, dark, and still,
 Low vales, and mossy cells among,
 In silent paths the careless rill,
 Which languid murmurs, steals along.
 A while, it plays with circling sweep,
 And, lingering, leaves its native plain;
 Then pours impetuous down the steep,
 And mingles with the boundless main.
 O let my years thus devious glide,
 Through silent scenes obscurely calm;
 Nor wealth nor strife pollute the tide,
 Nor honours sanguinary palm.

When labour tires, and pleasure palls,
Still let the stream untroubled be,
As down the steep of age it falls,
And mingles with eternity.

§ 59. *Song.*

FROM the court to the cottage convey me
away, [gay:
For I'm weary of grandeur, and what they call
Where pride without measure,
And pomp without pleasure,
Make life in a circle of hurry decay.
Far remote and retir'd from the noise of the
town, [gown;
I'll exchange my brocade for a plain russet
My friends shall be few,
But well chosen and true,
And sweet recreation our evening shall crown.
With a rural repast, a rich banquet for me,
On a mossy green turf, near some shady old tree;
The river's clear brink
Shall afford me my drink, [be.
And Temp'rance my friendly physician shall
Ever calm and serene, with contentment still
blest,
Not too giddy with joy, or with sorrow deprest,
I'll neither invoke
Or repine at death's stroke, [rest.
But retire from the world as I would to my

§ 60. *Song. Dr. DARLTON*.*

NOR on beds of fading flowers,
Shedding soon their gaudy pride,
Nor with swains in syren bowers,
Will true pleasure long reside.
On awful Virtue's hill sublime
Enthron'd sits the immortal fair;

* In the *Masque of Comus*—It seems to be imitated from a passage in the 17th book of Tasso's *Jerusalem*.

† Written for, and set by the late celebrated Mr. Stanley, organist of St. Andrew, Holborn.

‡ In the entertainment of the Miller of Mansfield.

Who wins her height must patient climb,
The steps are peril, toil, and care.
So from the first did Jove ordain
Eternal bliss for transient pain.

§ 61. *Song. The Blind Boy.*

COLLEY CIBBER †.

OSAY, what is that thing called Light,
Which I must ne'er enjoy?
What are the blessings of the sight?
O tell your poor blind boy!
You talk of wondrous things you see,
You say the sun shines bright;
I feel him warm, but how can he
Or make it day or night?
My day or night myself I make,
Whene'er I sleep or play;
And could I ever keep awake,
With me 'twere always day.
With heavy sighs I often hear
You mourn my hapless woe;
But sure with patience I can bear
A loss I ne'er can know.
Then let not what I cannot have
My cheer of mind destroy;
Whilst thus I sing, I am a king,
Although a poor blind boy.

§ 62. *Song. ROBERT DODSLEY ‡.*

HOW happy a state does the miller possess,
Who would be no greater, nor fears to be less;
On his mill and himself he depends for support,
Which is better than servilely cringing at court.
What tho' he all dusty and whiten'd does go,
The more he's bespew'd, the more like a beau;
A clown in this dress may be honest far
Than a courtier who struts in his garter and star.

Tho' his hands are so daub'd they're not fit to
be seen;

The hands of his betters are not very clean;
A palm more polite may as dirtily deal; [meal.
Gold, in handling, will stick to the fingers like
What if, when a pudding for dinner he lacks,
He cribs without scruple from other mens sacks;

In this of right noble example he brags,
Who borrow as freely from other mens bags.
Or should he endeavour to heap an estate,
In this he would mimic the tools of the state;
Whose aim is alone their own coffers to fill,
As all his concern's to bring grist to his mill.
He eats when he's hungry, he drinks when he's
dry,

And down when he's weary contented does lie;
Then rises up cheerful to work and to sing:
If so happy a miller, then who'd be a king?

§ 63. Song. *The Old Man's Wish.* Dr. POPE.

IF I live to grow old, for I find I go down,
Let this be my fate: In a country town
May I have a warm house, with a stone at the
gate,

And a cleanly young girl to rub my bald pate!
May I govern my passion with an absolute
sway, [wears away,
And grow wiser and better as my strength
Without gout or stone, by a gentle decay!

Near a shady grove, and a murmuring brook,
With the ocean at distance, whereon I may look;
With a spacious plain, without hedge or stile,
And an easy pad-nag to ride out a mile.

May I govern, &c.

With Horace, and Petrarch, and two or three
more

Of the best wits that reign'd in the ages before;
With roast mutton rather than ven'son or teal,
And clean though coarse linen at every meal.

May I govern, &c.

With a pudding on Sundays, with stout hum-
ming liquor,

And remnants of Latin to welcome the vicar;
With *Monte Fiascone* or Burgundy wine,
To drink the king's health as oft as I dine.
May I govern, &c.

With a courage undaunted may I face my last
day,

And when I am dead may the better fort say,
In the morning when sober, in the evening when
mellow, [fellow:

He's gone, and [has] left not behind him his
For he govern'd his passion with an absolute
sway,

And grew wiser and better as his strength wore
away,

Without gout or stone, by a gentle decay.

§ 64. Song. *Time's Alteration.*

WHEN this old cap was new,
'Tis since two hundred year,
No malice then we knew,
But all things plenty were:
All friendship now decays
(Believe me this is true)
Which was not in those days
When this old cap was new.

The nobles of our land
Were much delighted then
To have at their command
A crew of lusty men;
Who by their coats were known
Of tawny, red, or blue,
With crests on their sleeves shown,
When this old cap was new.

Now pride hath banish'd all,
Unto our land's reproach,
When he whose means are small
Maintains both horse and coach;

Instead of an hundred men,
The coach allows but two;
This was not thought on then,
When this old cap was new.

Good hospitality
Was cherish'd then of many;
Now poor men starve and die,
And are not help'd by any;
For charity waxeth cold,
And love is found in few;
This was not in time of old,
When this old cap was new.

Wherever you travell'd then,
You might meet on the way
Brave knights and gentlemen,
Clad in their country grey,
That courteous would appear,
And kindly welcome you:
No puritans then were,
When this old cap was new.

Our ladies, in those days,
In civil habit went;
Broad-cloth was then worth praise,
And gave the best content:
French fashions then were scorn'd,
Fond fangles then none knew,
Then modesty women adorn'd,
When this old cap was new.

A man might then behold,
At Christmas, in each hall,
Good fires to curb the cold,
And meat for great and small:
Then neighbours were friendly bidden,
And all had welcome true,
The poor from the gates were not chidden
When this old cap was new.

Black jacks to every man
Were fill'd with wine and beer,
No pewter pot, nor can,
In those days did appear:

Good cheer in a nobleman's house
Was counted a seemly shew:
We wanted no brawn nor soufe
When this old cap was new.

We took not such delight
In cups of silver fine:
None under degree of a knight
In plate drank beer or wine:
Now each mechanical man
Hath a cupboard of plate for a shew,
Which was a rare thing then
When this old cap was new.

Then bribery was unborn,
No simony men did use;
Christians did usury scorn,
Devis'd among the Jews:
The lawyers to be fee'd
At that time hardly knew;
For man with man agreed
When this old cap was new.

No captain then carous'd,
Nor spent poor soldier's pay;
They were not so abus'd
As they are at this day;
Of seven days they make eight,
To keep them from their due;
Poor soldiers had their right
When this old cap was new:

Which made them forward still
To go, although not prest;
And going with good will,
Their fortunes were the best.
Our English then in fight,
Did foreign foes subdue,
And forc'd them all to flight,
When this old cap was new.

God save our gracious king,
And send him long to live;
Lord, mischief on them bring,
That will not their alms give;

But seek to rob the poor
Of that which is their due :
This was not in time of yore,
When this old cap was new.

§ 65. *Song. The Vicar of Bray.*

IN good king Charles's golden days,
When loyalty no harm meant,
A zealous high churchman I was,
And so I got preferment :
To teach my flock I never mis'd,
Kings are by God appointed,
And damn'd are those that do resist,
Or touch the Lord's anointed.
And this is law I will maintain
Until my dying day, fir,
That whatsoever king shall reign,
I'll be the Vicar of Bray, fir.

When Royal James obtain'd the crown,
And popery came in fashion,
The penal laws I hooted down,
And read the Declaration :
The church of Rome I found would fit
Full well my constitution ;
And had become a Jesuit,
But for the Revolution.
And this is law, &c.

When William was our king declar'd,
To ease the nation's grievance ;
With this new wind about I steer'd,
And swore to him allegiance :
Old principles I did revoke,
Set conscience at a distance ;
Passive obedience was a joke,
A jest was non-resistance.
And this is law, &c.

When gracious Anne became our queen,
The church of England's glory,
Another face of things was seen,
And I became a tory :

Occasional conformists base,
I damn'd their moderation ;
And thought the church in danger was
By such prevarication.
And this is law, &c.

When George in pudding time came o'er,
And moderate men look'd big, fir ;
I turn'd a cat-in-pan once more,
And so became a whig, fir ;
And thus preferment I procur'd
From our new faith's defender ;
And almost every day abjur'd
The pope and the pretender.
And this is law, &c.

Th'illustrious House of Hanover,
And Protestant succession ;
To these I do allegiance swear—
While they can keep possession :
For in my faith and loyalty,
I never more will falter,
And George my lawful king shall be—
Until the times do alter.
And this is law I will maintain
Until my dying day, fir,
That whatsoever king shall reign,
I'll be the Vicar of Bray, fir.

§ 66. *Song. The Storm. G. A. STEVENS.*

CEASE, rude Boreas, blust'ring railer !
Lift, ye landsmen, all to me !
Messmates, hear a brother sailor
Sing the dangers of the sea ;
From bounding billows, first in motion,
When the distant whirlwinds rise,
To the tempest-troubled ocean,
Where the seas contend with skies !
Hark ! the boatswain hoarsely bawling,
By top-sail-sheets, and haul-yards stand !
Down top-gallants quick be hauling ;
Down your stay-fails, hand, boys, hand !

Now it freshens, set the braces,
The top-sail-sheets now let go;
Luff, boys, luff! don't make wry faces,
Up your top-sails nimbly clew.

Now all you on down-beds sporting,
Fondly lock'd in beauty's arms;
Fresh enjoyments wanton courting,
Safe from all but love's alarms;
Round us roars the tempest louder;
Think what fears our minds enthrall;
Harder, yet, it yet blows harder;
Now again the boatswain's call!

The top-sail yards point to the wind, boys,
See all clear to reef each course;
Let the fore-sheet go, don't mind, boys,
Though the weather should be worse.
Fore and aft the sprit-sail yard yet,
Reef the mizen, see all clear;
Hands up, each preventure brace set,
Man the fore-yard, cheer, lads, cheer!

Now the dreadful thunder's roaring,
Peal on peal contending clash,
On our heads fierce rain falls pouring,
In our eyes blue lightnings flash.
One wide water all around us,
All above us one black sky,
Different deaths at once surround us:
Hark! what means that dreadful cry?

The foremast's gone, cries every tongue out,
O'er the lee, twelve feet 'bove deck;
A leak beneath the chest-tree's sprung out,
Call all hands to clear the wreck.
Quick the lanyards cut to pieces:
Come, my hearts, be stout and bold;
Plumb the well—the leak increases,
Four feet water in the hold.

While o'er the ship wild waves are beating,
We for wives or children mourn;
Alas! from hence there's no retreating,
Alas! to them there's no return.

Still the leak is gaining on us:
Both chain pumps are choak'd below.—
Heav'n have mercy here upon us!
For only that can save us now.

O'er the lee-beam is the land, boys,
Let the guns o'er board be thrown;
To the pump come every hand, boys,
See! our mizen-mast is gone.
The leak we've found, it cannot pour fast,
We've lighten'd her a foot or more;
Up, and rig a jury foremast,
She rights, she rights, boys, we're off shore.

Now once more on joys we're thinking,
Since kind Heav'n has sav'd our lives;
Come, the can, boys! let's be drinking
To our sweethearts and our wives.
Fill it up, about ship wheel it,
Close to our lips a brimmer join;
Where's the tempest now, who feels it?
None—the danger's drown'd in wine.

§ 67. *Song. Neptune's raging Fury; or, the Gallant Seaman's sufferings.*

YOU gentlemen of England
That live at home at ease,
Ah, little do you think upon
The dangers of the seas;
Give ear unto the mariners,
And they will plainly show
[All] the cares, and the fears,
When the stormy winds do blow.

All you that will be seamen
Must bear a valiant heart,
For when you come upon the seas
You must not think to start;
Nor once to be faint-hearted,
In hail, rain, [blow] or snow,
Nor to think for to shrink
When the stormy winds do blow.

The

The bitter storms and tempests
 Poor seamen do endure,
 Both day and night, with many a fright,
 We seldom rest secure;
 Our sleep it is disturbed
 With visions strange to know,
 And with dreams, on the streams,
 When the stormy winds do blow.

In claps of roaring thunder,
 Which darkness doth enforce,
 We often find our ship to stray
 Beyond our wanted course:
 Which causeth great distraction,
 And sinks our hearts full low;
 'Tis in vain to complain
 When the stormy winds do blow.

Sometimes in Neptune's bosom
 Our ship is tost in waves,
 And every man expecting
 The sea to be their graves;
 Then up aloft she mounteth,
 And down again so low,
 'Tis with waves, O with waves,
 When the stormy winds do blow.

Then down again we fall to prayer
 With all our might and thought,
 When refuge all doth fail us,
 'Tis that must bear us out;
 To God we call for succour,
 For he it is, we know,
 That must aid us and save us
 When the stormy winds do blow.

The lawyer and the usurer,
 That sit in gowns of fur,
 In closets warm can take no harm,
 Abroad they need not stir;
 When winter fierce with cold doth pierce,
 And beats with hail and snow,
 We are sure to endure
 When the stormy winds do blow.

We bring home costly merchandise,
 And jewels of great price,
 To serve our English gallantry,
 With many a rare device;
 To please the English gallantry,
 Our pains we freely show,
 For we toil, and [we] moil
 When the stormy winds do blow.

We sometimes sail to the Indies
 To fetch home spices rare,
 Sometimes again to France and Spain,
 For wines beyond compare;
 Whilst gallants are carousing
 In taverns on a row,
 Then we sweep o'er the deep
 When the stormy winds do blow.

When tempests are blown over,
 And greatest fears are past,
 In weather fair, and temp'rate air,
 We straight lie down to rest;
 But when the billows tumble,
 And waves do furious grow,
 Then we rouse, up we rouse,
 When the stormy winds do blow.

If enemies oppose us
 When England is at wars
 With any foreign nations,
 We fear not wounds nor scars;
 Our roaring guns shall teach'em
 Our valour for to know,
 Whilst they reel in the keel
 When the stormy winds do blow.

We are no cowardly shrinkers,
 But true Englishmen bred,
 We'll play our parts, like valiant hearts,
 And never fly for dread;
 We'll ply our business nimbly,
 Where'er we come or go,
 With our mates to the Straits,
 When the stormy winds do blow.

Then courage, all brave mariners;
And never be dismay'd,
Whilst we have bold 'adventurers,'
We ne'er shall want a trade;
Our merchants will employ us
To fetch them wealth, I know;
Then be bold, work for gold,
When the stormy winds do blow.

When we return in safety,
With wages for our pains,
The tapster and the vintner
Will help to share our gains;
We call for liquor roundly,
And pay before we go;
Then we'll roar on the shore
When the stormy winds do blow.

§ 68. Song. GOLDSMITH.

THE wretch condemn'd with life to part,
Still, still on hope relies;
And every pang that rends the heart
Bids expectation rise.
Hope, like the glimmering taper's light,
Adorns and cheers the way;
And still, as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray.

§ 69. Song.

GENTLY touch the warbling lyre,
Chloe seems inclin'd to rest;
Fill her soul with fond desire,
Softest notes will soothe her breast.
Pleasing dreams assist in love;
Let them all propitious prove.
On the mossy bank she lies
(Nature's verdant velvet bed)
Beauteous flowers meet her eyes,
Forming pillows for her head;
Zephyrs waft their odours round,
And indulging whispers sound.

§ 70. The same parodied.

GENTLY stir and blow the fire,
Lay the mutton down to roast,
Dress it quickly, I desire;
In the dripping put a toast,
That I hunger may remove;
Mutton is the meat I love.
On the dresser see it lie,
Oh! the charming white and red!
Finer meat ne'er met my eye,
On the sweetest grass it fed:
Let the jack go swiftly round,
Let me have it nicely brown'd.
On the table spread the cloth,
Let the knives be sharp and clean;
Pickles get, and salad both,
Let them each be fresh and green:
With small beer, good ale, and wine,
O ye gods! how I shall dine!

§ 71. Song. IBID.

O Memory! thou fond deceiver,
Still importunate and vain,
To former joys recurring ever,
And turning all the past to pain.
Thou, like the world, th'oppress't oppressing,
Thy smiles increase the wretch's woe!
And he who wants each other blessing,
In thee must ever find a foe.

§ 72. Song. SHAKESPEARE.

UNDER the green-wood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

Who

Who doth ambition shun,
 And loves to lie i'the sun,
 Seeking the food he eats,
 And pleas'd with what he gets,
 Come hither, come hither, come hither;
 Here shall he see
 No enemy,
 But winter and rough weather.

§ 73. *A Dirge.* D'URFEY.

SLEEP, sleep, poor youth, sleep, sleep in peace,
 Reliev'd from love and mortal care,
 Whilst we, that pine in life's disease,
 Uncertain blest, less happy are.

Couch'd in the dark and silent grave,
 No ills of fate thou now canst fear,
 In vain would tyrant power enslave,
 Or scornful beauty be severe.

Wars that do fatal storms disperse,
 Far from thy happy mansion keep;
 Earthquakes that shake the universe,
 Can't rock thee into sounder sleep.

With all the charms of peace possess'd,
 Secure from life's tormentor, Pain,
 Sleep, and indulge thyself with rest,
 Nor dream thou e'er shalt rise again.

CHORUS.

Past is the fear of future doubt,
 The fun is from the dial gone,
 The sands are sunk, the glais is out,
 The folly of the farce is done.

§ 74. *Song.* GARRICK.

THOU soft-flowing Avon, by thy silver stream,
 Of things more than mortal sweet Shake-
 speare would dream; [bed,
 The fairies by moon-light danc'd round his green
 For hallow'd the turf is which pillow'd his head.

The love-stricken maiden, — the soft-sighing
 swain, [pain.
 Here rove without danger, and sigh without
 The sweet bud of beauty no blight shall here
 dread,

For hallow'd the turf is which pillow'd his head.
 Here youth shall be fam'd for their love and
 their truth,

And cheerful old age feel the spirit of youth;
 For the raptures of fancy here poets shall tread,
 For hallow'd the turf is that pillow'd his head.

Flow on, silver Avon, in song ever flow,
 Be the swans on thy borders still whiter than
 snow! [spread,
 Ever full be thy stream, like his fame may it
 And the turf ever hallow'd which pillow'd his
 head!

§ 75. *Song.* The Fairies.

COME follow, follow me,
 Ye Fairy elves that be,
 Light tripping o'er the green;
 Come, follow Mab your queen:
 Hand in hand we'll dance around,
 For this place is fairy ground.

When mortals are at rest,
 And snoring in their nest;
 Unheard and unespied,
 Through key-holes we do glide;
 Over tables, stools, and shelves,
 We trip it with our fairy elves.

And if the house be foul,
 With platter, dish, or bowl,
 Up stairs we nimbly creep,
 And find the sluts asleep;
 Then we pinch their arms and thighs;
 None us hears, and none us spies.

But if the house be swept,
 And from uncleanness kept,

U 5

We

We praise the household maid,
And duly she is paid;
Every night, before we go,
We drop a tester in her shoe.

Then o'er a mushroom's head
Our table-cloth we spread;
A grain of rye or wheat,
The diet that we eat;
Pearly drops of dew we drink,
In acorn-cups fill'd to the brink.

The brains of nightingales,
With unctuous fat of snails,
Between two cockles stew'd,
Is meat that's eas'ly chew'd;
Tails of worms, and marrow of mice,
Do make a dish that's wondrous nice.

The grasshopper, gnat, and fly,
Serve for our minstrelsy;
Grace said, we dance a while,
And so the time beguile;
And if the moon doth hide her head,
The glow-worm lights us home to bed.

O'er tops of dewy grass
So nimbly we do pass,
The young and tender stalk
Ne'er bends where we do walk;
Yet in the morning may be seen
Where we the night before have been.

§ 76. *Song. The Thief and Cordelier.*

WHO has e'er been at Paris must needs know
the *Greve*,
The fatal retreat of th'unfortunate brave;
Where honour and justice most oddly contribute
To ease heroes pains by a halter and gibbet,
Derry down, down, hey derry down,
There Death breaks the shackles which Force had
put on; [begun;
And the hangman completes what the judge had

There the 'squire of the pad, and the knight of
the post, [no more cross'd.
Find their pains no more balk'd, and their hopes
Derry down, &c.

Great claims are there made, and great secrets are
known; [his own;
And the king, and the law, and the thief has
But my hearers cry out, what a deuce dost thou
ail?

Put off the reflections and give us thy tale.
Derry down, &c.

'Twas there, then, in civil respect to harsh laws,
And for want of false witness to back a bad cause,
A Norman, tho' late, was oblig'd to appear;
And who to assist but a brave Cordelier!
Derry down, &c.

The 'squire, whose good grace was to open the
scene; [begin:
Seem'd not in great haste that the show should
Now fitted the halter, now travers'd the cart;
And often took leave, but was loth to depart.
Derry down, &c.

What frightens you thus, my good son? says
the priest;
You murder'd, are sorry, and have been confess'd;
O father! my sorrow will scarce save my bacon;
For 'twas not I that murder'd, but I that was
Derry down, &c. [taken.

Phoh! pr'ythee ne'er trouble thy head with such
fancies;
Rely on the aid you shall have from Saint Francis:
If the money you promis'd be brought to the
chest,
You have only to die; let the church do the rest.
Derry down, &c.

And what will folks say, if they see you afraid?
It reflects upon me as I knew not my trade:
Courage, friend! to-day is your period of sorrow,
And things will go better, believe me, to-morrow,
Derry down, &c.

To-morrow!

To-morrow! our hero reply'd in a fright;
He that's hang'd before noon ought to think of
to-night. [trust'd up;

Tell your beads, quoth the priest,—and be fairly
For you surely to-night shall in Paradise sup.

Derry down, &c.

Alas! quoth the 'squire, howe'er sumptuous the
Parbleau! I shall have little stomach to eat: [treat,
I should therefore esteem it great favour and
grace,

Would you be so kind as to go in my place.

Derry down, &c.

That I would, quoth the father, and thank you
to boot; [suit:

But our actions, you know, with our duty must
The feast I propos'd to you, I cannot taste;

For this night, by our order, is mark'd for a fast.

Derry down, &c.

Then turning about to the hangman, he said,
Dispatch me, I prythee, this troublesome blade:
For thy cord and my cord both equally tie;
And we live by the gold for which other men die.

Derry down, down, hey derry down.

§ 77. Song. *Admiral Hosier's Ghost.* GLOVER.

—was written by the ingenious author of
Leonidas, on the taking of Porto-Bello from the
Spaniards by Admiral Vernon, Nov. 22, 1739.

—The case of *Hosier*, which is here so patheti-
cally represented, was briefly this: In April,
1726, that Commander was sent with a strong
fleet into the Spanish West Indies, to block up
the galleons in the ports of that country; or,
should they presume to come out, to seize and
carry them into England. He accordingly ar-
rived at the *Bastimentos* near Porto-Bello; but
being restricted by his orders from obeying the
 dictates of his courage, lay inactive on that sta-
tion until he became the jest of the Spaniards:—
he afterwards removed to Carthagea, and

continued cruising in those seas until the far
greater part of his men perished deplorably by
the diseases of that unhealthy climate. This
brave man, seeing his best officers and men thus
daily swept away, his ships exposed to inevi-
table destruction, and himself made the sport of
the enemy, is said to have died of a broken
heart.

AS near Porto-Bello lying

On the gentle-swelling flood,

At midnight, with streamers flying,

Our triumphant navy rode;

There while Vernon sat all glorious

From the Spaniards late defeat,

And his crews, with shouts victorious,

Drank success to England's fleet,

On a sudden, shrilly sounding,

Hideous yells and shrieks were heard;

Then, each heart with fear confounding,

A sad troop of ghosts appear'd;

All in dreary hammocks shrouded,

Which for winding-sheets they wore,

And, with looks by sorrow clouded,

Frowning on that hostile shore.

On them gleam'd the moon's wan lustre,

When the shade of Hosier brave

His pale bands was seen to muster,

Rising from their wat'ry grave:

O'er the glimmering wave he hy'd him,

Where the Burford rear'd her sail,

With three thousand ghosts beside him,

And in groans did Vernon hail.

Heed, oh! heed our fatal story;

I am Hosier's injur'd ghost;

You who now have purchas'd glory

At this place where I was lost:

Though in Porto-Bello's ruin

You now triumph free from fears,

When you think on my undoing,

You will mix your joys with tears.

See these mournful spectres sweeping

Ghastly o'er this hated wave,

Whose wan cheeks are stain'd with weeping;

These were English captains brave:

Mark those numbers, pale and horrid,

Who were once my sailors bold;

Lo! each hangs his drooping forehead,

While his dismal tale is told.

I, by twenty sail attended,

Did this Spanish town affright;

Nothing then its wealth defended,

But my orders—not to fight!

Oh! that in this rolling ocean

I had cast them with disdain,

And obey'd my heart's warm motion

To have quell'd the pride of Spain!

For resistance I could fear none,

But with twenty ships had done

What thou brave and happy Vernon

Hast achiev'd with six alone.

Then the Bastimentos never

Had our foul dishonour seen,

Nor the seas the sad receiver

Of this gallant train had been.

Thus, like thee, proud Spain dismaying,

And her galleons leading home,

Though condemn'd for disobeying,

I had met a traitor's doom;

To have fall'n, my country crying,

"He has play'd an English part,"

Had been better far than dying

Of a griev'd and broken heart.

Unrepining at thy glory,

Thy successful arms we hail:

But remember our sad story,

And let Hosier's wrongs prevail.

Sent in this foul clime to languish,

Think what thousands fell in vain,

Wasted with disease and anguish,

Not in glorious battle slain.

Hence with all my train attending,

From their oozy tombs below,

Through the hoary foam ascending,

Here I feed my constant woe:

Here the Bastimentos viewing,

We recall our shameful doom,

And, our plaintive cries renewing,

Wander through the midnight gloom.

O'er these waves for ever mourning,

Shall we roan, depriv'd of rest,

If, to Britain's shores returning,

You neglect my just request:

After this proud foe subduing,

When your patriot friends you see,

Think on vengeance for my ruin,

And for England—sham'd in me.

§ 78. *Song. Captain Death*.*

THE muse and the hero together are fir'd,
The same noble views have their bosoms in-
spir'd;

As freedom they love, and for glory contend,
The muse o'er the hero still mourns as a friend:
And here let the muse her poor tribute bequeath
To one British hero,—'tis brave Captain Death!
His ship was the Terrible,—dreadful to see!
His crew was as brave and as gallant as he;
Two hundred or more was their good complement,
And sure, braver fellows to sea never went:
Each man was determin'd to spend his last breath
In fighting for Britain and brave Captain Death.
A prize they had taken diminish'd their force,
And soon the good prize-ship was lost in her
course:

The French privateer † and the Terrible met:—

The battle begun,—all with horror beset!

No heart was dismay'd,—each as bold as Mac-
beth;—

[tain Death.

They fought for Old England and brave Cap-
Fire, thunder, balls, bullets, were seen, heard,
and felt;

A fight that the heart of Bellona would melt!

* Written, as it is said, by one of his surviving crew.

† Called the Vengeance.

The shrouds were all torn, and the decks fill'd
with blood, [flood:—
And scores of dead bodies were thrown in the
The flood from the days of old Noah and Seth,
Ne'er saw such a man as our brave Captain Death.
At last the dread bullet came wing'd with his
fate! [mate;—
Our brave captain dropp'd—and soon after his
Each officer fell, and a carnage was seen,
That soon dy'd the waves to a crimson from
green :
And Neptune rose up, and he took off his wreath,
And gave it a Triton to crown Captain Death.
Thus fell the strong Terrible, bravely and bold;
But sixteen survivors the tale can unfold;
The French were the victors,—though much to
their cost,—
For many brave French were with Englishmen
lost.
And thus says Old Time, from good Queen
Elizabeth, \

I ne'er saw the fellow of brave Captain Death.

§ 79. Song. *The Sea Fight in XCII*.*

THURSDAY in the morn, the ides of May,
Recorded for ever the famous ninety-two,
Brave Russel did discern, by dawn of day,
The lofty sails of France advancing now :

* The great naval victory, intended to be celebrated by this excellent old song, was determined, after a running action of several days off Cape La Hogue, on the coast of Normandy, the 22d of May 1692, in favour of the English and Dutch combined fleets, consisting of 99 sail of the line, under the command of Admiral Russel, afterwards Earl of Orford, over a French squadron of about half that number, commanded by the Chevalier Tourville, whose ship, *Le Soleil Royal*, carried upwards of an hundred guns, and was esteemed the finest vessel in Europe. This last fleet was fitted out for the purpose of restoring King James the Second to his dominions; and that prince, together with the Duke of Berwick, and several great officers, both of his own court, and of the court of France, and even Tourville himself, beheld the final destruction of the French ships from an eminence on the shore. It is now certain that Russel had engaged to favour the scheme of his old master's restoration, on condition that the French took care to avoid him: but Tourville's impetuosity and rashness rendered the whole measure abortive: And the distressed and ill-fated monarch retired, in a fit of despondency, to mourn his misfortunes, and recover his peace of mind, amid the solitary gloom of *La Trappe*.

All hands aloft, aloft, let English valour shine,
Let fly a culverin, the signal for the line;
Let every hand supply his gun;
Follow me,
And you'll see
That the battle will be soon begun.
Tourville on the main triumphant roll'd,
To meet the gallant Russel in combat on the
He led a noble train of heroes bold, [deep;
To sink the English admiral and his fleet.
Now every valiant mind to victory dorth aspire,
The bloody fight's begun, the sea itself on fire;
And mighty Fate stood looking on;
Whilst a flood,
All of blood,
Fill'd the scuppers of the Royal Sun.
Sulphur, smoke, and fire, disturbing the air,
With thunder and wonder affright the Gallic
shore;
Their regulated bands stood trembling near,
To see their lofty streamers now no more.
At six o'clock the Red the smiling victors led,
To give a second blow, the fatal overthrow;
Now death and horror equal reign;
Now they cry,
Run or die,
British colours ride the vanquish'd main!
See they fly amaz'd o'er rocks and sands! [fate;
One danger they grasp at to shun the greater

In vain they cry for aid to weeping lands;
 The nymphs and sea-gods mourn their lost
 estate;
 For evermore adieu, thou Royal dazzling Sun,
 From thy untimely end thy master's fate's begun:
 Enough, thou mighty god of war!
 Now we sing
 Bless the king,
 Let us drink to every English tar.

§ 80. *Song. Peggy* *. GARRICK.

ONCE more I'll tune the vocal shell;
 To hills and dales my passion tell;
 A flame which time can never quell,
 That burns for thee, my Peggy.
 Yet guitar bards the lyre shall hit,
 Or say what subject is more fit,
 Than to record the sparkling wit
 And bloom of lovely Peggy.

The sun first rising in the morn,
 That paints the dew-bespangl'd thorn,
 Does not so much the day adorn
 As does my lovely Peggy:
 And when in Thetis' lap to rest,
 He streaks with gold the ruddy west,
 She's not so beauteous as undrest
 Appears my lovely Peggy.

When Zephyr on the vi'let blows,
 Or breathes upon the damask rose,
 He does not half the sweets disclose
 As does my lovely Peggy.
 I stole a kiss the other day,
 And, trust me, nought but truth I say,
 The fragrance of the blooming May
 Is not so sweet as Peggy.

Were she array'd in rustic weed,
 With her the bleating flocks I'd feed,
 And pipe upon the oaten reed,
 To please my lovely Peggy.

* This song was written in compliment to Mrs. Worthington.

With her a cottage would delight,
 All's happy when she's in my sight;
 But when she's gone, it's endless night—
 All's dark without my Peggy!

While bees from flower to flower shall rove,
 And linnets warble thro' the grove,
 Or stately swans the rivers love,
 So long shall I love Peggy:
 And when Death with his pointed dart
 Shall strike the blow that rives my heart,
 My words shall be when I depart,
 "Adieu, my lovely Peggy!"

§ 81. *Song. The Miller's Wedding*. IBID.

LEAVE, neighbours, your work, and to sport
 and to play;
 Let the tabor strike up and the village be gay,
 No day thro' the year shall more cheerful be seen;
 For Ralph of the mill marries Sue of the green.

CHORUS.

I love Sue, and Sue loves me,
 And while the wind blows,
 And while the mill goes,
 Who'll be so happy, so happy as we!
 Let lords and fine folks, who for wealth take a
 bride,
 Be marry'd to-day, and to-morrow be cloy'd;
 My body is stout, and my heart is as sound;
 And my love, like my courage, will never give
 ground.

CHORUS.—I love Sue, &c.

Let ladies of fashion the best jointures wed,
 And prudently take the best bidders to bed;
 Such signing and sealing's no part of our bliss,
 We settle our hearts, and we seal with a kiss. }

CHORUS.—I love Sue, &c.

Tho' Ralph is not courtly, nor none of your
 beaux, [clothes,

Nor bounces, nor flatters, nor wears your fine

In

In nothing he'll follow the folks of high life,
Nor e'er turn his back on his friend or his wife.

CHORUS.—I love Sue, &c.

While thus I am able to work at my mill,
While thus thou art kind, and thy tongue but
lies still,

Our joys shall continue, and ever be new,
And none be so happy as Ralph and his Sue.

CHORUS.—I love Sue, &c.

§ 82. *Song in Harlequin's Invasion.* GARRICK.

TO arms! ye brave mortals, to arms!
The road to renown lies before you!
The name of King Shakespeare has charms
To rouse ye to actions of glory.
Away! ye brave mortals, away!
'Tis Nature calls on you to save her;
What man but would Nature obey,
And fight for her Shakespeare for ever?

§ 83. *Song.* IBID.

YE fair married dames, who so often deplore
That a lover once blest'd is a lover no more;
Attend to my counsel, nor blush to be taught
That prudence must cherish what beauty has
caught. [your eye,
The bloom of your cheek, and the glance of
Your roses and lilies may make the men sigh;
But roses and lilies, and sighs pass away,
And passion will die as your beauties decay.
Use the man that you wed like your fav'rite
guitar,
Tho' music in both, they are both apt to jar;
How tuneful and soft from a delicate touch,
Not handled too roughly, nor play'd on too much!
The sparrow and linnet will feed from your hand,
Grow tame at your kindness, and come at com-
mand:
Exert with your husband the same happy skill;
For hearts, like your birds, may be tam'd to your
will.

Be gay and good-humour'd, complying and kind,
Turn the chief of your care from your face to
your mind; [prove,
'Tis thus that a wife may her conquests im-
And Hymen shall rivet the fetters of LOVE.

§ 84. *Song. Harlequin's Invasion.* IBID.

THRICE happy the nation that Shakespeare
has charm'd!
More happy the bosom his genius has warm'd!
Ye children of nature, of fashion, and whim!
He painted you all, all join to praise him.

Chorus. Come away! come away!

His Genius calls—you must obey.
From highest to lowest, from old to the young,
All states and conditions by him have been sung;
All passions and humours were rais'd by his pen;
He could soar with the eagle, and sing with the
wren.

Chorus. Come away, &c.

To praise him, ye Fairies and Genii repair,
He knew where ye haunted, in earth or in air:
No phantom so subtle could glide from his view;
The wings of his fancy were swifter than you.

Chorus. Come away! come away!

His Genius calls—you must obey.

§ 85. *Song in the Country Girl.* IBID.

TELL not me of the roses and lilies
Which tinge the fair cheek of your Phillis;
Tell not me of the dimples and eyes
For which silly Corydon dies:
Let all whining lovers go hang;
My heart would you hit,
Tip your arrow with wit,
And it comes to my heart with a twang, twang,
And it comes to my heart with a twang.
I am a rock to the handsome and pretty,
Can only be touch'd by the witty;
And beauty will ogle in vain:
The way to my heart's thro' my brain.
Let all whining lovers go hang.

We

We wits, you must know,
Have two strings to our bow,
To return them their darts with a twang, twang,
To return them their darts with a twang.

§ 86. *Air in Cymon.* GARRICK.

YET a while, sweet sleep, deceive me,
Fold me in thy downy arms;
Let not care awake to grieve me,
Lull it with thy potent charms.
I, a turtle, doom'd to stray,
Quitting young the parent's nest,
Find each bird a bird of prey;
Sorrow knows not where to rest!

§ 87. *Shakespeare's Mulberry-Tree.* IBID.

BEHOLD this fair goblet, 'twas carv'd from
the tree, [by thee;
Which, O my sweet Shakespeare, was planted
As a relic I kiss it, and bow at the shrine:
What comes from thy hand must be ever divine!
All shall yield to the Mulberry-tree,
Bend to thee,
Blest Mulberry;
Matchless was he
Who planted thee,
And thou like him immortal shall be.
Ye trees of the forest, so rampant and high,
Who spread round your branches, whose heads
sweep the sky;
Ye curious exotics, whom taste has brought here
To root out the natives at prices so dear,
All shall yield to the Mulberry-tree, &c. &c.
The oak is held royal, is Britain's great boast,
Preserv'd once our king, and will always our
coast; [that fight,
But of fir we make ships, we have thousands
While one, only one, like our Shakespeare can
write.
All shall yield to the Mulberry-tree, &c. &c.

Let Venus delight in gay myrtle bowers,
Pomona in fruit-trees, and Flora in flowers;
The garden of Shakespeare all fancies will suit,
With the sweetest of flowers and fairest of fruit.
All shall yield to the Mulberry-tree, &c. &c.

With learning and knowledge the well-letter'd
birch [church;
Supplies law and physic, and grace for the
But law and the gospel in Shakespeare we find,
And he gives the best physic for body and mind.
All shall yield to the Mulberry-tree, &c. &c.
The fame of the Patron gives fame to the tree;
From him and his merits this takes its degree;
Let Phœbus and Bacchus their glories resign,
Our tree shall surpass both the laurel and vine.
All shall yield to the Mulberry-tree, &c. &c.

The genius of Shakespeare outshines the bright
day,
More rapture than wine to the heart can convey;
So the tree that he planted, by making his own,
Has laurel, and bays, and the vine all in one.
All shall yield to the Mulberry-tree, &c. &c.
Then each take a relic of this hallow'd tree;
From folly and fashion a charm let it be:
Fill, fill to the planter the cup to the brim,
To honour the country, do honour to him.
All shall yield to the Mulberry-tree,
Bend to thee,
Blest Mulberry;
Matchless was he
Who planted thee,
And thou like him immortal shall be.

§ 88. *Song in the Winter's Tale.* IBID.

COME, come, my good shepherds, our flocks
we must shear;
In your holiday suits, with your lasses appear:
The happiest of folk are the guiltless and free,
And who are so guiltless, so happy as we?

We

We harbour no passions, by luxury taught ;
We practise no arts, with hypocrisy fraught ;
What we think in our hearts, you may read in
our eyes ;

For knowing no falsehood, we need no disguise.
By mode and caprice are the city-dames led,
But we as the children of Nature are bred :
By her hand alone we are painted and drest ;
For the roses will bloom when there's peace in
the breast.

That giant, Ambition, we never can dread ;
Our roofs are too low for so lofty a head ;
Content and sweet Cheerfulness open our door,
They smile with the simple, and feed with the
poor.

When love has possess'd us, that love we reveal ;
Like the flocks that we feed are the passions we feel ;
So harmless and simple we sport and we play,
And leave to fine folks to deceive and betray.

§ 89. Song. *The Friar of Orders Gray.*

" *Dispersed through Shakespeare's plays are innumerable little fragments of ancient ballads, the entire copies of which could not be recovered. Many of these being of the most beautiful and pathetic simplicity, the Editor was tempted to select some of them, and with a few supplementary stanzas to connect them together, and form them into a little tale.*

" *One small fragment was taken from Beaumont and Fletcher.*"

IT was a friar of orders gray,
Walk'd forth to tell his beads,
And he met with a lady fair,
Clad in a pilgrim's weeds.
Now Christ thee save, thou reverend friar !
I pray thee tell to me,
If ever at yon holy shrine
My true love thou didst see.
And how should I know your true love
From any another one ?
O by his cockle hat and staff,
And by his sandal shoon.

But chiefly by his face and mien,
That were so fair to view ;
His flaxen locks that sweetly curl'd,
And eyne of lovely blue.
O Lady, he is dead and gone !
Lady, he's dead and gone !
And at his head a green grass turf,
And at his heels a stone.
Within these holy cloisters long
He languish'd, and he dy'd,
Lamenting of a lady's love,
And 'plaining of her pride.
Here bore him bare-fac'd on his bier
Six proper youths and tall ;
And many a tear bedew'd his grave
Within yon kirk-yard wall.
And art thou dead, thou gentle youth !
And art thou dead and gone !
And didst thou die for love of me !
Break cruel heart of stone !
O weep not, lady, weep not so ;
Some ghostly comfort seek ;
Let not vain sorrow rive thy heart,
Nor tears bedew thy cheek.
O do not, do not, holy friar,
My sorrow now reprove ;
For I have lost the sweetest youth
That e'er won lady's love.
And now, alas ! for thy sad loss,
I'll e'ermore weep and sigh ;
For thee I only wish'd to live ;
For thee I wish to die.
Weep no more, lady, weep no more,
Thy sorrow is in vain :
For, violets pluck'd, the sweetest showers
Will ne'er make grow again.
Our joys as winged dreams do fly,
Why then should sorrow last ?
Since grief but aggravates thy loss,
Grieve not for what is past.
O say not so, thou holy friar ;
I pray thee, say not so

For since my true love dy'd for me,
 'Tis meet my tears should flow.
 And will he never come again?
 Will he ne'er come again?
 Ah! no, he is dead, and laid in his grave,
 For ever to remain.
 His cheek was redder than the rose,
 The comeliest youth was he:—
 But he is dead, and laid in his grave,
 Alas! and woe is me!
 Sigh no more, lady, sigh no more,
 Men were deceivers ever:
 One foot on sea, and one on land,
 To one thing constant never.
 Hadst thou been fond, he had been false,
 And left thee sad and heavy;
 For young men ever were fickle found,
 Since summer-trees were leafy.
 Now say not so, thou holy friar,
 I pray thee, say not so;
 My love he had the truest heart:
 O he was ever true!
 And art thou dead, thou much lov'd youth,
 And didst thou die for me?
 Then farewell home! for ever more
 A pilgrim I will be.
 But first upon my true love's grave
 My weary limbs I'll lay,
 And thrice I'll kiss the green-grass turf
 That wraps his breathless clay.
 Yet stay, fair lady; rest a while
 Beneath this cloister wall:
 See, through the hawthorn blows the cold wind,
 And drizzly rain doth fall.
 O stay me not, thou holy friar,
 O stay me not, I pray;
 No drizzly rain that falls on me
 Can wash my fault away.
 Yet stay, fair lady, turn again,
 And dry those pearly tears;
 For see, beneath this gown of gray,
 Thy own true love appears.

Here forc'd by grief and hopeless love,
 These holy weeds I fought:
 And here, amidst these lonely walls,
 To end my days I thought.
 But haply, for my year of grace
 Is not yet pass'd away,
 Might I still hope to win thy love,
 No longer would I stay.
 Now farewell grief, and welcome joy
 Once more unto thy heart;
 For since I've found thee, lovely youth,
 We never more will part.

§ 90. *Song. Black-eyed Susan.* GAY.

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
 The streamers waving in the wind,
 When black-eyed Susan came on board,
 O where shall I my true love find?
 Tell me ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
 If my sweet William sails among your crew?
 William, who high upon the yard
 Rock'd by the billows to and fro,
 Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
 He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below;
 The cord glides quickly thro' his glowing hands,
 And quick as lightning on the deck he stands.
 So the sweet lark, high pois'd in air,
 Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
 If chance his mate's shrill call he hear,
 And drops at once into her nest.
 The noblest captain in the British fleet
 Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.
 O Susan, Susan, lovely dear,
 My vows shall ever true remain;
 Let me kiss off that falling tear:
 We only part to meet again.
 Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be
 The faithful compass that still points to thee.
 Believe not what the landmen say,
 Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind,
 They'll tell thee, sailors when away
 At every port a mistress find.

Yes,

Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
For thou art present wherefoe'er I go.

If to fair India's coast we sail,
Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright,
Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,
Thy skin is ivory so white;

Thus every beauteous object that I view
Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

Tho' battle calls me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty Susan mourn;
Tho' cannons roar, yet free from harms,
William shall to his dear return:

Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
Left precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.

The boatswain gives the dreadful word,
The sails their swelling bosoms spread;

No longer must she stay on board:

They kiss'd; she sigh'd; he hung his head:

Her less'ning boat unwilling rows to land;

Adieu! she cries, and wav'd her lily hand.

§ 91. Song.

ROWE.

AS, on a summer's day,
In the greenwood shade I lay,
The maid that I lov'd,
As her fancy mov'd,

Came walking forth that way.

And as she pass'd by,

With a scornful glance of her eye,

What a shame, quoth she,

For a swain must it be,

Like a lazy loon for to lie!

And dost thou nothing heed

What Pan our god has decreed,

What a prize to-day

Shall be given away

To the sweetest shepherd's reed?

There's not a single swain

Of all this fruitful plain,

But with hopes and fears

Now busily prepares

The bonny boon to gain.

Shall another maiden shine
In brighter array than thine?

Up, up, dull swain,

Tune thy pipe once again,

And make the garland mine.

Alas! my love, I cry'd,

What avails this courtly pride?

Since thy dear desert

Is written in my heart,

What is all the world beside?

To me thou art more gay,

In this homely russet gray,

Than the nymphs of our green,

So trim and so sheen,

Or the brightest queen of May.

What tho' my fortune frown,

And deny thee a silken gown;

My own dear maid,

Be content with this shade,

And a shepherd all thy own.

§ 92. Song.

PRIOR.

ALEXIS shunn'd his fellow swains,
Their rural sports and jocund strains:
Heaven shield us all from Cupid's bow!

He lost his crook, he left his flocks,
And wandering thro' the lonely rocks,

He nourish'd endless woe.

The nymphs and shepherds round him came;

His grief some pity, others blame:

The fatal cause all kindly seek;

He mingled his concern with theirs,

He gave them back their friendly tears,

He sigh'd, but could not speak.

Clarinda came among the rest,

And she too kind concern express'd,

And ask'd the reason of his woe;

She ask'd, but with an air and mien

That made it easily foreseen

She fear'd too much to know.

The shepherd rais'd his mournful head:

And will you pardon me, he said,

While I the cruel truth reveal;

Which

Which nothing from my breast should tear,
Which never should offend your ear,

But that you bid me tell ?

'Tis thus I rove, 'tis thus complain;
Since you appear'd upon the plain,

You are the cause of all my care :

Your eyes ten thousand dangers dart,
Ten thousand torments vex my heart ;

I love, and I despair !

Too much, Alexis, have I heard.

'Tis what I thought, 'tis what I fear'd,

And yet I pardon you, she cry'd ;

But you shall promise ne'er again

To breathe your vows, or speak your pain.

He bow'd, obey'd—and dy'd.

§ 93. Song.

ONE morning very early, one morning in the
spring, [sing ;

I heard a maid in Bedlam, who mournfully did
Her chains she rattled on her hands, while sweetly
thus sung she,

I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

Oh cruel were his parents, who sent my love to sea,
And cruel, cruel was the ship that bore my love
from me ; [they've ruin'd me ;

Yet I love his parents, since they're his, altho'
And I love my love, because I know my love
loves me.

O should it please the pitying powers to call me
to the sky, [love to fly.

I'd claim a guardian angel's charge, around my
To guard him from all dangers how happy
should I be ! [loves me.

For I love my love, because I know my love
I'll make a strawy garland, I'll make it won-
drous fine,

With roses, lilies, daisies, I'll mix the eglantine ;
And I'll present it to my love when he returns
from sea, [loves me.

For I love my love, because I know my love

Oh if I were a little bird to build upon his breast
Or if I were a nightingale to sing my love to rest !

To gaze upon his lovely eyes all my reward
should be ; [loves me.

For I love my love, because I know my love
Oh if I were an eagle, to soar into the sky,

I'd gaze around with piercing eyes where I my
love might spy ; [shall see.

But ah ! unhappy maiden, that love you ne'er

Yet I love my love, because I know my love
loves me.

§ 94. Song.

THE sun was sunk beneath the hill,
The western clouds were lin'd with gold,
Clear was the sky, the wind was still,

The flocks were penn'd within the fold ;

When in the silence of the grove

Poor Damon thus despair'd of love.

Who seeks to pluck the fragrant rose

From the hard rock or oozy beach,

Who from each weed that barren grows,

Expects the grape or downy peach,

With equal faith may hope to find

The truth of love in womankind.

No herds have I, no fleecy care,

No fields that wave with golden grain,

No pastures green, or gardens fair,

A woman's venal heart to gain ;

Then all in vain my sighs must prove,

Whose whole estate, alas ! is love.

How wretched is the faithful youth,

Since womens hearts are bought and sold !

They ask no vows of sacred truth ;

Whene'er they sigh, they sigh for gold !

Gold can the frowns of scorn remove ;

But I am scorn'd—who have but love.

To buy the gems of India's coast,

What wealth, what riches would suffice ?

Yet India's shore should never boast

The lustre of thy rival eyes ;

For there the world too cheap must prove ;

Can I then buy—who have but love ?

Then

Then, Mary, since nor gems nor ore
Can with thy brighter self compare,
Be just, as fair, and value more
Than gems or ore, a heart sincere :
Let treasure meaner beauties move ;
Who pays thy worth must pay in love.

§ 95. Song.

WHAT beauties does Flora disclose !
How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed !
But Mary's, still brighter than those,
Both nature and fancy exceed.
No daisy nor sweet blushing rose,
Nor all the gay flowers of the field,
Nor Tweed gliding gently thro' those,
Such beauty and pleasure can yield.
The warblers are heard in each grove,
The linnet, the lark, and the thrush ;
The blackbird, and sweet cooing dove,
With music enchant every bush.
Come let us go forth to the mead,
Let us see how the primroses spring ;
We'll lodge in some village on Tweed,
And love while the feather'd folks sing.
How does my love pass the long day ?
Does Mary not tend a few sheep ?
Do they never carelessly stray,
While happily she lies asleep ?
Tweed's murmurs should lull her to rest ;
Kind nature indulging my bliss,
To relieve the soft pains of my breast
I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.
'Tis she does the virgins excel ;
No beauty with her can compare ;
Love's graces all round her do dwell ;
She's fairest where thousands are fair.
Say, charmer, where do thy flocks stray ?
Oh ! tell me at noon where they feed :
Shall I seek them on sweet winding Tay,
Or the pleasanter banks of the Tweed ?

§ 96. Song. Nancy of the Vale. SHENSTONE.

THE western sky was purpled o'er
With every pleasing ray,
And flocks, reviving, felt no more
The sultry heat of day ;
When from a hazel's artless bower
Soft warbled Strephon's tongue ;
He blest the scene, he blest the hour,
While Nancy's praise he sung.
Let fops with sickle falsehood range
The paths of wanton love,
Whilst weeping maids lament their change,
And sadden every grove :
But endless blessings crown the day
I saw fair Escham's dale ;
And every blessing find its way
To Nancy of the Vale.
'Twas from Avona's bank the maid
Diffus'd her lovely beams ;
And every shining grace display'd
The Naiad of the streams.
Soft as the wild duck's tender young,
That float on Avon's tide ;
Bright as the water-lily sprung
And glittering near its side.
Fresh as the bordering flowers her bloom ;
Her eye all mild to view ;
The little halcyon's azure plume
Was never half so blue.
Her shape was like the reed so sleek,
So taper, strait, and fair ;
Her dimpled smile, her blushing cheek,
How charming sweet they were !
Far in the winding vale retir'd
This peerless bud I found,
And shadowing rocks and woods conspire
To fence her beauties round,
That nature in so lone a dell
Should form a nymph so sweet !
Or fortune to her secret cell
Conduct my wandering feet !

Gay lordlings sought her for their bride,
 But she would ne'er incline.
 Prove to your equals true, she cry'd,
 As I will prove to mine.
 'Tis Strephon on the mountain's brow
 Has won my right good will;
 To him I gave my plighted vow,
 With him I'll climb the hill.
 Struck with her charms and gentle truth,
 I clasp'd the constant fair;
 To her alone I give my youth,
 And vow my future care.
 And when this vow shall faithless prove,
 Or I these charms forego,
 The stream that saw our tender love,
 That stream shall cease to flow.

§ 97. *Song. To the Memory of W. Shenstone, Esq.*
 CUNNINGHAM.

COME shepherds, we'll follow the hearse,
 And see our lov'd Corydon laid:
 Tho' sorrow may blemish the verse,
 Yet let the sad tribute be paid.
 They call'd him the pride of the plain:
 In sooth, he was gentle and kind;
 He mark'd in his elegant strain
 The graces that glow'd in his mind.
 On purpose he planted yon trees,
 That birds in the covert might dwell;
 He cultur'd the thyme for the bees,
 But never would rise their cell.
 Ye lambkins that play'd at his feet,
 Go bleat, and your master bemoan;
 His music was artless and sweet,
 His manners as mild as your own.
 No verdure shall cover the vale,
 No bloom on the blossoms appear;
 The sweets of the forest shall fail,
 And winter discolour the year.
 No birds in our hedges shall sing
 (Our hedges so vocal before)

Since he that should welcome the spring
 Can greet the gay season no more.
 His Phillis was fond of his praise,
 And poets came round in a throng;
 They listen'd and envy'd his lays,
 But which of them equal'd his song?
 Ye shepherds, henceforward be mute,
 For lost is the pastoral strain;
 So give me my Corydon's flute,
 And thus—let me break it in twain:

§ 98. *Song.* LYTTLETON.

THE heavy hours are almost past
 That part my love and me:
 My longing eyes may hope at last
 Their only wish to see.
 But how, my Delia, will you meet
 The man you've lost so long?
 Will love in all your pulses beat,
 And tremble on your tongue?
 Will you in every look declare
 Your heart is still the same;
 And heal each idle anxious care
 Our fears in absence frame?
 Thus, Delia, thus I paint the scene
 When shortly we shall meet,
 And try what yet remains between
 Of loit'ring time to cheat.
 But if the dream that soothes my mind
 Shall false and groundless prove,
 If I am doom'd at length to find
 You have forgot to love,
 All I of Venus ask is this,
 No more to let us join;
 But grant me here the flatt'ring bliss,
 To die, and think you mine.

§ 99. *Song.* IBID.

WHEN Delia on the plain appears,
 Aw'd by a thousand tender fears,
 I would approach, but dare not move;
 Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

Whene'er

Whene'er she speaks, my ravish'd ear
No other voice but her's can hear;
No other wit but her's approve:
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?
If she some other swain commend,
Tho' I was once his fondest friend,
His instant enemy I prove;
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?
When she is absent, I no more
Delight in all that pleas'd before,
The clearest spring, the shadiest grove;
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?
When fond of power, of beauty vain,
Her nets she spreads for every swain,
I strove to hate, but vainly strove;
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

§ 100. *Song. The Power of Music.* LISLE.

WHEN Orpheus went down to the regions
Which men are forbidden to see, [below,
He tun'd up his lyre, as old histories shew,
To set his Eurydice free.
All hell was astonish'd a person so wise
Should rashly endanger his life,
And venture so far—But how vast their surprize,
When they heard that he came for his wife!
To find out a punishment due to his fault,
Old Pluto long puzzled his brain;
But hell had not torments sufficient he thought,
—So he gave him his wife back again.
But Pity succeeding, found place in his heart,
And, pleas'd with his playing so well,
He took her again in reward of his art:
Such power had music in hell!

§ 101. *Song.* SOAME JENYNS.

TOO plain, dear youth, these tell-tale eyes
My heart your own declare;
But for Heaven's sake let it suffice
You reign triumphant there.
Forbear your utmost power to try,
Nor further urge your sway;

Prels not for what I must deny,
For fear I should obey.
Could all your arts successful prove,
Would you a maid undo,
Whose greatest failing is her love,
And that her love for you?
Say, would you use that very power
You from her fondness claim,
To ruin in one fatal hour
A life of spotless fame?
Resolve not then to do an ill
Because perhaps you may,
But rather use your utmost skill
To save me, than betray.
Be you yourself my virtue's guard;
Defend, and not pursue,
Since 'tis a task for me too hard
To strive with love and you.

§ 102. *Song.* ROWE.

TO the brook and the willow, that heard him
Ah willow! willow! [complain,
Poor Colin went weeping, and told them his pain.
Sweet stream, he cry'd, sadly I'll teach thee to flow,
And the waters shall rise to the brink with my
All restless and painful my Celia now lies, [woe.
And counts the sad moments of time as it flies:
To the nymph, my heart's love, ye soft slumbers
repair, [your care;
Spread your downy wings o'er her, and make her
Let me be left restless, mine eyes never close,
So the sleep that I lose gives my dear one repose.
Sweet stream! if you chance by her pillow to creep,
Perhaps your soft murmurs may lull her to sleep.
But if I am doom'd to be wretched indeed,
And the loss of my charmer the fates have decreed,
Believe me, thou fair one, thou dear one believe,
Few sighs to thy loss, and few tears will I give;
One fate to thy Colin and thee shall betide,
And soon lay thy shepherd down by thy cold side
Then glide, gentle brook, and to lose thyself haste,
Bear this to my willow; this verse is my last.
Ah willow! willow! Ah willow! willow!

Song.

§ 103. Song.

DEAR Chloe, while thus beyond measure
 You treat me with doubts and disdain,
 You rob all your youth of its pleasure,
 And hoard up an old age of pain :
 Your maxim, that love is still founded
 On charms that will quickly decay,
 You will find to be very ill-grounded
 When once you its dictates obey.
 The passion from beauty first drawn
 Your kindness will vastly improve ;
 Soft looks and gay smiles are the dawn,
 Fruition's the sunshine of love :
 And though the bright beams of your eyes
 Should be clouded, that now are so gay,
 And darkness obscure all the skies,
 We ne'er can forget it was day.
 Old Darby, with Joan by his side,
 You oft have regarded with wonder ;
 He is dropical, she is fore-ey'd,
 Yet they're ever uneasy afunder ;
 Together they totter about,
 And sit in the sun at the door,
 And at night when old Darby's pot's out,
 His Joan will not smoke a whiff more.
 No beauty or wit they possess,
 Their several failings to smother,
 Then what are the charms, can you guess,
 That make them so fond of each other ?
 'Tis the pleasing remembrance of youth,
 The endearments that love did bestow,
 The thoughts of past pleasure and truth,
 The best of all blessings below.
 These traces for ever will last,
 Which sickness nor time can remove ;
 For when youth and beauty are past,
 And age brings the winter of love,
 A friendship insensibly grows,
 By reviews of such raptures as these,
 And the current of fondness still flows,
 Which decrepit old age cannot freeze.

§ 104. Song. GILBERT COOPER.

AWAY, let nought to love displeasing,
 My Winifreda, move thy fear ;
 Let nought delay the heavenly blessing,
 Nor squeamish pride, nor gloomy care.
 What tho' no grants of royal donors
 With pompous titles grace our blood,
 We'll shine in more substantial honours,
 And to be noble, we'll be good.
 What tho' from fortune's lavish bounty
 No mighty treasures we possess,
 We'll find within our pittance plenty,
 And be content without excess.
 Still shall each kind returning season
 Sufficient for our wishes give,
 For we will live a life of reason,
 And that's the only life to live.
 Our name, while virtue thus we tender,
 Shall sweetly sound where'er 'tis spoke,
 And all the great ones much shall wonder
 How they admire such little folk.
 Thro' youth and age, in love excelling,
 We'll hand in hand together tread ;
 Sweet smiling peace shall crown our dwelling
 And babes, sweet smiling babes, our bed.
 How should I love the pretty creatures,
 Whilst round my knees they fondly clung,
 To see them look their mother's features,
 To hear them lisp their mother's tongue !
 And when with envy time, transported,
 Shall think to rob us of our joys,
 You'll in your girls again be courted,
 And I'll go wooing in my boys.

§ 105. Song. PERCY.

O Nancy, wilt thou go with me,
 Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town :
 Can silent glens have charms for thee,
 The lowly cot and russet gown ?
 No longer dress in silken sheen,
 No longer deck'd with jewels rare,

Say,

Say, canst thou quit each courtly scene,
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?
 O Nancy! when thou'rt far away,
 Wilt thou not cast a wish behind?
 Say, canst thou face the parching ray,
 Nor shrink before the wint'ry wind?
 O can that soft and gentle mien
 Extremes of hardship learn to bear,
 Nor sad regret each courtly scene,
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?
 O Nancy! canst thou love so true,
 Thro' perils keen with me to go,
 Or when thy swain mishap shall rue,
 To share with him the pang of woe?
 Say, should disease or pain befall,
 Wilt thou assume the nurse's care,
 Nor wistful those gay scenes recal
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?
 And when at last thy love shall die,
 Wilt thou receive his parting breath?
 Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,
 And cheer with smiles the bed of death?
 And wilt thou o'er his breathless clay
 Strew flowers, and drop the tender tear?
 Nor then regret those scenes so gay,
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

§ 106. *Song.* MALLETT.

THE smiling morn, the breathing spring,
 Invite the tuneful birds to sing:
 And while they warble from each spray,
 Love melts the universal lay.
 Let us, Amanda, timely wise,
 Like them improve the hour that flies;
 And in soft raptures waste the day,
 Among the shades of Endermay.
 For soon the winter of the year,
 And age, life's winter, will appear:
 At *this*, thy living bloom must fade;
 As *that* will strip the verdant shade.

Our taste of pleasure then is o'er;
 The feather'd songsters love no more:
 And when *they* droop, and we decay,
 Adieu the shades of Endermay!

§ 107. *The Spanish Lady's Love.*

WILL you hear a Spanish lady,
 How she woo'd an Englishman?
 Garments gay, as rich as may be,
 Deck'd with jewels had she on:
 Of a comely countenance and grace was she,
 Both by birth and parentage of high degree.
 As his prisoner there he kept her,
 In his hands her life did lie;
 Cupid's bands did tie them faster,
 By the liking of an eye.
 In his courteous company was all her joy,
 To favour him in any thing she was not coy.
 But at last there came commandment
 For to set all ladies free,
 With their jewels still adorned,
 None to do them injury.
 O, then said this lady gay, full woe is me!
 O let me still sustain this kind captivity!
 Gallant captain, shew some pity
 To a lady in distress;
 Leave me not within this city,
 For to die in heaviness:
 Thou hast set, this present day, my body free,
 But my heart in prison still remains with thee.
 "How shouldst thou, fair lady, love me,
 Whom thou know'st thy country's foe?
 Thy fair words make me suspect thee;
 Serpents lie where flowers grow." [knight,
 All the harm I wish on thee most courteous
 God grant upon my head the same may fully
 light.
 Blessed be the time and season,
 That thou came on Spanish ground;
 If you may our foes be termed,
 Gentle foes we have you found:

X

With

With our city, you have won our hearts each one,
Then to your country bear away that is your own.

"Rest you still, most gallant lady;
Rest you still, and weep no more:

Of fair flowers you have plenty,
Spain doth yield you wond'rous store."—
Spaniards fraught with jealousy we oft do find,
But Englishmen throughout the world are count-
ed kind.

Leave me not unto a Spaniard,
Thou alone enjoy'tt my heart;
I am lovely, young, and tender,
Love is likewise my desert:
Still to serve thee day and night my mind is prest;
The wife of every Englishman is counted blest.

"It would be a shame, fair lady,
For to bear a woman hence;
English soldiers never carry
Any such without offence."

I will quickly change myself, if it be so, [go.
And like a page will follow thee, where'er thou

"I have neither gold nor silver
To maintain thee in this case,
And to travel is great charges,
As you know in every place."

My chains and jewels every one shall be thy own,
And eke ten thousand pounds in gold that lies
unknown.

"On the seas are many dangers,
Many storms do there arise,
Which will be to ladies dreadful,
And force tears from wat'ry eyes."

Well, in truth I shall endure extremity,
For I could find in heart to lose my life for thee.

"Courteous lady, leave this folly,
Here comes all that breeds the strife;
I, in England, have already
A sweet woman to my wife;

I will not falsify my vow for gold nor gain,
Nor yet for all the fairest dames that live in Spain.

O how happy is that woman
That enjoys so true a friend!

Many happy days God send her!

And of my suit I'll make an end:
On my knees I pardon crave for my offence,
Which love and true affection did first commence.
Commend me to that gallant lady,
Bear to her this chain of gold,
With these bracelets, for a token;
Grieving that I was so bold:

All my jewels, in like sort, take thou with thee;
For they are fitting for thy wife, but not for me.
I will spend my days in prayer,
Love and all her laws defy;
In a nunnery I will shroud me,
Far from any company:

But, ere my prayers have an end, be sure of this,
To pray for thee and for thy love I will not miss.
Thus farewell, most gallant captain!
Farewell to my heart's content!
Count no Spanish ladies wanton,

Though to thee my mind was bent:
Joy and true prosperity go still with thee!
"The like fall unto thy share, most fair lady."

§ 108. *Ballad. The Children in the Wood: or,
The Norfolk Gentleman's last Will and Testa-
ment.*

NOW ponder well, you parents dear,
The words which I shall write;
A doleful story you shall hear,
In time brought forth to light:
A gentleman of good account
In Norfolk liv'd of late,
Whose wealth and riches did surmount
Most men of his estate.
Sore sick he was, and like to die,
No help that he could have;
His wife by him as sick did lie,
And both possess'd one grave.
No love between these two was lost,
Each was to other kind;
In love they liv'd, in love they dy'd,
And left two babes behind:

The one a fine and pretty boy,
 Not passing three years old :
 The other a girl, more young than he,
 And made in beauty's mould.
 The father left his little son,
 As plainly doth appear,
 When he to perfect age should come,
 Three hundred pounds a year ;
 And to his little daughter Jane
 Five hundred pounds in gold,
 To be paid down on marriage-day,
 Which might not be controul'd :
 But if the children chance to die
 Ere they to age should come,
 Their uncle should possess their wealth ;—
 For so the will did run.
 Now, brother, said the dying man,
 Look to my children dear ;
 Be good unto my boy and girl,
 No friends else I have here :
 To God and you I do commend
 My children night and day ;
 But little while, be sure, we have
 Within this world to stay.
 You must be father and mother both,
 And uncle, all in one ;
 God knows what will become of them
 When I am dead and gone.
 With that bespake their mother dear :
 O brother kind, quoth she,
 You are the man must bring our babes
 To wealth or misery.
 And if you keep them carefully,
 Then God will you reward ;
 If otherwise you seem to deal,
 God will your deeds regard.
 With lips as cold as any stone,
 She kiss'd her children small :
 God bless you both, my children dear !
 With that the tears did fall.
 These speeches then their brother spoke
 To this sick couple there :

The keeping of your children dear,
 Sweet sister, do not fear ;
 God never prosper me nor mine,
 Nor aught else that I have,
 If I do wrong your children dear
 When you are laid in grave.
 Their parents being dead and gone,
 The children home he takes,
 And brings them home unto his house,
 And much of them he makes.
 He had not kept these pretty babes
 A twelvemonth and a day,
 But, for their wealth, he did devise
 To make them both away.
 He bargain'd with two ruffians rude,
 Which were of furious mood,
 That they should take the children young,
 And slay them in a wood.
 He told his wife, and all he had,
 He did the children send
 To be brought up in fair London,
 With one that was his friend.
 Away then went these pretty babes,
 Rejoicing at that tide,
 Rejoicing with a merry mind,
 They should on cock-horse ride.
 They prate and prattle pleasantly
 As they rode on the way,
 To those that should their butchers be,
 And work their lives decay.
 So that the pretty speech they had
 Made murderers hearts relent ;
 And they that undertook the deed,
 Full sore they did repent.
 Yet one of them, more hard of heart,
 Did vow to do his charge,
 Because the wretch that hired him
 Had paid him very large.
 The other would not agree thereto ;
 So here they fell to strife ;
 With one another they did fight
 About the childrens life :

And he that was of mildest mood
 Did slay the other there,
 Within an unfrequented wood ;
 While babes did quake for fear.
 He took the children by the hand,
 When tears stood in their eye,
 And bade them come and go with him,
 And look they did not cry :
 And two long miles he led them on,
 While they for food complain :
 Stay here, quoth he, I'll bring you bread
 When I do come again.
 These pretty babes, with hand in hand,
 Went wandering up and down ;
 But never more they saw the man
 Approaching from the town :
 Their pretty lips, with black-berries,
 Were all besmear'd and dy'd :
 And when they saw the darksome night,
 They sat them down, and cry'd.
 Thus wander'd these two pretty babes,
 Till death did end their grief ;
 In one another's arms they dy'd,
 As babes wanting relief.
 No burial these pretty babes
 Of any man receives,
 Till Robin-red-breast, painfully,
 Did cover them with leaves.
 And now the heavy wrath of God
 Upon their uncle fell ;
 Yea, fearful fiends did haunt his house ;
 His conscience felt an hell :
 His barns were fir'd, his goods consum'd,
 His lands were barren made,
 His cattle dy'd within the field,
 And nothing with him stay'd.
 And, in the voyage of Portugal,
 Two of his sons did die ;
 And, to conclude, himself was brought
 To extreme misery :
 He pawn'd and mortgag'd all his land
 Ere seven years came about.

And now at length this wicked act
 Did by this means come out :
 The fellow that did take in hand
 These children for to kill,
 Was for a robbery judg'd to die,
 As was God's blessed will ;
 Who did confess the very truth,
 The which is here exprest ;
 Their uncle dy'd, while he, for debt,
 In prison long did rest.
 All you that be executors made,
 And overseers eke,
 Of children that be fatherless,
 And infants mild and meek,
 Take you example by this thing,
 And yield to each his right,
 Lest God, with such like misery,
 Your wicked minds requite.

§ 109. *Ballad. The Hunting in Chevy-Chace.*

GOD prosper long our noble king,
 Our lives and safeties all ;
 A woful hunting once there did
 In Chevy-Chace befall.
 To drive the deer with hound and horn,
 Earl Percy took his way.
 The child may rue that is unborn
 The hunting of that day.
 The stout earl of Northumberland
 A vow to God did make,
 His pleasure in the Scottish woods
 Three summer days to take ;
 The chiefest harts in Chevy-Chace
 To kill and bear away.
 These tidings to earl Douglas came,
 In Scotland where he lay ;
 Who sent earl Percy present word
 He would prevent his sport.
 The English earl, not fearing this,
 Did to the woods resort,
 With fifteen hundred bowmen bold,
 All chosen men of might,

Who

BOOK IV. SONGS, BALLADS, &c.

Who knew full well, in time of need,
 To aim their shafts aright.
 The gallant greyhounds swiftly ran,
 To chase the fallow deer:
 On Monday they began to hunt,
 When day-light did appear!
 And, long before high noon, they had
 An hundred fat bucks slain;
 Then, having din'd, the drovers went
 To rouse them up again.
 The bowmen muster'd on the hills,
 Well able to endure;
 Their backsides all, with special care,
 That day were guarded sure.
 The hounds ran swiftly through the woods,
 The nimble deer to take;
 And with their cries the hills and dales
 An echo shrill did make.
 Lord Percy to the quarry went,
 To view the slaughter'd deer.
 Quoth he, earl Douglas promised
 This day to meet me here.
 If that I thought he would not come,
 No longer would I stay.
 With that a brave young gentleman
 Thus to the earl did say:
 Lo! yonder doth earl Douglas come,
 His men in armour bright;
 Full twenty hundred Scottish spears
 All marching in our fight;
 All men of pleasant Tivdale,
 Fast by the river Tweed.
 Then cease your sport, earl Percy said,
 And take your bows with speed:
 And now with me, my countrymen,
 Your courage forth advance;
 For never was there champion yet,
 In Scotland or in France,
 That ever did on horseback come
 But, if my hap it were,
 I durst encounter, man for man,
 With him to break a spear.

Earl Douglas, on a milk-white steed,
 Most like a baron bold,
 Rode foremost of the company,
 Whose armour shone like gold:
 Show me, said he, whose men you be,
 That hunt so boldly here;
 That, without my consent, do chase
 And kill my fallow-deer!
 The man that first did answer make,
 Was noble Percy, he;
 Who said, We list not to declare
 Nor show whose men we be:
 Yet will we spend our dearest blood
 Thy chiefest harts to slay.
 Then Douglas swore a solemn oath,
 And thus in rage did say:
 Ere thus I will outbraved be,
 One of us two shall die:
 I know thee well, an earl thou art;
 Lord Percy, so am I.
 But trust me, Percy, pity it were,
 And great offence, to kill
 Any of these our harmless men,
 For they have done no ill:
 Let thou and I the battle try,
 And set our men aside.
 Accurs'd be he, lord Percy said,
 By whom this is deny'd.
 Then stepp'd a gallant 'squire forth,
 Witherington was his name,
 Who said, I would not have it told
 To Henry, our king, for shame,
 That e'er my captain fought on foot,
 And I stood looking on!
 You be two earls, said Witherington,
 And I a 'squire alone:
 I'll do the best that do I may,
 While I have strength to stand;
 While I have power to wield my sword,
 I'll fight with heart and hand.
 Our English archers bent their bows,
 Their hearts were good and true;

At the first sight of arrows sent,
 Full threescore Scots they slew.
 To drive the deer with hound and horn,
 Earl Douglas had the bent,
 A captain mov'd with mickle pride,
 The spears to shivers sent.
 They clos'd full fast on ev'ry side;
 No slackness there was found:
 And many a gallant gentleman
 Lay gasping on the ground.
 O Christ! it was a grief to see,
 And likewise for to hear
 The cries of men lying in their gore,
 And scatter'd here and there.
 At last these two stout earls did meet,
 Like captains of great might;
 Like lions mov'd, they laid on load,
 And made a cruel fight.
 They fought until they both did sweat,
 With swords of temper'd steel;
 Until the blood, like drops of rain,
 They trickling down did feel.
 Yield thee, lord Percy, Douglas said,
 In faith I will thee bring
 Where thou shalt high advanced be
 By James our Scottish king:
 Thy ransom I will freely give,
 And thus report of thee,
 Thou art the most courageous knight
 That ever I did see.
 No, Douglas, quoth earl Percy then,
 Thy proffer I do scorn;
 I will not yield to any Scot
 That ever yet was born.
 With that there came an arrow keen,
 Out of an English bow,
 Which struck earl Douglas to the heart
 A deep and deadly blow:
 Who never spoke more words than these,
 Fight on, my merry men all;
 For why, my life is at an end,
 Lord Percy sees my fall.

Then leaving life, earl Percy took
 The dead man by the hand,
 And said, earl Douglas, for thy life
 Would I had lost my land!
 O Christ! my very heart doth bleed
 With sorrow for thy sake;
 For sure, a more renowned knight
 Mischance did never take.
 A knight amongst the Scots there was,
 Who saw earl Douglas die,
 Who straight in wrath did vow revenge
 Upon the earl Percy:
 Sir Hugh Montgomery was he call'd;
 Who, with a spear most bright,
 Well mounted on a gallant steed,
 Ran fiercely through the fight,
 And pass'd the English archers all,
 Without all dread or fear;
 And through earl Percy's body then
 He thrust his hateful spear.
 With such a vehement force and might
 He did his body gore,
 The spear went through the other side,
 A large cloth-yard, and more.
 So thus did both these nobles die,
 Whose courage none could stain.
 An English archer then perceiv'd
 The noble earl was slain;
 He had a bow bent in his hand,
 Made of a trusty tree;
 An arrow of a cloth-yard long
 Up to the head drew he:
 Against Sir Hugh Montgomery
 So right the shaft he set,
 The grey goose wing that was thereon
 In his heart-blood was wet.
 This fight did last from break of day
 Till setting of the sun;
 For when they rung the evening-bell,
 The battle scarce was done.
 With the earl Percy there was slain
 Sir John of Ogerton,

Sir Robert Ratcliffe, and Sir John,
 Sir James that bold baron :
 And, with Sir George, and good Sir James,
 Both knights of good account,
 Good Sir Ralph Raby there was slain,
 Whose prowess did surmount.
 For Witherington needs must I wail,
 As one in doleful dumps ;
 For when his legs were smitten off,
 He fought upon his stumps.
 And with earl Douglas there was slain
 Sir Hugh Montgomery ;
 Sir Charles Currèl, that from the field
 One foot would never fly ;
 Sir Charles Murrèl of Ratcliffe too,
 His sister's son was he ;
 Sir David Lamb, so well esteem'd,
 Yet saved could not be.
 And the lord Maxwell, in likewise,
 Did with earl Douglas die.
 Of twenty hundred Scottish spears,
 Scarce fifty-five did fly.
 Of fifteen hundred Englishmen,
 Went home but fifty-three :
 The rest were slain in Chevy-Chace,
 Under the green-wood tree.
 Next day did many widows come,
 Their husbands to bewail ;
 They wash'd their wounds in brinish tears ;
 But all would not prevail.
 Their bodies, bath'd in purple blood,
 They bore with them away ;
 They kiss'd them dead a thousand times
 When they were clad in clay,
 This news was brought to Edinburgh,
 Where Scotland's king did reign,
 That brave earl Douglas suddenly
 Was with an arrow slain.
 O heavy news, king James did say !
 Scotland can witness be,
 I have not any captain more
 Of such account as he.

Like tidings to king Henry came,
 Within as short a space,
 That Percy of Northumberland
 Was slain in Chevy-Chace.
 Now God be with him, said our king,
 Sith 'twill not better be ;
 I trust I have within my realm
 Five hundred as good as he.
 Yet shall not Scot nor Scotland say,
 But I will vengeance take ;
 And be revenged on them all
 For brave lord Percy's sake.
 This vow full well the king perform'd,
 After, on Humbledown,
 In one day fifty knights were slain,
 With Lords of great renown ;
 And of the rest of small account,
 Did many hundreds die.
 Thus ended the hunting of Chevy-Chace,
 Made by the earl Percy.
 God save the king, and bless the land
 With plenty, joy, and peace ;
 And grant, henceforth, that foul debate
 'Twixt noblemen may cease.

§ 110. Song. Sir Cauline.

There is something peculiar in the metre of this old ballad : it is not unusual to meet with redundant stanzas of six lines ; but the occasional insertion of a double third or fourth line, as ver. 31, 44, &c. is an irregularity I do not remember to have seen elsewhere.

It may be proper to inform the reader, before he comes to Part II. ver. 110, 111, that the ROUND TABLE was not peculiar to the reign of King Arthur, but was common in all the ages of Chivalry. The proclaiming a great tournament (probably with some peculiar solemnities) was called "holding a Round Table." Dugdale tells us, "that the great baron Roger de Mortimer having procured the

"the honour of knighthood to be conferred on his three sons by K. Edw. I. he, at his own costs, caused a tournament to be held at Kenilworth; where he sumptuously entertained an hundred knights, and as many ladies, for three days; the like whereof was never before in England; and there began the ROUND TABLE (so called by reason that the place wherein they practised those feats was environed with a strong wall made in a round form): And upon the fourth day, the golden lion, in sign of triumph, being yielded to him; he carried it (with all the company) to Warwick."—It may further be added, that Matthew Paris frequently calls jousts and tournaments *Hastiludia Mensæ Rotundæ*.

As to what will be observed in this ballad of the art of healing being practised by a young prince; it is no more than what is usual in all the old romances, and was conformable to real manners: it being a practice derived from the earliest times among all the Gothic and Celtic nations, for women even of the highest rank to exercise the art of surgery. In the Northern Chronicles we always find the young damsels stanching the wounds of their lovers, and the wives those of their husbands. And even so late as the time of Q. Elizabeth, it is mentioned among the accomplishments of the ladies of her court, that the "eldest of them are SKILFUL IN SURGERY." See *Harrison's Description of England*, prefixed to *Hollingshed's Chronicle*, &c.

The First Part.

IN Ireland, ferr over the sea,
There dwelleth a bonnye kinge;
And with him a yong and comlye knighte,
Men call him Syr Cauline.
The kinge had a ladye to his daughter,
In fashyon she hath no peere;

And princely wightes that lady wooed
To be theyr wedded seere.
Syr Cauline loveth her best of all,
But nothing durst he saye;
Ne descreeve his counsayl to no man,
But deerly he lovde this may.
Till on a daye it so befall,
Great dill to him was dight;
The maydens love removde his mynd,
To care-bed went the knighte.
One while he spred his arms him fro,
One while he spred them nye;
And aye! but I winne that ladyes love,
For dole now I mun dye.
And whan our parish-masse was done,
Our kinge was bowne to dyne:
He sayes, Where is Syr Cauline,
That is wont to serve the wyne?
Then aunswerde him a courteous knighte,
And fast his handes gan wringe:
Syr Cauline is sick, and like to dye
Without a good leechinge.
Fetch me downe my daughter deere,
She is a leech fulle fine:
Goe take him doughe, and the baken bread,
And serve him with the wyne soe red;
Lothe I were him to tine.
Fair Christabelle to his chamber goes,
Her maydens followyng nye:
O well, she sayth, how doth my lord?
O sicke, thou fayre ladye.
Nowe ryse up wightlye man, for shame,
Never lye soe cowardlee;
For it is told in my father's halle,
You dye for love of mee.
Fayre ladye, it is for your love
That all this dill I drye:
For if you would comfort me with a kisse,
Then were I brought from bale to blisse,
No longer would I lye.
Sir knighte, my father is a kinge,
I am his onlye heire;

Alas!

Alas ! and well you knowe, syr knighte,
 I never can be youre fere.
 O ladye, thou art a kinges daughter,
 And I am not thy peere,
 But let me doe some deedes of armes
 To be youre bacheleere.
 Some deedes of armes if thou wilt doe,
 My bacheleere to be
 (But ever and aye my heart would rue,
 Giff harm shold happe to thee)
 Upon Eldridge hill there groweth a thorne,
 Upon the mores brodinge;
 And dare ye, syr knighte, wake there all nighte,
 Untill the fayre morninge ?
 For the Eldridge knighte, so mickle of mighte,
 Will examine you beforne :
 And never man bare life awaye,
 But he did him scath and scorne.
 That knight he is a foul paynim,
 And large of limb and bone ;
 And but if heaven may be thy speede,
 Thy life it is out gone.
 Nowe on the Eldridge hilles Ile walke,
 For thy sake, fair ladée ;
 And Ile either bring you a ready token,
 Or Ile never more you see.
 The lady is gone to her own chambère,
 Her maydens following bright :
 Syr Cauline lope from care-bed soone,
 And to the Eldridge hills is gone,
 For to wake there all night.
 Unto midnight, that the moone did rise,
 He walked up and downe ;
 Then a lightsome bugle heard he blowe
 Over the bents foe browne :
 Quoth hee, If cryance come till my heart,
 I am ffar from any good towne.
 And soone he spyde on the mores so broad,
 A furious wight and fell ;

A ladye bright his brydle led,
 Clad in a fayre kyrtell :
 And foe fast he called on Syr Cauline,
 O man, I rede thee flye,
 For but if cryance come till thy heart,
 I weene but thou mun dye.
 He sayth, No cryance comes till thy heart,
 Nor, in fayth, I will not flee ;
 For, cause thou minged not Christ before,
 The less me dreadeth thee.
 The Eldridge knighte, he pricked his steed ;
 Syr Cauline bold abode :
 Then either shooke his trusty speare,
 And the timber these two children * bar
 Soe soon in sunder flode.
 Then took they out theyr two good swordes
 And layden on full faste,
 Till helme and hawberke, mail and sheelde,
 They all were well nye braste.
 The Eldridge knight was mickle of might,
 And stiffe in stower did stande,
 But Syr Cauline with a backward stroke,
 He smote off his right hand,
 That soone he with paine and lacke of bloud
 Fell downe on that lay-land.
 Then up Syr Cauline lift his brande
 All over his head so hye :
 And here I sweare by the holy roode,
 Now, caytiffe, thou shalt dye.
 Then up and came that ladye brighte,
 Fast wringing of her hande :
 For the maydens love, that most you love,
 Withhold that deadlye brande ;
 For the maydens love, that most you love,
 Now synye no more I praye ;
 And aye whatever thou wilt, my lord,
 He shall thy hefts obaye.
 Now sweare to mee, thou Eldridge knighte,
 And here on this lay-land,

That thou wilt believe on Christ his laye,
 And thereto plight thy hand:
 And that thou never on Eldridge come
 To sporte, gamon, or playe;
 And that thou here give up thy armes
 Until thy dying day.
 The Eldridge knighte gave up his armes
 With many a sorrowfulle sigh;
 And sware to obey Syr Caulines hest
 Till the tyme that he should dye.
 And he then up and the Eldridge knighte
 Sert him in his saddle anone,
 And the Eldridge knight and his ladye
 To theyr castle are they gone.
 Then he tooke up the bloudy hand,
 That was so large of bone,
 And on it he founde five rings of gold
 Of knightes that had been slone.
 Then he tooke up the Eldridge sworde,
 As hard as any flint:
 And he took off those ringes five
 As bright as fyre and brent.
 Home then pricked Syr Cauline,
 As light as leaf on tree:
 I-wys he neither stint ne blanne,
 Till he his ladye see.
 Then downe he knelt upon his knee
 Before that ladye gay:
 O ladye, I have been on the Eldridge hills!
 These tokens I bring away.
 Now welcome, welcome, Syr Cauline,
 Thrice welcome unto mee;
 For now I perceive thou art a true knighte,
 Of valour bold and free.
 O ladye, I am thy own true knighte,
 Thy hests for to obaye:
 And mought I hope to winne thy love!—
 Ne more his tonge colde say.
 The ladye blushed scarlette redde,
 And sette a gentill sigh:
 Alas! syr knighte, how may this bee,
 For my degree's foe sigh?

But sith thou hast hight, thou comely youth,
 To be my batchilere,
 He promise, if thee I may not wedde,
 I will have none other fere.
 Then shee held forth her lilly-white hand
 Towards that knighte so free:
 He gave to it one gentill kisse,
 His heart was brought from bale to blisse,
 The teares sterre from his ee.
 But keep my counsayl, Syr Cauline,
 Ne let no man it knowe;
 For and ever my father sholde it ken,
 I wot he wolde us floe.
 From that day forth that ladye fayre
 Lovde Syr Cauline the knighte:
 From that daye forth he only joyde
 Whan shee was in his sight.

Part the Second.

EVERYE white will have its blacke,
 And every sweete its sowre;
 This founde the ladye Christabelle
 In an untimely howre.
 For so it befelle, as Syr Cauline
 Was with that ladye faire,
 The kinge her father walked furthe
 To take the evening aire:
 And into the arbour as he went
 To rest his wearye feet,
 He found his daughter and Syr Cauline
 There sette in daliaunce sweet.
 Th/ kinge he sterted forth, i-wys,
 And an angrie man was hee:
 Nowe, traytoure, thou shalt hange or drawe,
 And rewz shall thy ladye.
 Then forth Syr Cauline he was ledde,
 And throwne in dungeon deepe:
 And the ladye into a towne so hye,
 There left to wayle and weepe.
 The queene she was Syr Caulines friend,
 And to the kinge said shee,

I pray

I pray you save Syr Caulines life,
And let him banisht bee.
Now, dame, that traitor shall be sent
Acroſs the ſalt ſea ſome:
But here will I make thee a band,
If ever he come within this land,
A foule deathe is his doome.
All woe-begone was the gentil knighte
To part from his ladye;
And many a time he ſighed ſore,
And caſt a wiſtfulle eye:
Faire Chriſtabelle, from thee to parte,
Farre lever had I dye.
Faire Chriſtabelle, that ladye bright,
Was had forth of the towre;
But ever ſhee droopeth in her minde,
As nipt by an ungentle winde
Doth ſome faire lillie ſlowre.
And ever ſhee doth lament and weepe
To tint her lover foe;
Syr Cauline, thou little thinkſt on mee,
But I will ſtill be true.
Manye a kinge, and manye a duke,
And lords of high degree,
Did ſue to that fayre ladye of love;
But never ſhee wolde them nee.
When many a daye was paſt and gone,
Ne comfort ſhe colde finde,
The kinge proclaimed a tourneament,
To cheer his daughters mind:
And there came lords, and there came knights,
Fro manye a farre countrye,
To break a ſpere for their ladyes love
Before that faire ladye.
And many a ladye there was ſette
In purple and in palle;
But faire Chriſtabelle ſoe woe-begone
Was the fayreſt of them all.
Then many a knighte was mickle of might
Before his ladye gaye:
But a ſtranger wight, whom no man knewe,
He wan the prize eche daye.

His aſton it was all of blacke,
His hewberke and his ſheelde,
Ne noe man wiſt whence he did come,
Ne noe man knewe where he did gone,
When they came out the ſeelde.
And now three days were preſtlye paſt
In ſeates of chivalrye,
When lo upon the fourth morninge,
A ſorrowfulle ſight they ſee.
A hugye giaunt ſtiſſe and ſtarke,
All ſoul of limbe and lere;
Two goggling eyen like fire farden,
A mouthe from eare to eare.
Before him came a dwarfiſſe full lowe,
That waited on his knee,
And at his backe five heads he bare,
All wan and pale of blee.
Sir, quoth the dwarfiſſe, and louted lowe,
Behold that hend Soldan!
Behold theſe heads I bare with me!
They are kings which he hath ſlain.
The Eldridge knight is his own couſine,
Whom a knight of thine hath ſhent:
And hee is come to avenge his wrong,
And to thee all thy knightes among,
Deſiance here hath ſent.
But yette he will appeaſe his wrath
Thy daughters love to winne:
And but thou yelde him that fayre mayd,
Thy halls and towers muſt brenne.
Thy head, ſyr king, muſt goe with mee;
Or elſe thy daughter deere;
Or elſe within theſe liſts ſo broad
Thou muſt find him a peere.
The king he turned him round about,
And in his heart was woe:
Is there never a knighte of my round table,
This matter will undergoe?
Is there never a knighte amongſt you all
Will fight for my daughter and mee?
Whoever will fight yon grimme ſoldan,
Right faire his meede ſhall be;

For he shall have my broad lay-lands;
 And of my crowne be heyre;
 And he shall winne fair Christabelle,
 To be his wedded fere,
 But every knighte of his round tablè
 Did stand both still and pale;
 For whenever they lookt on the grimme soldan,
 It made their hearts to quail.
 All woe-begone was that fayre ladyè,
 When she sawe no helpe was nye:
 She cast her thought on her own true love,
 And the tears gush'd from her eye.
 Up then sterte the stranger knighte,
 Sayd, Ladye be not affrayd;
 Ile fight for thee with this grimme soldan,
 Though he be unmacklye made.
 And if thou wilt lend me the Eldridge sworde,
 That lyeth within thy bowre,
 I truste in Christe for to slay this fiende,
 Though he be stiffe in stowre.
 Goe fetch him downe the Eldridge sworde,
 The kinge he cryde, with speede:
 Nowe heaven assist thee, courteous knighte;
 My daughter is thy meede.
 The gyaunt he stepped into the lists,
 And sayd, Awaye, awaye:
 I sweare, as I am the hend soldan,
 Thou lettest me here all daye.
 - Then forth the stranger knight he came
 In his blacke armoure dight:
 The ladye sigh'd a gentle sigh,
 "That this were my true knighte!"
 And now the gyaunt and knighte be mett
 Within the lists so broad:
 And now with swords so sharpe of Steele,
 They gan to lay on load.
 The soldan stricke the knighte a stroke,
 That made him reele asyde:
 Then woe-begone was that fayre ladyè,
 And thrice she deeply sighde,
 The soldan stricke a second stroke,
 And made the bloude to flowe:

All pale and wan was that ladye fayre,
 And thrice she wept for woe.
 The soldan stricke a third fell stroke,
 Which brought the knighte on his knee:
 Sad sorrow pierced that ladyes heart,
 And she shriekt loud shriekings three.
 The knight he leapt upon his feete,
 All reeklesse of the pain;
 Quoth he, But heaven be now my speede!
 Or else I shall be slaine.
 He grasped his sworde with mayne and mighte,
 And spying a secret part,
 He drave it into the soldan's syde,
 And pierced him to the heart.
 Then all the people gave a shoute,
 When they saw the soldan falle;
 The ladye wept, and thanked Christ
 That had reskewed her from thrall.
 And now the kinge with all his barons
 Rose uppe from off his seate,
 And downe he stepped into the listes,
 That courteous knighte to greete.
 But he for payne and lacke of bloude
 Was fallen into a swounde,
 And there all weltering in his gore,
 Lay lifelesse on the grounde.
 Come downe, come downe, my daughter deare,
 Thou art a leech of skille;
 Farre lever had I lose half my landes,
 Than this good knighte sholde spille.
 Downe then steppeth that fayre ladyè,
 To helpe him if she maye;
 But when she did his beavere raise,
 It is my life, my lord, she sayes,
 And shriekte and swound awaye.
 Sir Cauline just liste up his eyes
 When he heard his ladye crye,
 O ladye, I am thine own true love;
 For thee I wisht to dye.
 Then giving her one partinge looke,
 He closed his eyes in death,

Ere Christabelle, that ladye milde,
 Began to draw her breathe.
 But when she founde her comelye knight
 Indeed was dead and gone,
 She layde her pale cold cheeke to his,
 And thus she made her moan:
 O staye, my deare and onlye lord,
 For mee thy faithfulle feere;
 'Tis meet that I should followe thee,
 Who hast bought my love foe deare.
 Then sayntinge in a deadly swonne,
 And with a deep-fette fighe,
 That burst her gentle heart in twayne,
 Fayre Chrystabelle did dye.

§ 111. *Air in Cymon.* GARRICK.

YOU gave me, last week, a young linnnet,
 Shut up in a fine golden cage;
 Yet how sad the poor thing was within it!
 Oh how did it flutter and rage!
 Then he mop'd and he pin'd
 That his wings were confin'd,
 Till I open'd the door of his den:
 Then so merry was he;
 And, because he was free,
 He came to his cage back again.

§ 112. *Robin Hood and Guy of Gisborne.*

"In this time [about the year 1190, in the reign of Richard I.] were many robbers and out-larves, among the which Robin Hood and Little John, renowned thieves, continued in woods, despoiling and robbing the goods of the rich. They killed none but such as would invade them; or by resistance for their own defence.
 "The said Robert entertained an hundred tall men and good archers with such spoiles and thefts as he got, upon whom four hundred (were they ever so strong) durst not give the onset. He suffered no woman to be oppressed,

violated, or otherwise molested: poor mens goods he spared, abundantly relieving them with that which by theft he got from abbeys and the houses of rich earles: whom Major (the historian) blameth for his rapine and theft; but of all thieves he affirmeth him to be the prince and the most gentle theefe." Stowe Annals, p. 159.

WHAN shaws been sheene, and shradde
 full fayre,
 And leaves both large and longe,
 Itt's merrye walkyng in the fayre forrest
 To hear the small birdes songe.
 The woodweele sang, and wold not cease,
 Sitting upon the spraye,
 So lowde, he wakened Robin Hood,
 In the greenwood where he lay.
 Now by my fave, said jollye Robin,
 A sweaven I had this night;
 I dreamt me of tow wighty yemen,
 That fast with me can fight.
 Methought they did me beat and binde,
 And took my bowe me froe;
 If I be Robin alive in this lande,
 Ile be wroken on them towe.
 Sweavens are swift, sayd Lyttle John,
 As the wind blowes over the hill;
 For iff it be never so loude this night,
 To-morrow it may be still.
 Buske yce, bowne yee, my merry men all,
 And John shall goe with mee,
 For Ile go seeke yon wighty yeomen,
 In greenwood where they bee.
 Then they cast on theyr gownes of grene,
 And took their bowes each one;
 And they away to the green forrest
 A shooting forth are gone;
 Until they came to the merry greenwood,
 Where they had gladdest to bee,
 There they were ware of a wight yecomàn,
 That leaned against a tree.

A sword

A sword and a dagger he wore by his side,
 Of manye a man the bane;
 And he was clad in his capull hyde
 Top and tayll and mayne.
 Stand still, master, quoth Lyttle John,
 Under this tree so grene,
 And I will go to yond white yeman
 To know what he doth meane.
 Ah! John, by me thou settest noe store,
 And that I farley finde:
 How often send I my men before,
 And tarry myself behinde?
 It is no cunning a knave to ken,
 And a man but hear him speake;
 And it were not for bursting of my bowe,
 John, I thy head would breake.
 As often wordes they breeden bale,
 So they parted Robin and John;
 And John is gone to Barneisdale,
 The gates he knoweth each one.
 But when he came to Barneisdale,
 Great heaviness there he hadd,
 For he found tow of his own fellows
 Were slaine both in a flade.
 And Scarlet he was flying a-foote,
 Fast over stocke and stone,
 For the proud sheriffe, with seven score men,
 Fast after him is gone.
 One shoote now I will shoote, quoth John,
 With Christ his might and mayne;
 He make yon theriffe that wends soe fast,
 To stop he shall be fayne.
 Then John bent up his long bende-bowe,
 And fettled him to shoote:
 The bow was made of tender boughie,
 And fell down at his foote.
 Woe worth, woe worth thee, wicked wood,
 That ever thou grew on a tree;
 For now this day thou art my bale,
 My boote when thou shold bee.

His shoote it was but loosely shott,
 Yet flew not the arrowe in vaine.
 For it met one of the sheriffes men,
 And William a Trent was slaine.
 It had been better of William a Trent
 To have been a bed with sorrowe,
 Than to be that day in the greenwood flade
 To meet with Little John's arrowe.
 But as it is said, when men be mett,
 Fyve can do more than three,
 The sheriffe hath taken Little John,
 And bound him fast to a tree.
 Thou shalt be drawn by dale and downe,
 And hanged hie on a hill.
 But thou mayst sayle of thy purpose, quoth John,
 If it be Christ his will.
 Let us leave talking of Little John,
 And thinke of Robin Hood,
 How he is gone to the wight yeman,
 Where under the leaves he stood.
 Goodmorrowe, good fellowe, said Robin so fayre,
 "Goodmorrowe, good fellow." quo' he:
 Methinks, by this bowe thou bears in thy hande,
 A good archere thou sholdst bee.
 I am wilfulle of my waye, quo' the yeman,
 And of my morning tyde.
 He lead thee through the wood, sayd Robin:
 Good fellow, He be thy guide.
 I seeke an outlawe, the straunger sayd,
 Men call him Robin Hood;
 Rather He meet with that proud outlawe
 Than fortye pound soe good.
 Now come with me, thou wighty yeman,
 And Robin thou soone shalt see:
 But first let us some pastime find
 Under the greenwood tree.
 First let us some masterye make
 Among the woods so even,
 We may chance to meet with Robin Hood
 Here at some untiet seven.

They cut them down two summer shroggs,
That grew both under a breere,
And set them threescore rood in twaine
To shoote the prickes y fere.
Lead on, good fellow, quoth Robin Hood,
Lead on, I do bidd thee.
Nay by my faith, good fellowe, hee sayd,
My leader thou shalt bee.
The first time Robin shot at the pricke,
He mist but an inch it fro;
The yeoman he was an archer good,
But he bold never do toe.
The second shoote had the wightye yeman,
He shot within the garland;
But Robin he shot far better than hee,
For he clave the good pricke wande.
A blessing upon thy heart, he sayd;
Good fellowe, thy shooting is goode;
For an thy heart be as good as thy hand,
Thou wert better than Robin Hood.
Now tell me thy name, good fellowe, sayd he,
Under the leaves of lyne,
Nay by my faith, quoth bold Robin,
Till thou have told me thine.
I dwell by dale and downe, quoth hee,
And Robin to take I'me sworne;
And when I am called by my right name
I am Guy of good Gisborne.
My dwelling is in this wood, says Robin,
By thee I set right nought:
I am Robin Hood of Barnesdale,
Whom thou so long hast fought.
He that had neyther been kithe nor kin,
Might have seen a full fayre fight,
To see how together these yeomen went
With blades both browne and bright.
To see how these yeomen together they fought
Two howres of a summer's day:
Yet neither Robin Hood nor Sir Guy
Them feetled to flye awaye.
Robin was reechless on a roote,
And stumbled at that tyde;

And Guy was quicke and nimble with-all,
And hitt him upon the syde.
Ah deer Ladye, said Robin Hood, thou
That art but mother and may',
I think it was never mens destinye
To dye before his day.
Robin thought on our Ladye decre,
And soone leapt up againe,
And strait he came with a backward stroke;
And he Sir Guy hath slayne.
He took Sir Guy's head by the hayre,
And stuck it upon his bowes end:
Thou hast been a traytor all thy life,
Which thing must have an end.
Robin pulled forth an Irish knife,
And nicked Sir Guy in the face,
That he was never on woman born
Cold know whose head it was.
Sayes, I ye there, I ye there, now Sir Guye,
And with me be not wrothe;
If thou have had the worst strokes at my hand,
Thou shalt have the better clothe.
Robin did off his gowne of greene,
And on Sir Guy did throwe,
And hee put on that capull hyde,
That clad him topp to toe.
Thy bowe, thy arrowes, and little horne,
Now with me I will beare;
For I will away to Barnesdale,
To see how my men doe fare.
Robin Hood sett Guy's horne to his mouth,
And a loud blast in it did blow.
That beheard the sheriffe of Nottingham,
As he leaned under a lowe.
Hearken, hearken, sayd the sheriffe,
I heare nowe tydings good,
For yonder I hear Sir Guyes horne blowe,
And he hath slaine Robin Hoode.
Yondear I hear Sir Guyes horne blowe,
It blowes so well in tyde,
And yonder comes that wightye yeoman,
Cladd in his capull hyde.

Come hyther, come hyther, thou good Sir Guy,
Aske what thou wilt of mee.

O I will none of thy gold, sayd Robin,
Nor I will none of thy fee.

But now I have slaine the master, he sayes,
Lette me goe strike the knave;
For this is all the meede I aske;
None other reward I'le have.

Thou art a madman, said the sheriffe,
Thou sholdst have had a knightes fee:
But seeing thy asking hath been soe bad,
Well granted it shall bee.

When Little John heard his master speake,
Well knewe he it was his steven:
Now I shall be loofet, quoth Little John,
With Christ his might in heaven.

Fast Robin he hyed him to Little John,
He thought to loose him blive;
The sheriffe and all his companye
Fast after him can drive.

Stand abake, stand abake, sayd Robin;
Why draw you mee so neere?
It was never the use in our countrye,
Ones shrift another shold heere.

But Robin pulled forth an Irvsh knife,
And losed John hand and foote,
And gave him Sir Guyes bow in his hand,
And bade it be his boote.

Then John he took Guyes bow in his hand,
His boltes and arrowes each one:
When the sheriffe saw Little John bend his bow,
He fettled him-to be gone.

Towards his house in Nottingham towne,
He fled full fast away;
And so did all the companye:
Not one behind wold stay.

But he cold neither runn soe fast,
Nor away so fast cold ryde,
But Little John, with an arrowe soe broad,
He shott him into the back-syde.

§ 113. *Adam Bell, Clym of the Clough, and William of Cloudestly*

— were three noted outlaws, whose skill in archery rendered them formerly as famous in the North of England as Robin Hood and his fellows were in the midland counties. Their place of residence was in the forest of Englewood, not far from Carlisle (called corruptly in the ballad *Engliskwood*, whereas *Engle*, or *Inglewood*, signifies wood for firing.) At what time they lived does not appear. The author of the common ballad on "*The pedigree, education, and marriage of Robin Hood*," makes them contemporary with Robin Hood's father, in order to give him the honour of beating them:

The father of Robin a forester was,
And he shot in a lusty long bow
Two north country miles and an inch at a shot,
As the Pindar of Wakefield does know:
For he brought Adam Bell, and Clim of the
And William of Clowdestlee, [Clough,
To shoot with our forester for forty mark;
And our forester beat them all three.

Collect. of Old Ballads, 1727. 1 vol. p. 67.

This seems to prove that they were commonly thought to have lived before the popular hero of Sherwood.

I have only to add further concerning the principal hero of this ballad, that the BELLS were noted rogues in the North so late as the time of *Q. Elizabeth*. See, in *Rymer's Fœdera*, a letter from Lord William Howard to some of the officers of state, wherein he mentions them.

Part the First.

MERY it was in grene forêst
Among the levès grene,
Wheras men hunt east and west,
Wyth bowes and arrowes kene;

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To ryse the dere out of theyr denne;
 Suche fightes hath ofte bene sene;
 As by thre yemen of the north countreÿ,
 By them it is I meane.
 The one of them hight Adam Bel,
 The other Clym of the Clough*,
 The thyrd was William of Cloudestly,
 An archer good ynough.
 They were outlawed for venyson,
 These yemen everychone;
 They swore them brethren upon a day,
 To Englyshe wood for to gone.
 Now lish and lysten, gentylmen,
 That of myrthe loveth to hear:
 Two of them were singele men,
 The third had a wedded fere.
 Wylliam was the wedded man,
 Muche more than was hys care:
 He sayde to hys brethren upon a day,
 To Carleil he wold fare;
 For to speke with fayre Alyce his wife,
 And with hys children thre.
 By my trouthe, sayde A lam Bel,
 Not by the counsell of me:
 For if ye go to Carleil, brother,
 And from thys wyld wode wende,
 If the justice may you take,
 Your lyfe were at an ende.
 If that I come not to-morrow, brother,
 By pryne to you agayne.
 Truste not els but that I am take,
 Or else that I am slayne.
 He toke his leve of his brethren two,
 And to Carleil he is gone:
 They're he knocked at his own windowe
 Shortlye and anone:
 Wher be you, fayr Alyce my wyfe,
 And my children thre?
 Lyghtly let in thine own husbände,
 Wylliam of Cloudestly.

Alas! then sayd fayre Alyce,
 And syghed wonderous fore,
 Thys place hath been besette for you
 Thys halfe yere and more.
 Now am I here, said Cloudestly,
 I wolde that in I were:
 Now fetche us meate and drinke ynoughe,
 And let us make good chere.
 She fetched hym meate and drinke plentye,
 Lyke a true wedded wyfe;
 And pleased him with that she had,
 Whome she loved as her life.
 There lay an old wyfe in that place,
 A litle beside the fyre,
 Which Wylliam had found of charytye
 More than seven yere.
 Up the rose, and forth she goes,
 Evel mote she spede therefoore;
 For she had not set no fote on ground
 In seven yere before.
 She went unto the justice-hall,
 As fast as she could hye:
 Thys night is come unto thys town
 Wylliam of Cloudestlye.
 Thereof the justice was full fayne,
 And so was the shirife also:
 Thou shalt not trauaill hither, dame, for nought,
 Thy mede thou shalt have or thou go.
 They gave to her a right good goun
 Of scarlate and of graine:
 She toke the gyfte, and home she went,
 And couched her doune agayne.
 They ryed the towne of merry Carleile
 In all the haste they can;
 And came thronging to Wylliames house,
 As fast as they might gone.
 There they beset that good yemàn
 About on every side:
 Wylliam heard great noise of folkes,
 That theyther-ward they hyed.

* Clym of the Clough, means Clem. (Clement) of the valley; for so Clough signifies in the north.

Alyce opened a back wyndow,
 And loked all aboute,
 She was ware of the iustice and shirife bothe,
 Wyth a full great route.
 Alas! treason, cryed Alyce,
 Ever wo may thou be!
 Goe into my chamber, husband, she sayd,
 Sweet Wylliam of Cloudestle.
 He toke hys sweard and hys buckler,
 Hys bow and hys children thre,
 And wente into hys strongest chamber,
 Where he thought surest to be.
 Fayre Alyce, like a lover true,
 Took a poll-axe in her hande:
 He shal be dead that here commeth in
 Thys dore, while I may stand.
 Cloudestle bente a wel-good bowe,
 That was of trusty tre,
 He smot the iustise on the brest,
 That hys arrowe brest in thre.
 A curse on his hart, saide Wylliam,
 Thys day thy cote did on!
 If it had bene no beter than mine,
 It had gone nere thy bone.
 Yeld the Cloudestle, said the iustise,
 Thy bowe and thy arrowes the fro.
 A curse on hys hart, sayd fair Alyce,
 That my husband counelleth so.
 Set fyre on the house, saide the sherife,
 Syth it wyll no better be.
 And brenne we therein Wylliam, he saide,
 His wyfe and chyl dren thre.
 They fyred the house in many a place.
 The fyre flew up on hye:
 Alas! then cried fair Alice,
 I se we here shall dy.
 Wylliam openyd a backe wyndow,
 That was in hys chamber hie,
 And wyth shetes let downe his wyfe,
 And eke hys chyl dren thre.
 Have here my treasure, sayde Wylliam,
 My wyfe and my chyl dren thre:

For Christes love do them no harme,
 But wreke you all on me.
 Wylliam shot so wonderous well,
 Tyll hys arrowes were all agoe,
 And the fyre so fast upon hym fell,
 That hys bowstryng brent in two.
 The sparkles brent and fell upon
 Good Wylliam of Cloudestle:
 Than he was a wofull man, and sayde,
 Thys is a cowardes death to me.
 Lever had I, sayde Wylliam,
 With my sworde in the route to renne,
 Than here among myne enemyes wode
 Thus cruelly to bren.
 He toke hys sweard and hys buckler,
 And among them all he ran,
 Where the people were most in prece,
 He smot downe many a man.
 There myght no man abyde hys stroke,
 So ferly on them he ran:
 Then they threw wyndowes and dores on him,
 And so toke that good yeman.
 There they hym bounde both hand and fote,
 And in depe dongeon cast.
 Now Cloudestle, sayd the hye iustice,
 Thou shalt be hanged in hast.
 A payre of new gallowes, sayd the sherife,
 Now shal I for the make;
 And the gates of Carleil shal be shutte,
 No man shal come in therat.
 Then shal not helpe Clym of the Cloughe,
 Nor yet shal Adam Bell,
 Though they came with a thousand mo,
 Nor all the devils in hell.
 Early in the mornyng the iustice uprofe,
 To the gates first gan he gon,
 And commaundeth to be shut full close
 Lightile everychone.
 Then went he to the markett place,
 As fast as he could hye;
 A payre of new gallous there he set up
 Befyde the pyllorye.

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A lyttle boye amonge them asked,
 "What meaneth that gallow-tre?"
 They sayde, to hange a good yeman,
 Called Wylliam of Cloudeſle.
 That lyttle boye was the towne ſwyne-heard,
 And kept fayre Alyces ſwyne;
 Oft he had ſcene Cloudeſle in the wodde,
 And geuend him there to dyne.
 He went out att a crevis in the wall,
 And lightly to the woode dyd gone;
 There met he with theſe wightye yemen
 Shortly and anone.
 Alas! then ſayde that lyttle boye,
 Ye tarry here to longe;
 Cloudeſle is taken, and dampned to death,
 All readye for to honge.
 Alas! then ſayd good Adam Bell,
 That ever we ſee thys daye!
 He had better with us have taryed,
 So ofte as we dyd hym praye.
 He myght have dwellyd in grene forreſte,
 Under the shadowes grene,
 And have kepte both hym and us in reſt,
 Out of trouble and teene.
 Adam bent a ryght good bow,
 A great hart ſone had he ſlayne:
 Take that, chylde, he ſayde, to thy dynner,
 And brynge me myne arrowe agayne.
 Now go we hence, ſayed theſe wightye yeomen,
 Tary we no longer here;
 We ſhall hym borowe by God his grace,
 Though we bye it full dere.
 To Caerleil wente theſe good yemen,
 In a mery mornyng of Maye.
 Here is a FYT* of Cloudeſſye,
 And another is for to ſaye.

Part the Second.

AND when they came to mery Carleil,
 All in the mornyng tyde,

They founde the gates ſhut them untill
 About on every ſyde.
 Alas! then ſayd good Adam Bell,
 That ever we were made men!
 Theſe gates be ſhut ſo wonderous wel,
 We may not come here in.
 Then beſpake him Clym of the Clough,
 Wyth a wyle we wyl us in bryng;
 Let us ſay we be meſſengers,
 Streight come nowe from our king.
 Adam ſaid, I have a letter written,
 Now let us wyſely werke,
 We wyl ſaye we have the kynges ſeals;
 I holde the porter no clerke.
 Then Adam Bell bete on the gate,
 With ſtrokes great and ſtrong;
 The porter herde ſuch noyſe therat,
 And to the gate he throng.
 Who is there nowe, ſayde the porter,
 That maketh all thys dinne?
 We be tow meſſengers, ſayde Clym of the Clough,
 Be come ryght from our king.
 We have a letter, ſayde Adame Bell,
 To the juſtice we muſt it bryng;
 Let us in our meſſage to do,
 That we were agayne to the kyng.
 Here cometh none in, ſayd the porter,
 Be hym that dyed on a tre,
 Tyll a falſe theſe be hanged up
 Called Wylliam of Cloudeſle.
 Then ſpake the good yeman Clym of the Clough,
 And ſwore by Mary fre,
 And if that we ſtande long without,
 Lyke a theſe honge thou ſhalt be.
 Lo! here we have the kynges ſeale:
 What, Lurden, art thou wode?
 The porter went it had ben ſo,
 And lyghtly dyd off hys hode.
 Welcome be my lordes ſeale, he ſaide;
 For that ye ſhall come in.

He opened the gate full shortlye;
 An euyl openyng for him.
 Now are we in, sayde Adam Bell,
 Therof we are full faine;
 But Christ he knowes, that harrowed hell,
 How we shall com out agayne.
 Had we the keys, said Clim of the Clough,
 Ryght wel then should we spede,
 Then might we come out wel ynough
 When we se tyme and nede.
 They called the porter to counsell,
 And wrange hys necke in two,
 And cast him in a depe dongeon,
 And toke hys keys hym fro.
 Now am I porter, sayd Adam Bell,
 Se, brother, the keys are here,
 The worst porter to mery Carleile
 The have had thys hundred yere.
 And now wyll we our bowes bend,
 Into the towne wyll we go,
 For to delyuer our dere brothèr,
 That lyeth in care and wo.
 Then they bent theyr good ewe bowes,
 And loked theyr stringes were round,
 The markett place in mery Carleile
 They beset that stound.
 And, as they loked them besyde,
 A pair of new galowes thei see,
 And the justice, with a quest of squyers,
 Had judged theyr fere to dee.
 And Cloudeslè hymselfe lay in a carte,
 Fast bound both fote and hand;
 And a stronge rop about hys necke,
 All readye for to hange.
 The justice called to him a ladde,
 Cloudeslès clothes should he have,
 To take the measure of that yemàn,
 Therafter to make hys grave.
 I have senè as great mervaile, said Cloudeslè,
 As betwene thys and pryme,
 He that maketh thys grave for me
 Hymselfe may lye therin.

Thou speakest proulli, said the justice,
 I shall the hang with my hande.
 Full well herd this his brethren two,
 There styll as they did stande.
 Then Cloudeslè cast hys eyen asyde,
 And saw his brethren twaine
 At a corner of the market-place,
 Redy the justice for to slaine.
 I se comfort, sayd Cloudeslè,
 Yet hope I well to fare;
 If I might have my handes at wyll,
 Ryght lyttle wolde I care.
 Then bespake good Adam Bell
 To Clim of the Clough so free,
 Brother, se ye marke the justice wel;
 Lo! yonder ye may him see:
 And at the sherife shote I wyll
 Strongly wyth arrowe kene;
 A better shote in mery Carleile
 Thys seven yere was not sene.
 They loosed their arrowes both at once,
 Of no man had the dread;
 The one hyt the justice, the other the sheryfe,
 That both theyr sides gan blede.
 All men voyded, that them stode nye,
 When the justice fell to the grounde,
 And the shierife fell hym by;
 Evther had his deathes wounde.
 All the citezens fast gan flye,
 They durst ne longer abide:
 There lyghtly they loosed Cloudeslè,
 Where he with ropes lay tyde.
 Wylliam sterre to an officer of the towne,
 Hys axe fro hys hand he wronge,
 On eche syde he smote them downe,
 Hym thought he taryed to long.
 Wylliam saide to his brethren two,
 Thys daye let us lye and de,
 If ever you have nede, as I have now,
 The same shall you find by me.
 They shor so well in that tyde,
 Theyr stringes were of silk ful sure,

That

That they kept the stretes on every side ;
 That batayle did long endure.
 The fought together as brethren tru,
 Lyke hardy men and bolde ;
 Many a man to the ground they thrue,
 And many a herte made colde.
 But when their arrowes were all gon,
 Men preceed them full fast,
 They drew their swordes then anone,
 And theyr bowes from them cast.
 They wenten lyghtlye on theyr way,
 With swordes and bucklers round ;
 By that it was myd of the day,
 They made mani a wound.
 There was many an out-horne in Carleile blowen,
 And the belles backward did ryng,
 Many a woman sayde, Alas !
 And many theyr handes did wryng.
 The mayre of Carleile forth was com,
 Wyth hym a ful great route :
 These yemen dred him full fore,
 Of their lyves they stode in doute.
 The mayre came armed a full great pace,
 With a poll-axe in hys hande ;
 Many a strong man with him was,
 There in that stowre to stande.
 The mayre smot at Cloudeisle with his bil,
 Hys bucler he brast in two,
 Full many a yeman with great evyll,
 Alas ! they cryed for wo.
 Kepe we the gates fast, they bad,
 That these traytours thereout not go.
 But al for nought was that the wrought,
 For so faste they downe were layde,
 Tyll they all thre, that so manfulli fought,
 Were gotten without, abraide.
 Have here your keys, sayd Adam Bel,
 Myne office I here forsake,
 And yf you do by my counsell,
 A new porter do ye make.
 He threw theyr keys at theyr heads,
 And bad them well to thryve,

And all that letteth any good yeman
 To com and comfort his wyfe.
 Thus be these good yemen gone to the wod,
 And lyghtly, as lefe on lynde ;
 The lough and be mery in theyre mode,
 Theyr foes were ferr behind.
 And when they came to the old English wode,
 Under the trusty tre,
 There they found bowes full good,
 And arrowes full great plentye.
 So God me help, sayd Adam Bell,
 And Clym of the Clough so fre,
 I would we were in merry Carleile,
 Before that fayre meynè.
 They set them downe, and made good chere,
 And eate and dranke full well.
 A second syt of the wightye yeomen,
 Another I wyll you tell.

Part the Third.

AS they sat in Englyshe wood,
 Under the green-wode tre,
 They thought they heard a woman wepe,
 But her they mought not se.
 Sore then syghed the fayre Alyce ;
 That ever I sawe this day !
 For now is my dere husbände slayne :
 Alas ! and well-a-way !
 Might I have spoke with his dere brethren,
 Or with eyther of them twayne,
 To shew to them what him befell,
 My heart were out of payne.
 Cloudeisle walk'd a little beside,
 Lookt under the green-wood linde,
 He was ware of his wife and children thre,
 Full wo in harte and mynde.
 Welcome, wyfe, then sayd Wyllyam,
 Under this trusty tre :
 I wende yestherday, by swete faynt John,
 Thou shulde me never have see.
 " Now well is me that ye be here,
 My harte is out of wo."

Dame,

Dame, he sayd, be merry and glad,
 And thanke my brethren two.
 Herof to speak, said Adam Bell,
 I-wis it is no bote :
 The meate that we must sup withall,
 It runneth yet faste on fote.
 Then went they downe into a launde,
 These noble archares thre ;
 Eche of them slew a hart of greece,
 The best that they cold se.
 Have here the best, Alyce, my wyfe,
 Sayde Wyllyam of Cloudeslye ;
 By cause ve so bouldly stode by me,
 When I was slayne full nye.
 Then went they to suppere
 Wyth such meate as they had ;
 And thanked God of their fortune :
 They were both mery and glad.
 And when ther had supped well,
 Certain wythouten lease,
 Cloudeslye said, We wyll to our kyng,
 To get us a charter of peace.
 Alyce shall be at our sojournying,
 In a runnery here beside ;
 My tow sons shall wyth her go,
 And there they shall abyde.
 Myne eldest son shall go wyth me ;
 For hym have you no care :
 And he shall breng you worde agayn,
 How that we do fare.
 Thus be these yemen to London gone,
 As fast as they might he *,
 Tyll they came to the kynges pallace,
 Where they woulde nedes be.
 And when they came to the kynges courte,
 Unto the pallace-gate,
 Of no man wold they ask no leave,
 But boldly went in therat.
 They precd prestly into the hall,
 Of no man had they drede :

The porter came after, and dyd them call,
 And with them gan to chyde.
 The usher sayde, Yemen what would ye have ?
 I pray you tell to me :
 You myght thus make offycers shent :
 Good syrs, of whence be ye ?
 Syr, we be outlawes of the forest,
 Certayne withouten lease ;
 And hether we be come to our kyng,
 To get us a charter of peace.
 And when they came before the kyng,
 As it was the lawe of the lande,
 The kneled downe without lettyng,
 And eche held up his hand.
 The sayed, Lord, we besече the here,
 That ye will graunt us grace :
 For we have slayne your fat falow-dere
 In many a sondry place.
 What be your nams, then said our kyng,
 Anone that you tell me ?
 They sayd, Adam Bell, Clim of the Clough,
 And Wyllyam of Cloudeslye.
 Be ye those theves, then sayd our kyng,
 That men have tolde of to me ?
 Here to God I make an avowe,
 Ye shall be hanged all thre.
 Ye shall be dead without mercy,
 As I am kyng of this lande.
 He commandeth his officers every one,
 Fast on them to lay hande.
 There they toke these good yemen,
 An arested them all thre :
 So may I thryve, sayd Adam Bell,
 Thys game lyketh not me.
 But, good lorde, we besече you now,
 That yee graunt us grace,
 Infomuche as frele to you be comen,
 As frele fro you to passe,
 With such weapons as we have here,
 Tyll we be out of your place ;

* Hie, hasten.

And yf we live thys hundreth yere,
 We wyll aske you no grace.
 Ye speake proudly, sayd the kyng;
 Ye shall be hanged all thre.
 That were great pity, then sayd the quene,
 If any grace myght be.
 My lorde, whan I came fyrst into this lande
 To be your wedded wyfe,
 The fyrst boon that I wold aske
 Ye wold graunt it me belyfe:
 And I never asked none tyll now;
 Then, good lorde, graunt it me.
 Now ask it, madam, sayd the kyng,
 And graunted it shall be.
 Then good my lord, I you beseeche,
 These yemen graunt ye me.
 Madame, ye myght have asked a boone
 That shuld have been worth them all three.
 Ye myght have asked towres and townes,
 Parkes and forests plenté.
 But none soe pleasant to my pay, she sayd;
 Nor none so lefe to me.
 Madame, sith it is your desyre,
 Your asking graunted shall be;
 But I had lever have geven you
 Good market townes thre.
 The quene was a glad woman,
 And sayde, Lord, gramarcyè:
 I dare undertake for them
 That true men they shall be.
 But good my lord, speke some mery word,
 That comfort they may se.
 I graunt your grace, then sayd our king,
 Washe, felos, and to meat go ye.
 They had not setten but a whyle
 Certayne without lesynge,
 There came messengers out of the north
 With letters to our kyng.
 And whan they came before the kyng,
 They knelt downe on theyr kne;
 Sayd, Lord, your officers grete you well,
 Of Carleile in the north cuntrè.

How fareth my justice? sayd the kyng,
 And my sherife also?
 Syr, they be slayne without leasynge,
 And many an officer mo.
 Who hath them slayne, sayd the kyng,
 Anone thou tell to me?
 "Adam Bell, and Clim of the Clough,
 And Wyllyam of Cloudestle."
 Alas for rewth! then sayd our kyng,
 My hart is wonderous fore;
 I had lever than a thousande pounce,
 I had known of thys before;
 For I have graunted them grace,
 And that forthynketh me:
 But had I known all thys before
 They had been hanged all thre.
 The kyng he opened the letter anone,
 Himselfe he red it thro,
 And found how these outlawes had slaine
 Three hundred men and mo:
 Fyrst the justice, and the sheryfe,
 And the mayre of Carleile towne;
 Of all the constables and catchpoules
 Alyve were scant left one.
 The baylyes and the bedyls both,
 And the sergeaunt of the law,
 And forty fosters of the fe,
 These outlawes had yslaw:
 And broke his parkes, and slayne his dere;
 Of all they chose the best;
 So perelous outlawes as they were,
 Walked not by east nor west.
 When the kyng this letter had red,
 I harte he syghed fore:
 Take up the tables anone he bad,
 For I may eat no more.
 The kyng called hys best archars
 To the buttes wyth him to go:
 I wyl see these felowes shote, he sayd,
 In the north have wrought this wo.
 The kynges bowmen busket them blyve,
 And the quenes archers also;

So dyd these thre wyghtye yemen;
 With them they thought to go.
 There twise or thryse they shote about,
 For to assay their hande;
 There was no shote those yemen shot
 That any prycke* myght stand.
 Then spake Wyllyam of Cloudeslè;
 By him that for me dyed,
 I told hym never no good archar,
 That shoteth at buttes so wyde.
 "At what a butte now wold ye shote,
 I pray thee tell to me?"
 At such a but, syr, he sayd,
 As men use in my cuntrè.
 Wyllyam wente into a fyeld,
 With his two brethèrene:
 There they set up two hasell roddes
 Full twenty score betwene.
 I hold him an archer, sayd Cloudeslè,
 That yonder wand clevech in two.
 Here is none fuche, sayde the kyng,
 Nor none that can so do.
 I shall assaye, Sir, sayd Cloudeslè,
 Or that I farther go.
 Cloudesly with a bearing arowe
 Clave the wand in two.
 Thou art the best archer, then said the king,
 For sothe that ever I see.
 And yet for your love, sayd Wyllyam,
 I wyll do more mastery.
 I have a sonne is seven year olde,
 He is to me full deare;
 I wyll him tye to a stake;
 All shail se, that be here;
 And lay an apple upon hys head,
 And go fyxe score hym fro,
 And I myself with a broad arow
 Shall cleve the apple in two.
 Now hast the, then sayd the king,
 By hym that dyed on a tre;
 But if thou do not, as thou hast sayde,
 Hanged shalt thou be.

And thou touche his head or gowne,
 In fyght that men may se,
 By all the sayntes that be in heaven,
 I shall hang you all thre.
 That I have promised, said Wyllyam,
 That wyll I never forsake.
 And there even before the kyng
 In the earth he drove a stake:
 And bound thereto his eldest sonne,
 And bad him stand styll thereat;
 And turned the childe's face him fro,
 Because he should not sterre.
 An apple upon his head he set,
 And then his bowe he bent:
 Syx score paces they were out mete,
 And thether Cloudeslè went.
 There he drew out a fayre brode arrowe,
 Hys bowe was great and longe,
 He set that arrowe in his bowe,
 That was both styffe and stronge.
 He prayed the people that wer there
 That they all still would stand,
 For he that shoteth for such a wager
 Behoveth a stedfast hand.
 Muche people prayed for Cloudeslè,
 That his lyfe saved myght be,
 And whan he made him redy to shote,
 There was many weeping ee.
 But Cloudeslè cleft the apple in twaine,
 His sonne he did not nee.
 Over Gods forbode, sayde the kinge,
 That thou shold shote at me.
 I give thee eightene pence a day,
 And my bowe shalt thou bere,
 And over all the north cuntrè
 I make the chyfe rydèr.
 And I thyrteene pence a day, said the quene,
 By God, and by my fay;
 Come seche thy payment when thou wilt,
 No man shail say the nay.
 Wyllyam, I make the a gentleman
 Of clothyng, and of se:

And thy two breathren, yemem of my chambre,
 For they are so femely to se.
 Your sonne, for he is tendre of age,
 Of my wyne-celler he shall be:
 And when he cometh to mans estate,
 Shall better avaunced be.
 And, Wylliam, bring to me your wife,
 Me longeth her fore to se;
 She shall be my chiefe gentlewoman,
 To governe my nurserye.
 The yemen thanketh them courteously,
 To some bishop wyl we wend,
 Of all the synnes that we have done,
 To be assoyld at his hand.
 So forth be gone these good yemen,
 As fast as they might he;
 And after came and dwelled with the kynge,
 And dyed good men all thre.
 Thus endeth the lives of these good yemen:
 God send them eternall blyffe,
 And all that with a hand bowe shoteth,
 That of heaven they never mysse. Amen.

§ 114. Song. Willow, Willow, Willow.

It is from the following stanzas that Shakespeare has taken the song of the Willow, in his Othello, A. 4. s. 3. though somewhat varied, and applied by him to a female character. He makes Desdemona introduce it in this pathetic and affecting manner:

"My mother had a maid call'd Barbarie:
 "She was in love; and he she lov'd forfook her,
 "And she prov'd mad. She had a song of WILLOW,
 "An old thing 'twas, but it express'd her fortune,
 "And she dyed singing it."

A Poore soul sat sighing under a ficamore tree;
 O willow, willow, willow!
 With his hand on his bosom, his head on his knee;
 O willow, willow, willow!
 O willow, willow, willow!
 Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garland!

He sigh'd in his finging, and after each grone,
 O willow, &c.
 I am dead to all pleasure, my true-love is gone;
 O willow, &c.
 Sing, O the greene willow, &c.
 My love she is turned; untrue she doth prove:
 O willow, &c.
 She renders me nothing but hate for my love.
 O willow, &c.
 Sing, O the greene willow, &c.
 O pittie me (cried he) ye lovers, each one;
 O willow, &c.
 Her heart's hard as marble; she rues not my
 O willow, &c. [mone.
 Sing, O the greene willow, &c.
 The cold streams ran by him, his eyes wept apace;
 O willow, &c.
 The salt tears fell from him, which drowned his
 O willow, &c. [face:
 Sing, O the greene willow, &c.
 The mute birds sat by him, made tame by his
 O willow, &c. [mones:
 The salt tears fell from his eyes, which soft'ned
 O willow, &c. [he stones.
 Sing, O the greene willow, &c.
 Let nobody blame me, her scornes I do prove;
 O willow, &c.
 She was born to be faire; I to die for her love.
 O willow, &c.
 Sing, O the greene willow, &c.
 O that beauty should harbour a heart that's so
 O willow, &c. [hard!
 My true love rejecting without all regard.
 O willow, &c.
 Sing, O the greene willow, &c.
 Let love no more boast him in palace or bower;
 O willow, &c.
 For women are trothles, and fote in an houre.
 O willow, &c.
 Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

But what helps complaining? In vain I com-
O willow, &c. [plaine:

I must patiently suffer her scorne and disdain.

O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene wilow, &c.

Come, all you forsaken, and sit down by me,

O willow, &c.

He that 'plaines of his false love, mine's falser

O willow, &c. [than she:

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

The willow wreath weare I, since my love did

O willow, &c. [sweet;

A garland for lovers forsaken most meete.

O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garland!

Part the Second.

LOWE lay'd by my sorrow, begot by disdain,

O willow, willow, willow!

Against her too cruel, still still I complaine,

O willow, willow, willow!

O willow, willow, willow!

Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garland!

O love too injurious, to wound my poor heart!

O willow, &c.

To suffer the triumph, and joy in my smart;

O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

O willow, willow, willow! the willow garland,

O willow, &c.

A signe of her falsenesse before me doth stand:

O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

As here it doth bid to despair and to dye,

O willow, &c.

So hang it, friends, ore me in grave where I lye,

O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

In grave where I rest mee, hang this to the view,

O willow, &c.

Of all that doe know her, to blase her untrue.

O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

With these words engraven, as epitaph meet,

O willow, &c.

"Here lyes one drank poison for potion most

O willow, &c. [sweet."

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

Though she thus unkindly hath scorned my love,

O willow, &c.

And carelesly smiles at the sorrowes I prove;

O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

I cannot against her unkindly exclaim,

O willow, &c.

'Cause once well I lov'd her, and honour'd her

O willow, &c. [name:

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

The name of her sounded so sweet in mine eare,

O willow, &c.

It rays'd my heart lightly, the name of my deare,

O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

As then 'twas my comfort, it now is my griefe;

O willow, &c.

It now brings me anguish, then brought me re-

O willow, &c. [liefe.

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

Farewell, faire false hearted: plaints end with my

O willow, willow, willow!

[breath!

Thou dost loath me, I love thee, though cause of

O willow, willow, willow!

[my death.

O willow, willow, willow!

Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garland!

§ 115. *Barbara Allen's Cruelty.*

IN Scarlet towne, where I was borne,

There was a faire maid dwellin,

Made every youth crye, Well-awaye!

Her name was Barbara Allen.

All

All in the merrye month of May,
 When greene buds they were swellin,
 Young Jemmye Grove on his death-bed lay,
 For love of Barbara Allen.
 He sent his man unto her then,
 To the town where shee was dwellin;
 You must come to my master deare,
 Giff your name be Barbara Allen.
 For death is printed on his face,
 And ore his harte is stealin;
 Then haste away to comfort him,
 O lovelye Barbara Allen.
 Though death be printed on his face,
 And ore his harte is stealin,
 Yet little better shall he bee
 For bonny Barbara Allen.
 So slowly, slowly, she came up,
 And slowly she came nye him;
 And all the sayd, when there she came,
 Young man, I think y'are dying.
 He turn'd his face unto her strait,
 With deadlye sorrow sighing;
 O lovely maid, come pittie mee,
 I'me on my death-bed lying.
 If on your death-bed you do lye,
 What needs the tale you are tellin;
 I cannot keep you from your death;
 Farewell, sayd Barbara Allen.
 He turn'd his face unto the wall,
 As deadly pangs he fell in:
 Adieu! adieu! adieu to you all,
 Adieu to Barbara Allen.
 As she was walking ore the fields,
 She heard the bells a knellin;
 And every stroke did seem to saye,
 Unworthee Barbara Allen.
 She turn'd her bodye round about,
 And spied the corpse a coming:
 Laye down, laye down the corps, she sayd,
 That I may look upon him.
 With scornful eye she looked downe,
 Her check with laughter swellin;

Whilst all her friends cry'd out amaine,
 Unworthee Barbara Allen.
 When he was dead, and laid in grave,
 Her harte was struck with sorrowe;
 O mother, mother, make my bed!
 For I shall dye to-morrowe.
 Hard-harted creature, him to flight,
 Who loved me so dearlye;
 O that I had been more kind to him,
 When he was alive and neare me!
 She, on her death-bed as she laye,
 Beg'd to be buried by him:
 And sore repented of the daye
 That she did ere denye him.
 Farewell, she sayd, ye virgins all,
 And shun the fault I fell in:
 Henceforth take warning by the fall
 Of cruel Barbara Allen.

§ 116. *The Frolicsome Duke, or the Tinker's good Fortune.*

The following Ballad is upon the same subject as the Induction to Shakespeare's Taming of the Shrew: whether it may be thought to have suggested the hint to the Dramatic Poet, or is not rather of later date, the reader must determine. The story is told of Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy; and is thus related by an old English writer: "The said Duke, at the marriage of Eleonora, sister to the King of Portugal, at Bruges in Flanders, which was solemnized in the deepe of winter; when as by reason of unseasonable weather he could neither hawke nor hunt, and was now tired with cards, dice, &c. and such other domestic sports, or to see ladies dance; with some of his courtiers he would in the evening walk disguised all about the towne. It so fortun'd, as he was walking late one night, he found a countrey fellow dead drunke, snorting on a bulke; he caused his followers to bring him to his palace, and there stripping

stripping him of his old clothes, and attyrring him after the court fashion, when he wakened, he and they were all ready to attend upon his excellency, and perswade him that he was some great Duke. The poor fellow, admiring how he came there, was served in state all day long: after supper he saw them dance, heard musicke, and all the rest of those court-like pleasures: but late at night, when he was well-tipted, and again fast asleepe, they put on his old robes, and so conveyed him to the place where they first found him. Now the fellow had not made them so good sport the day before, as he did now, when he returned to himself: all the jest was to see how he looked upon it. In conclusion, after some little admiration, the poore man told his friends he had seen a vision; constantly believed it; would not otherwise be perswaded, and so the jest ended." Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy. Pt. 2. sect 2. Memb. 4. 2d ed. 1624. fol.

NOW as fame does report, a young duke keeps a court,
One that pleases his fancy with frolicksome sport:
But amongst all the rest, here is one, I protest,
Which will make you to smile when you hear the true jest:

A poor tinker he found lying drunk on the ground.

As secure in a sleep as if laid in a swoond.

The duke said to his men, William, Richard,
and Ben, [him then.

Take him home to my palace, we'll sport with
O'er a horse he was laid, and with care soon convey'd

To the palace, altho' he was poorly arrai'd:
Then they stript off his cloaths, both his shirt,
shoes, and hose,

And they put him to bed for to take his repose.
Having pull'd off his shirt, which was all over dirt, [great hurt.

They did give him clean holland: this was no

On a bed of soft down, like a lord of renown,
They did lay him, to sleep the drink out of his crown. [lay,

In the morning when day, then admiring he
For to see the rich chamber both gaudy and gay.
Now he lay something late, in his rich bed of state, [wait;

Till at last knights and 'squires they on him did
And the chamberling bare, then did likewise declare,

He desir'd to know what apparel he'd ware:
The poor tinker amaz'd, on the gentleman gaz'd,
And admir'd how he to this honour was rais'd.
Tho' he seem'd something mute, yet he chose a rich suit, [dispute;

Which he straightways put on without longer
With a star on his side, which the tinker off ey'd, [pride;

And it seem'd for to swell him no little with
For he said to himself, Where is Joan my sweet wife?

Sure she never did see me so fine in her life.

From a convenient place the right duke his good grace,

Did observe his behaviour in every case.

To a garden of state on the tinker they wait,
Trumpets sounding before him; thought he, this is great: [view,

Where an hour or two, pleasant walks he did
With commanders and 'squires in scarlet and blew.

A fine dinner was drest, both for him and his guests;

He was plac'd at the table above all the rest,
In a rich chair or bed lin'd with fine crimson red,

With a rich golden canopy over his head:
As he sat at his meat, the musick play'd sweet,
With the choicest of singing his joys to compleat.

While the tinker did dine, he had plenty of wine,
Rich canary, and sherry, and tent supertine.
Like

Like a right honest soul, faith, he took off his
bowl,

Till at last he began for to tumble and roul
From his chair to the floor, where he sleeping
did snore,

Being seven times drunker than ever before.

Then the duke did ordain, they should strip him
again,

And restore him his old leather garments again :
'Twas a point next the worst, yet perform it
they must, [him at first;

And they carried him strait where they found
Then he slept all the night, as indeed well he
might; [flight.

But when he did waken, his joys took their
For his glory to him so pleasant did seem,
That he thought it to be but a mere golden
dream :

Till at length he was brought to the duke,
where he fought

For a pardon, as fearing he had set him at
nought? [blade,

But his highness he said, Thou'rt a jolly bold
Such a frolick before I think never was plaid.

Then his highness bespoke him a new suit and
cloke, [joke,

Which he gave for the sake of this frolicksome
Nay, and five hundred pound, with ten acres of
ground, [round,

Thou shalt never, said he, range the countries
Crying, old brags to mend, for I'll be thy good
friend, [attend.

Nay, and Joan thy sweet wife shall my dutcheffs
Then the tinker reply'd, What ! must Joan my
sweet bride

Be a lady, in chariots of pleasure to ride?

Must we have gold and land ev'ry day at com-
mand ?

Then I shall be a 'squire I well understand :

Well, I thank your good grace, and your love
I embrace ;

I was never before in so happy a case.

§ 117. Song. *Death's Final Conquest.*

*These fine moral stanzas were originally intend-
ed for a solemn funeral song in a play of
James Shirley's, intitled, "The Contention of
"Ajax and Ulysses." Shirley flourished as a
dramatic writer early in the reign of Charles I.;
but he outlived the Restoration. His death
happened Oct. 29, 1666, æt. 72. It is said to
have been a favourite song with K. Charles II.*

THE glories of our birth and state
Are shadows, not substantial things ;

There is no armour against fate :

Death lays his icy hands on kings :

Sceptre and crown

Must tumble down,

And in the dust be equal made

With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,

And plant fresh laurels where they kill :

But their strong nerves at last must yield ;

They tame but one another still.

Early or late

They stoop to fate,

And must give up their murmuring breath,

When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow,

Then boast no more your mighty deeds,

Upon death's purple altar now,

See where the victor victim bleeds :

All heads must come

To the cold tomb ;

Only the actions of the just

Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust.

§ 118. Song. SMOLLET.

TO fix her—'twere a task as vain

To count the April drops of rain,

To sow in Afric's barren soil,

Or tempests hold within a toil.

I know it, friend, she's light as air,
False as the fowler's artful snare;
Inconstant as the passing wind;
As winter's dreary frost unkind.

She's such a miser too in love,
Its joys she'll neither share nor prove,
Tho' hundred of gallants await
From her victorious eyes their fate.

Blushing at such inglorious reign,
I sometimes strive to break her chain;
My reason summon to my aid,
Resolve no more to be betray'd.

Ah! friend! 'tis but a short-liv'd trance,
Dispell'd by one enchanting glance;
She need but look, and I confess
Those looks completely curse or bless.

So soft, so elegant, so fair,
Sure something more than human's there;
I must submit, for strife is vain,
'Twas destiny that forg'd the chain.

§ 119. Song. Gilderoy.

— was a famous robber, who lived about the middle of the last century; if we may credit the histories and story-books of highwaymen, which relate many improbable feats of him, as his robbing Cardinal Richlieu, Oliver Cromwell, &c. But these stories have probably no other authority than the records of Grub-street.

GILDEROY was a bonnie boy,
Had roses tull his shoone,
His stockings were of silken soy,
Wi' garters hanging doune:
It was, I weene, a comelie sight,
To see sae trim a boy;
He was my jo and heart's delight,
My handsome Gilderoy.

Oh! sicke twe charming een he had,
A breath as sweet as rose,

He never ware a highland plaid,
But costly silken clothes;
He gain'd the luv of ladies gay,
Nane ere tull him was coy,
Ah! wae is mee! I mourn the day,
For my dear Gilderoy.

My Gilderoy and I were born,
Baith in one toun together,
We scant were seven years befor
We gan to luv each other;
Our dadies and our mammies thay
Were fill'd wi' mickle joy,
To think upon the bridal day
Twixt me and Gilderoy.

For Gilderoy, that luv of mine,
Gude faith I freely bought
A wedding sark of holland fine
Wi' silken flowers wrought:
And he gied me a wedding ring,
Which I receiv'd wi' joy,
Nae lad nor lassie eir could sing
Like me and Gilderoy.

Wi' mickle joy we spent our prime,
Till we were baith sixteen,
And aft we past the langsome time
Among the leaves sae green:
Aft on the banks we'd sit us thair,
And sweetly kifs and toy,
Wi' garlands gay wad deck my hair,
My handsome Gilderoy.

Oh! that he still had been content
Wi' me to lead his life!
But, ah! his manfu' heart was bent
To stir in feats of strife!
And he in many a venturous deed
His courage bauld wad try;
And now this gars mine heart to bleed
For my dear Gilderoy.

And when of me his leave he tuik,
The tears they wet mine ee,

I gave

I gave tull him a parting luik,
 " My benison gang wi thee !
 God speed thee weil, mine ain dear heart,
 For gane is all my joy ;
 My heart is rent, sith we maun part,
 My handsome Gilderoy !"

My Gilderoy, baith far and near,
 Was fear'd in every toun,
 And bauldly bear away the gear
 Of many a lawland loun ;
 Nane eir durst meet him man to man,
 He was sae brave a boy,
 At length wi' numbers he was tane,
 My winsome Gilderoy.

Wae worth the loun that made the laws,
 To hang a man for gear,
 To 'reave of life for ox or als,
 For sheep, or horse, or mare :
 Had not their laws ben made so strick,
 I neir had lost my joy,
 Wi' sorrow ne'er had wat my cheek,
 For my dear Gilderoy.

Giff Gilderoy had done amisse,
 He mought hae banisht been,
 Ah ! what fair cruelty is this,
 To hang like handsome men :
 To hang the flower o' Scottish land,
 Sae sweet and fair a boy ;
 Nae lady had sae white a hand
 As thee, my Gilderoy.

Of Gilderoy sae fraid they were,
 They bound him mickle strong,
 Tull Edenburrow they led him thair,
 And on a gallows hung :
 They hung him high aboon the rest,
 He was sae trim a boy ;
 Thair dyed the youth whom I lued best,
 My handsome Gilderoy.

Thus having yielded up his breath,
 I bare his corpse away,

Wi' tears that trickled for his death,
 I wafht his comelye clay ;
 And sicker in a grave sae deep
 I laid the dear-lued boy ;
 And now for evir maun I weep
 My winsome Gilderoy.

§ 120. *Song. Bryan and Pereene, a West-Indian Ballad; founded on a real fact that happened in the island of St. Christopher.* GRAINGER.

THE north-east wind did briskly blow,
 The ship was safely moor'd,
 Young Bryan thought the boat's crew slow,
 And so leapt over-board.

Pereene, the pride of Indian dames,
 His heart long held in thrall ;
 And whoto his impatience blames,
 I wot ne'er lov'd at all.

A long long year, one month and day,
 He dwelt on English land,
 Nor once in thought or deed would stray,
 Tho' ladies fought his hand.

For Bryan he was tall and strong,
 Right blythsome roll'd his een.
 Sweet was his voice whene'er he sung,
 He scant had twenty seen.

But who the countless charms can draw,
 That grac'd his mistress true !
 Such charms the old world seldom saw,
 Nor oft I ween the new.

Her raven hair plays round her neck,
 Like tendrils of the vine ;
 Her cheeks red dewy rose-buds deck,
 Her eyes like diamonds shine.

Soon as his well-known ship she spy'd,
 She cast her weeds away,
 And to the palmy shore she hy'd,
 All in her best array.

In sea-green silk so neatly clad,
 She there impatient stood;
 The crew with wonder saw the lad
 Repel the foaming flood.

Her hands a handkerchief display'd,
 Which he at parting gave;
 Well pleas'd the token he survey'd,
 And manlier beat the wave.

Her fair companions one and all
 Rejoicing, crowd the strand;
 For now her lover swam in call,
 And almost touch'd the land.

Then through the white surf did she haste,
 To clasp her lovely swain;
 When, ah! a shark bit through his waist:
 His heart's blood dy'd the main!

He shriek'd! his half sprang from the wave,
 Streaming with purple gore,
 And soon it found a living grave,
 And ah! was seen no more.

Now haste, now haste ye maids, I pray,
 Fetch water from the spring:
 She falls, she swoons, she dies away,
 And soon her knell they ring.

Now each May-morning round her tomb,
 Ye fair, fresh flowrets strew;
 So may your lovers 'scape his doom,
 Her hapless fate 'scape you!

§ 121. Song. *Gentle River, Gentle River.*
Translated from the Spanish. PERCY.

Although the English are remarkable for the number and variety of their ancient ballads, and retain perhaps a greater fondness for these old simple rhapsodies of their ancestors than most other nations, they are not the only people who have distinguished themselves by compositions of this kind. The Spaniards have great multitudes of them; many of which are of the highest merit. They call them, in their language, Romances.

Most of them relate to their conflicts with the Moors, and display a spirit of gallantry peculiar to that romantic people. The two following are specimens.

GENTLE river, gentle river,
 Lo, thy streams are stain'd with gore!
 Many a brave and noble captain
 Floats along thy willow'd shore.

All beside thy limpid waters,
 All beside thy sands so bright,
 Moorish Chiefs and Christian Warriors
 Join'd in fierce and mortal fight.

Lords, and dukes, and noble princes,
 On thy fatal banks were slain:
 Fatal banks, that gave to slaughter
 All the pride and flower of Spain.

There the hero, brave Alonzo,
 Full of wounds and glory dy'd:
 There the fearless Urdiales
 Fell a victim by his side.

Lo! where yonder Don Saavedra
 Thro' their squadrons slow retires,
 Proud Seville, his native city,
 Proud Seville his worth admires.

Close behind, a renegado,
 Loudly shouts, with taunting cry,
 Yield thee, yield thee, Don Saavedra;
 Dost thou from the battle fly?

Well I know thee, haughty Christian!
 Long I liv'd beneath thy roof;
 Oft I've in the lists of glory
 Seen thee win the prize of proof.

Well I know thy aged parents,
 Well thy blooming bride I know;
 Seven years I was thy captive,
 Seven years of pain and woe.

May our prophet grant my wishes,
 Haughty chief, thou shalt be mine:
 Thou shalt drink that cup of sorrow
 Which I drank when I was thine.

Like a lion turns the warrior,
Back he sends an angry glare :
Whizzing came the Moorish javelin,
Vainly whizzing thro' the air.
Back the hero, full of fury,
Sent a deep and mortal wound ;
Instant sunk the renegado,
Mute and lifeless on the ground.
With a thousand Moors surrounded,
Brave Saavedra stands at bay :
Wearied out, but never daunted,
Cold at length the warrior lay.
Near him fighting great Alonzo
Stout resists the paynim bands ;
From his slaughter'd steed dismounted
Firm intrench'd behind him stands.
Furious press the hostile squadron,
Furious he repels their rage :
Loss of blood at length enfeebles :
Who can war with thousands wage ?
Where yon rock the plain o'er shadows,
Close beneath its foot retir'd,
Fainting sunk the bleeding hero,
And without a groan expir'd.

§ 122. *Alcanzor and Zayda, a Moorish Tale.*
Imitated from the Spanish. PERCY.

SOFTLY blow the evening breezes,
Softly fall the dews of night ;
Yonder walks the Moor Alcanzor,
Shunning every glare of light.
In yon place lives fair Zaida,
Whom he loves with flame so pure :
Loveliest she of Moorish ladies ;
He a young and noble Moor,
Waiting for the appointed minute,
Oft he paces to and fro ;

Stopping now, now moving forwards,
Sometimes quick, and sometimes slow.
Hope and fear alternate teize him,
Oft he sighs with heartfelt care.—
See, fond youth, to yonder window
Softly steps the timorous fair.
Lovely seems the moon's fair lustre
To the lost benighted swain,
When all silvery bright she rises,
Gilding mountain, grove, and plain.
Lovely seems the sun's full glory
To the fainting seaman's eyes,
When some horrid storm dispersing,
O'er the waves his radiance flies :
But a thousand times more lovely
To her longing lover's sight
Steals half-seen the beauteous maiden
Thro' the glimmerings of the night.
Tip-toe stands the anxious lover,
Whispering forth a gentle sigh :
Alla* keep thee, lovely lady !
Tell me, am I doom'd to die ?
Is it true, the dreadful story,
Which thy damiel tells my page,
That, seduc'd by fordid riches,
Thou wilt sell thy bloom to age ?
An old lord from Antiquera
Thy stern father brings along :
But canst thou, inconstant Zaida,
Thus consent my love to wrong ?
If 'tis true, now plainly tell me,
Nor thus trifle with my woes ;
Hide not then from me the secret
Which the world so clearly knows.
Deeply sigh'd the conscious maiden,
While the pearly tears descend :
Ah ! my lord, too true the story !
Here our tender loves must end.

* ALLA is the Mahometan name of God.

Our fond friendship is discover'd,
 Well are known our mutual vows;
 All my friends are full of fury,
 Storms of passion shake the house.
 Threats, reproaches, fears surround me;
 My stern father breaks my heart;
 Alla knows how dear it costs me,
 Generous youth, from thee to part.
 Ancient wounds of hostile fury
 Long have rent our house and thine;
 Why then did thy shining merit
 Win this tender heart of mine?
 Well thou know'st how dear I lov'd thee,
 Spite of all their hateful pride,
 Tho' I fear'd my haughty father
 Ne'er would let me be thy bride.
 Well thou know'st what cruel chidings
 Oft I've from my mother borne,
 What I've suffer'd here to meet thee
 Still at eve and early morn.
 I no longer may resist them;
 All, to force my hand combine;
 And to-morrow to thy rival
 This weak frame I must resign.
 Yet think not thy faithful Zaida
 Can survive so great a wrong;
 Well my breaking heart assures me
 That my woes will not be long.
 Farewell then, my dear Alcanzor!
 Farewell too my life with thee!
 Take this scarf, a parting token;
 When thou wear'st it, think on me.
 Soon, lov'd youth, some worthier maiden
 Shall reward thy generous truth;
 Sometimes tell her how thy Zaida
 Dy'd for thee in prime of youth.
 —To him, all amaz'd, confounded,
 Thus she did her woes impart:

Deep he sigh'd, then cry'd, O Zaida!
 Do not, do not break my heart.
 Canst thou think I thus will lose thee?
 Canst thou hold my love so small?
 No! a thousand times I'll perish!—
 My curst rival too shall fall.
 Canst thou, wilt thou, yield thus to them?
 O break forth, and fly to me!
 This fond heart shall bleed to save thee,
 These fond arms shall shelter thee.
 'Tis in vain, in vain, Alcanzor,
 Spies surround me, bars secure:
 Scarce I steal this last dear moment,
 While my damsel keeps the door.
 Hark, I hear my father storming!
 Hark, I hear my mother chide!
 I must go: farewell for ever!
 Gracious Alla be thy guide!

§ 123. *King Edward IV. and the Tanner of Tamworth.*

IN summer time when leaves grow greene,
 And blossoms bedecke the tree,
 King Edward wolde a hunting ryde,
 Some pastime for to see.
 With hawke and hounde he made him bowne;
 With horne, and eke with bowe;
 To Drayton Bassett he took his waye,
 With all his lordes a rowe.
 And he had ridden ore dale and downe
 By eight of clock in the day,
 When he was ware of a bold tanner,
 Came ryding along the waye.
 A fayre russet coat the tanner had on,
 Fast buttoned under his chin,
 And under him a good cow-hide,
 And a mare of four shilling.

Nowe

Nowe stand you still, my good lordes all,
Under the greene wood sprave,
And I will wende to yonder fellowe,
To weet what he will saye.

God speede, God speede thee, said our king,
Thou art welcome, syr, sayd hee,

"The readiest waye to Drayton Bassett
I praye thee to shewe to mee."

"To Drayton Bassett woldst thou goe,
Fro the place where thou dost stand?
The next payer of gallowes thou comest unto,
Turne in upon thy right hand."

That is an unreadye waye, sayd our king,
Thou doest but jest, I see:
Now shewe me out the nearest waye,
And I pray thee wend with mee.

Away with a vengeance! quoth the tanner:
I holde thee out of thy witt:
All day have I rydden on Brocke my mare,
And I am fasting yett.

"Go with me down to Drayton Bassett,
No daynties we will spare;
All daye shalt thou eate and drinke of the best,
And I will paye thy fare."

Gramercye for nothing, the tanner replyde,
Thou payest no fare of mine:
I trowe I've more nobles in my purse,
Than thou hast pence in thine.

God give thee joy of them, sayd the king,
And send them well to priese.

The tanner wolde faine have been away,
For he weende he had bene a thiefe.

What art thou, hee sayd, thou fine fellowe,
Of thee I am in great feare,
For the cloathes thou wearest upon thy backe
Might besecme a lord to weare.

I never stole them, quoth our king,
I tell you, sir, by the roode.

"Then thou playest as many an unthrift doth
And standest in midds of thy goode."

What tydings heare you, sayd the kyng,
As you ryde far and neare?

"I hear no tydings, sir, by the masse,
But that cow-hydes are deare."

"Cowe-hides! cowe-hides! what things are
I marvell what they bee?" [those?
What art thou a foole? the tanner reply'd;
I carry one under mee.

What craftsman art thou, said the king?
I pray thee tell me trowe.

"I am a barker*, sir, by trade;
Now tell me what art thou?"

I am a poore courtier, sir, quoth he,
That am forth of service worne;
And faine I wolde thy prentise bee,
Thy cunninge for to learne.

Marrye, heaven forsend! the tanner replyde,
That thou my prentise were:
Thou woldst spend more good than I shold winn,
By fortye shilling a yere.

Yet one thing wolde I, sayd our king,
If thou wilt not seeme strange:
Thoughe my horse be better than thy mare,
Yet with thee I faine wold change.

"Why if with me thou faine wilt change,
As change full well maye wee,
By the faith of my bodye, thou proud fellowe,
I will have some boot of thee."

That were against reason, sayd the king,
I sweare, so mote I thee:
My horse is better than thy mare,
And that thou well mayst see.

* Dealer in Bark.

" Yea, fir, but Brocke is gentle and mild,
 And softly she will fare :
 Thy horſe is unrulye and wild, I wiſe;
 Aye ſkipping here and there."
 What boote wilt thou have? our king reply'd;
 Now tell me in this ſound.
 " Noe pence, nor half pence, by my faye,
 But a noble in gold ſo round."
 " Here's twentye groats of white moneyè,
 Sith thou wilt have it of mee."
 I would have ſworne now, quoth the tanner,
 Thou hadſt not had one pennie.
 But ſince we two have made a change,
 A change we muſt abide,
 Although thou haſt gotten Brocke my mare,
 Thou getteſt not my cove-hide.
 I will not have it, ſayd the kinge,
 I ſweare, ſo mote I thee;
 Thy foule cow-hide I would not beare,
 If thou wouldeſt give it to mee.
 The tanner he tooke his good cove-hide,
 That of the cow was hilt;
 And threwe it upon the king's ſaddelle,
 That was ſoe fayrelye gilte.
 " Now helpe me up, thou fine fellowe,
 'Tis time that I were gone :
 When I come home to Gyllian, my wife,
 Sheel ſay I am a gentilmon."
 The kinge he took him by the legge;
 The tanner a f*** let fall.
 Nowe marrye. good fellowe, ſayd the kyng,
 Thy courteſye is but ſmall.
 When the tanner he was in the kinges ſaddelle,
 And his foote in the ſtirrup was;
 He marvelled greatlye in his minde,
 Whether it were golde or braſs.
 But when his ſteede ſaw the cows-taile wagge,
 And eke the blacke cowe-horne;

He ſtamped, and ſtared, and away he ranne,
 As the devil had him borne.
 The tanner he pull'd, the tanner he ſweat,
 And held by the pummil faſt;
 At length the tanner came tumbling downe;
 His necke he had well nye braſt.
 Take thy horſe again with a vengeance, he ſayd,
 With me he ſhall not byde.
 " My horſe wolde have borne thee well enoughe,
 But he knewe not of thy cove-hide.
 Yet if againe thou faine wouldeſt change,
 As change full well may wee,
 By the faith of my bodye, thou joily tanner,
 I will have ſome boote of thee."
 What boote wilt thou have, the tanner replyd,
 Now tell me in this ſounde?
 " Noe pence nor half pence, fir, by my faye,
 But I will have twentye pound."
 " Here's twentye groates out of my purſe;
 And twentye I have of thine :
 And I have one more, which we will ſpend
 Together at the wine."
 The kinge ſet a bugle horre to his mouthe,
 And blewe bothe loude and ſhrille :
 And ſoone came lords, and ſoone came knights,
 Faſt ryding over the hille.
 Nowe, out alas! the tanner he cryde,
 That ever I ſawe this daye!
 Thou art a ſtrong thiefe, yon come thy fellowes
 Will beare my cove-hide away.
 They are no thieves, the kyng replyde,
 I ſweare, ſo mote I thee :
 But they are the lordes of the north countrè,
 Here come to hunt with mee.
 And ſoone before our king they came,
 And knelt downe on the grounde :
 Then might the tanner have bene awaye
 He had lever than twentye pounce.

A collar,

A collar, a collar, here, sayd the king,
 A collar he loud did crye:
 Then woulde he lever than twentye pound
 He had not been so nighe.
 A collar, a collar, the tanner he sayd,
 I trowe it will breede sorrowe:
 After a collar comes a halter,
 And I shall be hanged to-morrowe.
 "Away with thy feare, thou jolly tanner,
 For the sport thou hast shewn to me,
 I wote noe halter thou shalt weare,
 But thou shalt have a knight's fee.
 For Plumpton parke I will give thee,
 With tenements faire beside:
 'Tis worth three hundred markes by the yeare,
 To maintain thy good cow-hide.
 Gramercye, my liege, the tanner replyde,
 For the favour thou hast me showne;
 If ever thou comest to merry Tamworth,
 Neates leather shall clout thy shoen.

§ 124. *Lady Anne Bothwell's Lament. A Scottish Song.*

The subject of this pathetic ballad is—A lady of quality of the name of BOTHWELL, or rather BOSWELL, having been together with her child, deserted by her husband or lover, composed these affecting lines herself.

BALOW, my babe, ly stil and sleipe!
 It grieves me fair to see thee weipe:
 If thoust be silent, Ise be glad,
 Thy maining maks my heart fu' sad.
 Balow, my boy, thy mither's joy,
 Thy father brides me great annoy.
 Balow, my babe, ly still and sleipe!
 It grieves me fair to see thee weipe.

When he began to court my luv,
 And with his sugred wordes to muve,

His faynings fals, and flattering cheire,
 To me that time did not appeire:
 But now I see, most cruel hee
 Cares neither for my babe nor mee. Balow, &c.
 Ly stil, my darlinge, sleipe a while;
 And when thou wakest, sweetly smile:
 But smile not, as thy father did,
 To cozen maids: nay, God forbid!
 But yet I feire, thou wilt gae neire
 Thy fatheris hart and face to beire. Balow, &c.
 I cannae chuse, but ever will
 Be luvng to thy father stil:
 Whaireir he gae, whaireir he ryde,
 My love with him maun stil abyde:
 In weil or wae, whaireir he gae,
 Mine hart can neir depart him frae. Balow, &c.
 But doe not, doe not, prettie mine,
 To faynings fals thine hart incline;
 Be loyal, to thy luvver trew,
 And nevir change-hir for a new:
 If gude or faire, of hir have care,
 For womens banning's wonderous fair. Balow, &c.

Bairn, sin thy cruel father is gane,
 Thy winsome smiles maun eise my paine;
 My babe and I'll together live,
 He'll comfort me whan cares doe grieve:
 My babe and I right fast will ly,
 And quite forgett man's cruelty. Balow, &c.

Fareweil, fareweil, thou falsest youth,
 That evir kist a woman's mouth!
 I with all maides be warn'd by mee
 Nevir to trust man's curtesy;
 For if we doe but chance to how,
 They'le use us then they care not how.
 Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe!
 It grieves me fair to see thee weipe.

§ 125. *Corydon's doleful Knell.*

The burthen of the song. DING, DONG, &c. is at present appropriated to burlesque subjects, and therefore

therefore may excite only ludicrous ideas in a modern reader; but in the time of our poet, it usually accompanied the most solemn and mournful strains.

MY Phillida, adieu love!
For evermore farewell!
Ay me! I've lost my true love,
And thus I ring her knell,
Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong.
My Phillida is dead!
I'll stick a branch of willow
At my fair Phillis' head.

For my fair Phillida
Our bridal bed was made:
But 'stead of filkes so gay,
She in her shroud is laid. Ding, &c.
Her corpse shall be attended
By maides in fair array,
Till th'obsequies are ended,
And she is wrapt in clay. Ding, &c.
Her herse it shall be carried
By youths that do excell;
And when that she is buried,
I thus will ring her knell, Ding, &c.
A garland shall be framed
By art and nature's skill,
Of sundry-colour'd flowers,
In token of good-will*: Ding, &c.
And sundry-colour'd ribbands
On it I will bestow;
But chiefly black and yellowe
With her to grave shall go. Ding, &c.
I'll deck her tomb with flowers,
The rarest ever seen,
And with my tears, as showers,
I'll keepe them fresh and green. Ding, &c.
Instead of fairest colours,
Set forth with curious art †,

Her image shall be painted
On my distressed heart. Ding, &c.
And thereon shall be graven
Her epitaph so faire,
"Here lies the loveliest maiden
"That e'er gave shepherd care." Ding, &c.
In fable will I mourne;
Blacker shall be all my weede,
Ay me! I am forlone,
Now Phillida is dead. Ding, &c.

§ 126. *The Old and Young Courtier.*

The subject of this excellent Old Song is a comparison between the Manners of the Old Gentry, as still subsisting in the times of Elizabeth, and the Modern Refinements affected by their Sons, in the reigns of her successors.

AN old song made by an aged old pate,
Of an old worshipful gentleman, who had
a great estate;
That kept a brave old house at a bountiful rate,
And an old porter to relieve the poor at his gate;
Like an old courtier of the queen's,
And the queen's old courtier.
With an old lady, whose anger one word asswages;
They every quarter paid their old servants their
wages, [footmen, nor pages,
And never knew what belong'd to coachmen,
But kept twenty old fellows with blue coats and
badges;
Like an old courtier, &c.
With an old study fill'd full of learn'd old books,
With an old reverend chaplain, you might know
him by his looks,
With an old buttery hatch worn quite off the
hooks, [old cooks;
And an old kitchen that maintain'd half a dozen
Like an old courtier, &c.

* It is a custom in many parts of England, to carry a fine garland before the corpse of a woman who dies unmarried. † This alludes to the painted effigies of alabaster, anciently erected upon tombs and monuments.

With an old hall, hung about with pikes, guns,
and bows, [many shrewde blows,
With old sword's, and bucklers, that had borne
And an old frize coat, to cover his worship's
trunk hole, [nose;
And a cup of old sherry to comfort his copper
Like an old courtier, &c.

With a good old fashion, when Christmase was
come, [and drum,
To call in all his old neighbours with bagpipe
With good cheer enough to furnish every old
room, [man dumb;
And old liquor able to make a cat speak, and
Like an old courtier, &c.

With an old falconer, huntsman, and a kennel
of hounds, [grounds,
That never hawked, nor hunted, but in his own
Who, like a wife man, kept himself within his
own bounds, [good pounds;
And when he dyed, gave every child a thousand
Like an old courtier, &c.

But to his eldest son his house and land he as-
sign'd, [tiful mind,
Charging him in his will to keep the old boun-
To be good to his old tenants, and to his neigh-
bours be kind: [was inclin'd;
But in the ensuing ditty you shall hear how he
Like a young courtier of the king's,
And the king's young courtier.

Like a flourishing young gallant, newly come to
his land, [command,
Who keeps a brace of painted madams at his
And takes up a thousand pounds upon his fa-
ther's land, [go nor stand;
And gets drunk in a tavern, till he can neither
Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new-fangl'd lady, that is dainty, nice,
and spare,
Who never knew what belonged to good house-
keeping or care;

Who buys gaudy-colour'd fans to play with
wanton air, [womens hair;
And seven or eight different dressings of other
Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new-fashion'd hall, built where the old
one stood, [no good,
Hung round with new pictures that do the poor
With a fine marble chimney, wherein burns
neither coals nor wood;
And a new smooth shovelboard, whereon no
victuals e'er stood;
Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new study, stuff full of pamphlets and
plays, [prays;
And a new chaplain, that swears faster than he
With a new buttery-hatch that opens once in
four or five days, [shaws and toys;
And a new French cook, to devise fine kick-
Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new fashion, when Christmas is draw-
ing on, [be gone,
On a new journey to London straight we all must
And leave none to keep house, but our new por-
ter John, [back with a stone;
Who relieves the poor with a thump on the
Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new gentleman-usher, whose carriage is
complete, [carry up the meat;
With a new coachman, footmen, and pages to
With a waiting gentlewoman, whose dressing is
very neat, [not eat;
Who, when her lady has din'd, lets the servants
Like a young courtier, &c.

With new titles of honour bought with his fa-
ther's old gold, [fold;
For which sundry of his ancestors old manors are
And this is the course most of our new gallants
hold, [grown so cold
Which makes that good house-keeping is now
Among the young courtiers of the king,
Or the king's young courtiers.

§ 127. Loyalty confined.

This excellent old song is preserved in David Lloyd's "Memoires of those that suffered in the cause of Charles I. He speaks of it as the composition of a worthy personage, who suffered deeply in those times, and was still living, with no other reward than the conscience of having suffered. The author's name he has not mentioned; but if tradition may be credited, this song was written by Sir R. L'Estrange.

BEAT on, proud billows; Boreas blow;
Swell, curled waves, high as Jove's roof;
Your incivility doth show
That innocence is tempest proof;
Though surly Nereus frown, my thoughts are
calm;
Then strike, Affliction, for thy wounds are balm.

That which the world miscalls a jail,
A private closet is to me:
Whilst a good conscience is my bail,
And innocence my liberty;
Locks, bars, and solitude together met,
Make me no prisoner, but an anchorite.

I, whilst I wisht to be retir'd,
Into this private room was turn'd;
As if their wisdoms had conspir'd
The salamander should be burn'd;
Or like those sophists that would drown a fish,
I am constrain'd to suffer what I wish.

The cynic loves his poverty;
The pelican her wilderness;
And 'tis the Indian's pride to be
Naked on frozen Caucasus:
Contentment cannot smart; Stoics we see
Make torments easy to their apathy.

These manacles upon my arm
I as my mistress' favours wear;
And for to keep my ankles warm,
I have some iron shackles there:

These walls are but my garrison; this cell,
Which men call jail, doth prove my citadel.

I'm in the cabinet lockt up,
Like some high-prized margarite,
Or, like the great mogul or pope,
Am cloyster'd up from public sight:
Retiredness is a piece of majesty,
And thus proud sultan, I'm as great as thee.
Here sin for want of food must starve,
Where tempting objects are not seen;
And these strong walls do only serve
To keep vice out, and keep me in;
Malice of late's grown charitable sure,
I'm not committed, but am kept secure.

So he that struck at Jason's life,
Thinking t'have made his purpose sure,
By a malicious friendly knife
Did only wound him to a cure:
Malice, I see, wants wit; for what is meant
Mischiefe, oftimes proves favour by th'event.

When once my prince affliction hath,
Prosperity doth treason seem;
And to make smooth so rough a path,
I can learn patience from him:
Now not to suffer shews no loyal heart;
When kings want ease, subjects must bear a part.

What though I cannot see my king,
Neither in person or in coin;
Yet contemplation is a thing
That renders what I have not mine:
My king from me what adamant can part,
Whom I do wear engraven on my heart?

Have you not seen the nightingale,
A prisoner like, coopt in a cage;
How doth she chaunt her wonted tale
In that her narrow hermitage!
Even then her charming melody doth prove
That all her bars are trees, her cage a grove.
I am that bird, whom they combine
Thus to deprive of liberty;

But

But though they do my corple confine,
Yet, maugre hate, my soul is free:
And though immur'd, yet can I chirp, and sing
Disgrace to rebels, glory to my king.

My soul is free as ambient air,
Although my baser part's immew'd,
Whilst loyal thoughts do still repair
T'accompany my solitude:
Although rebellion do my body binde,
My king alone can captivate my minde.

§ 128. To Althea from Prison.

This excellent sonnet, which possessed a high degree of fame among the old Cavaliers, was written by Colonel Richard Lovelace, during his confinement in the Gate-house, Westminster; to which he was committed by the House of Commons, in April, 1642, for presenting a petition from the county of Kent, requesting them to restore the king to his rights, and to settle the government. See Wood's Athenæ, Vol. II. p. 228; where may be seen at large the affecting story of this elegant writer, who after having been distinguished for every gallant and polite accomplishment, the pattern of his own sex, and the darling of the ladies, died in the lowest wretchedness, obscurity, and want, in 1658.

WHEN love with unconfined wings
Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
To whisper at my grates;
When I lye tangled in her hajre,
And fetter'd with her eye,
The birds that wanton in the aire
Know no such libertye.
When flowing cups ran swiftly round
With no allaying Thames,
Our carelesse heads with roses crown'd,
Our hearts with loyal flames;
When thirsty griefe in wine we steepe,
When healths and draughts goe free,

Fishes, that tipple in the deepe,
Know no such libertie.
When, linet-like, confined I
With shriller note shall sing
The mercye, sweetnes, majesty,
And glories of my king;
When I shall voyce aloud how good
He is, how great should be,
Th'enlarged winds, that curl the flood,
Know no such libertie.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron barres a cage,
Mindes, innocent and quiet, take
That for an hermitage:
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soule am free,
Angels alone, that soare above,
Enjoy such libertie.

§ 129. The Braes of Yarrow, in Imitation of the ancient Scots Manner,
Was written by William Hamilton of Bangor, Esq. who died March 25, 1754, aged 50.

A. BUSK ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride,
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow;
Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride,
And think nae mair on the Braes of Yarrow.

B. Where gat ye that bonny bonny bride?
Where gat ye that winsome marrow?

A. I gat her where I dare na weil be seen,
Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

Weep not, weep not, my bonny bonny bride!
Weep not, weep not, my winsome marrow;
Nor let thy heart lament to leive
Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

B. Why does she weep, thy bonny bonny bride?
Why does she weep, thy winsome marrow?
And why dare ye nae mair weil be seen
Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

Lang

4. Lang maun she weep, lang maun she, maun
 she weep, [row ;
 Lang maun she weep with dule and for-
 And lang maun I nae mair weil be seen
 Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

For she has tint her luvèr, luvèr dear,
 Her luvèr dear, the cause of sorrow,
 And I hae slain the comeliest swain
 That eir pu'd birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

Why rins thy stream, O Yarrow, Yarrow reid?
 Why on thy braes heard the voice of sorrow?
 And why yon melancholious weeds
 Hung on the bonny birks of Yarrow?

What's yonder floats on the rueful rueful flude?
 What's yonder floats? O dule and sorrow!
 O 'tis he, the comely swain I slew
 Upon the duleful Braes of Yarrow.

Wash, O wash his wounds, his wounds in
 tears,
 His wounds in tears with dule and sorrow;
 And lap his limbs in mourning weeds,
 And lay him on the Braes of Yarrow.

Then build, then build, ye sisters, sisters sad,
 Ye sisters sad, his tomb with sorrow;
 And weep around in wae'ful wifè
 His hapless fate on the Braes of Yarrow.

Curse ye, curse ye, his useless, useless shield,
 My arm that wrought the deed of sorrow,
 The fatal spear that pierc'd his breast,
 His comely breast on the Braes of Yarrow.

Did I not warn thee not to, not to luvè?
 And warn from fight? but to my sorrow!
 Too rashly bauld a stronger arm [Yarrow.
 Thou mett'ft and fell'ft on the Braes of

Sweet smells the birk, green grows, green
 grows the grass,
 Yellow on Yarrow's bank the gowan,
 Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,
 Sweet the wave of Yarrow flowan.

Flows Yarrow sweet? as sweet, as sweet flows
 Tweed,

As green its grass, its gowan as yellow,
 As sweet smells on its braes the birk,
 The apple frae its rock as mellow.

Fair was thy luvè, fair fair indeed thy love,
 In flow'ry bands thou didst him fetter;
 Tho' he was fair, and well belov'd again,
 Than me he never lov'd thee better.

Busk ye, then busk, my bonny bonny bride,
 Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow,
 Busk ye, and luvè me on the banks of Tweed,
 And think nae mair on the Braes of Yarrow.

C. How can I busk a bonny bonny bride?
 How can I busk a winsome marrow?
 How luvè him upon the banks of Tweed,
 That slew my love on the Braes of Yarrow?
 O Yarrow fields, may never never rain,
 Nor dew thy tender blossoms cover;
 For there was basely slain my luvè,
 My luvè, as he had not been a lover.

The boy put on his robes, his robes of green,
 His purple vest, 'twas my awn sewing:
 Ah! wretched me! I little little kenn'd
 He was in these to meet his ruin!

The boy took out his milk-white, milk-white
 steed;

Unheedful of my dule and sorrow;
 But ere the dewfall of the night
 He lays a corple on the Braes of Yarrow.

Much I rejoic'd that wae'ful wae'ful day;
 I sang; my voice the woods returning:
 But lang ere night the spear was flown,
 That slew my luvè, and left me mourning.

What can my barbarous, barbarous father do,
 But with his cruel rage pursue me?
 My luvè's blood is on thy spear,
 How canst thou, barbarous man, then woo me?
 My happy sisters may be, may be proud
 With cruel and ungentle scottin';

May

May bid me seek on Yarrow's Braes
My lover nailed in his coffin.

My brother Douglas may upbraid, upbraid,
And strive with threatening words to muve
My lover's blood is on thy spear; [me;
How canst thou ever bid me love thee?

Yes, yes, prepare the bed, the bed of love,
With bridal sheets my body cover,
Unbar, ye bridal maids, the door,
Let in the expected husbande lover.

But who the expected husband, husband is?
His hands, methinks, are dashed in slaughter—
Ah me! what ghastly spectre's yon [ter:
Comes in his pale shroud, bleeding after?

Pale as he is, here lay him, lay him down,
O lay his cold head on my pillow;
Take off, take off these bridal weeds,
And crown my careful head with willow.

Pale tho' thou art, yet best, yet best belov'd,
O could my warmth to life restore thee!
Yet lye all night between my breasts,
No youth lay ever there before thee.

Pale, pale indeed, O lovely lovely youth,
Forgive, forgive so foul a slaughter,
And lye all night between my breasts,
No youth shall ever lye there after.

A. Return, return, O mournful, mournful
bride,
Return and dry thy useles sorrowe.
Thy lover heeds nought of thy sighs,
He lyes a corpse in the Braes of Yarrow.

§ 130. *Child Waters.*

Child is frequently used by our old writers as a title. It is repeatedly given to Prince Arthur in the Fairie Queen: and the son of a king is in the same Poem called "Child Tristram." And it ought to be observed, that the word child or chield is still used in North Britain to

denominate a man, commonly with some contemptuous character affixed to him; but sometimes to denote Man in general.

CHILDE Waters in his stable stode,
And stroakt his milk-white steede:
To him a fayre yonge ladye came
As ever ware womans weede.

Sayes, Christ you save, good Childe Waters;
Sayes, Christ you save, and see:
My girdle of gold, that was too longe,
Is now too short for mee.

And all is with one childe of yours,
I feele sturre at my side:
My gowne of greene it is too strait;
Before it was too wide.

If the childe be mine, faire Ellen, he sayd,
Be mine, as you tell mee;
Then take you Cheshire and Lancashire both,
Take your owne to bee.

If the childe be mine, faire Ellen, he sayd,
Be mine, as you do sweare;
Then take you Cheshire and Lancashire both,
And make that childe your heyre.

She sayes, I had rather have one kisse,
Childe Waters of thy mouth; [both,
Than I wolde have Cheshire and Lancashire
That lye by northe and southe.

And I had rather have one twinkling,
Child Waters, of thine ee; [both,
Than I wolde have Cheshire and Lancashire
To take them mine own to bee.

To-morrow, Ellen, I must forth ryde
Farr into the north countree;
The fayrest ladye that I can finde,
Ellen, must goe with mee.

Thoughe I am not that ladye fayre,
Yet let me goe with thee:
And ever, I pray you, Childe Waters,
Your foot-page let me be.

If you will my foot-page bee, Ellen,
As you doe tell to mee;
Then you must cut your gowne of greene
An inch above your knee :

Soe must you doe your yellowe lockes,
An inch above your ee :
You must tell no man what is my name ;
My foot-page then you shall bee.

Shee, all the long daye Childe Waters rode,
Ran barefoote by his syde ;
Yet was he never soe courteous a knighte
To say, Ellen will you ryde ?

She, all the long daye Childe Waters rode,
Ran barefoot thorow the broome ;
Yet was he never soe courteous a knighte,
To say, put on your shoone.

Ride softlye, she sayd, O Childe Waters !
Why doe you ryde so fast ?
The childe, which is no man's but thine,
My bodye it will brast.

Hee sayth, seeft thou yond water, Ellen,
That flows from banke to brimme ?—
I trust in God, O Childe Waters,
You never will see * me swimme.

But when she came to the water syde,
She sayled to the chinne :
Nowe the Lord of heaven be my speede,
For I must learn to swimme.

The salt waters bare up her clothes ;
Our Ladye bare up her chinne :
Childe Waters was a woe man, good Lord !
To see faire Ellen swimme.

And when shee over the water was,
Shee then came to his knee :
Hee sayd, come hither thou fayre Ellen,
Loe yonder what I see.

Seeft thou not yonder hall, Ellen ?
Of red golde shines the yate :
Of twenty-four faire ladyes there
The fairest is my mate.

Seeft thou not yonder hall, Ellen ?
Of red golde shines the towre :
There are twenty-four fayre ladyes there,
The fairest is my paramoure.

I see the hall now, Childe Waters,
Of red gold shines the yate :
God give you good now of yourselfe,
And of your worthy mate.

I see the hall now, Childe Waters,
Of red golde shines the towre :
God give you good now of yourselfe,
And of your paramoure.

There twenty-four fayre ladyes were,
A playing at the ball :
And Ellen, the fayrest ladye there,
Must bring his steed to the stall.

There twenty-four fayre ladyes were
A playing at the chesse :
And Ellen, the fayrest ladye there,
Must bring his horse to gresse.

And then bespake Childe Waters sifter,
These were the wordes, said she :
You have the prettyest page, brother,
That ever I did see.

But that his bellye it is soe bigge,
His girdle stands so hye :
And eyer, I pray you, Childe Waters,
Let him in my chamber lye.

It is not fit for a little foot-page,
That has run through mosse and myre,
To lye in the chamber of any ladye,
That wears soe rich attyre.

It is more meet for a little foot-page,
That has run through mosse and myre,
To take his supper upon his knee,
And lye by the kitchen fyre.

Now when they had supped every one,
To bedd they tooke thyr waye :
He sayd, Come hither, my little foot-page,
And hearken what I saye.

Goe thee downe unto yonder towne,
And lowe into the streete ;
The fayrest ladye that thou canst finde,
Hyre her in mine armes to sleepe,
And take her up in thine arms twaine,
For filing * of her feete.

Ellen is gone into the towne,
And lowe into the streete ;
The fayrest ladye that she could finde,
She hyred in his armes to sleepe ;
And took her up in her armes twayne,
For filing of her feete.

I pray you now, good Childe Waters,
Let me lye at your feete ;
For there is noe place about this house
Where I may 'faye † a sleepe.

He gave her leave, and fair Ellen
Down at his beds feet laye :
This done the night drove on apace,
And when it was neare the day,

Hee sayd, rise up, my little foot-page,
Give my steede corne and haye ;
And give him now the good black oates,
To carry mee better awaye.

Up then rose the fayre Ellen,
And gave his steede corne and haye :
And soe shee did the good black oates,
To carry him better awaye.

She leaned her back to the manger side,
And grievously did groane :
Shee leaned her back to the manger side,
And there she made her moane.

And that beheard his mother deare,
Shee heard her woeful woe ;
She sayd, Rise up, thou Childe Waters,
And into thy stable goe ;

For in thy stable is a ghost,
That grievously doth grone :
Or else some woman laboures with childe,
She is so woe-begone.

Up then rose Childe Waters soone,
And did on his shirte of silke ;
And then he put on his other clothes,
On his body as white as milke.

And when he came to the stable dore,
Full still there he did stand,
That he might heare his fayre Ellen,
How shee made her monand. ‡

She said, Lullabye, mine own deare childe,
Lullabye, deare childe, dear :
I wolde thy father were a kinge,
Thy mother e lay'd on a biere.

Peace now, hee sayd, good faire Ellen,
Bee of good cheere, I praye ;
And the bridale and the churchinge bothe
Shall be upon one day.

* Defiling.

† Essay, attempt.

‡ Moaning, bemoaning.

§ 131. *The Fairies Farewell.*

This humorous old Song fell from the hand of the witty Dr. CORBET (afterwards Bishop of Norwich, &c.) In his Poetica Stromata it is called, "A proper new Ballad, intituled, The Fairies Farewell, or God-a-mercy Will, to be sung or whistled to the tune of The Meadow Brow, by the learned; by the unlearned, to the tune of Fortune."

FAREWELL rewards and Fairies!

Good housewives now may say;
For now foule sluts in daries
Doe fare as well as they;
And though they sweepe their hearths no less
Than mayds were wont to doc,
Yet woe of late for cleaneliness
Finds sixpence in her shoe?

Lament, lament, old Abbies,
The fairies lost command!
They did but change priests babies,
But some have chang'd your land:
And all your children stoln from thence
Are now growne puritanes,
Who live as changelings ever since,
For love of your demaines.

At morning and at evening both
You merry were and glad,
So little care of sleepe and sloth
These prettie ladies had.
When Tom came home from labour,
Or Ciss to milking rose,
Then merrily went their tabour,
And nimble went their toes.

Witness those rings and roundelayes
Of theirs, which yet remaine;
Were footed in queen Maries dayes
On many a grassy playne.
But since of late Elizabeth
And later James came in;

They never danc'd on any heath,
As when the time had been.

By which we note the fairies
Were of the old profession:
Their songs were Ave Maries,
Their dances were procession.
But now, alas! they all are dead,
Or gone beyond the seas,
Or farther for religion fled,
Or else they take their ease.

A tell-tale in their company
They never could endure;
And who so kept not secretly
Their mirth, was punish'd sure:
It was a just and christian deed
To pinch such blacke and blue:
O how the commonwealth doth need
Such justices as you!

Now they have left our quarters;
A register they have,
Who can preserve their charters;
A man both wise and grave.
An hundred of their merry pranks
By one that I could name
Are kept in store; con twenty thanks
To William for the same.

To William Churne of Staffordshire
Give laud and praises due,
Who every meale can mend your cheare
With tales both old and true:
To William all give audience;
And pray ye for his noddle;
For all the fairies evidence
Were-lost, if it were addle.

§ 132. *Phæbe. A Pastoral.* BYRON.

MY time, O ye Muses! was happily spent,
When Phoebe went with me wherever
I went:

Ten thousand soft pleasures I felt in my breast;
 Sure never fond shepherd like Colin was blest!
 But now she is gone, and has left me behind,
 What a marvellous change, on a sudden, I find!
 When things were as fine as cou'd possibly be,
 I thought it was Spring; but, alas! it was she.

The fountain that wont to run sweetly along,
 And dance to soft murmurs the pebbles among,
 Thou know'st, little Cupid, if Phoebe was there,
 It was pleasant to look at, 'twas music to hear.
 But now she is absent, I walk by its side,
 And, still as it murmurs, do nothing but chide:
 Must you be so cheerful, whilst I go in pain?
 Peace, there, with your bubbling, and hear me complain.

My dog I was ever well pleased to see
 Come wagging his tail to my fair one and me;
 And Phoebe was pleas'd too, and to my dog said,
 "Come hither, poor fellow;" and patted his head.

But now, when he's fawning, I, with a sour
 Cry, "Sirrah," and give him a blow with my crook:

And I'll give him another; for why should not
 Be dull as his master, when Phoebe's away?

Sweet music went with us both all the wood thro',

The lark, linnet, thrush, and nightingale
 Winds over us whisper'd, flocks by us did bleat,
 And chirp went the grasshopper under our feet.
 But now she is absent, tho' still they sing on,
 The woods are but lonely, the melody's gone:
 Her voice in the concert, as now I have found,
 Gives every thing else its agreeable sound.

Will no pitying power that hears me complain,
 Or cure my disquiet, or soften my pain? [move:
 To be cur'd, thou must, Colin, thy passion re-
 but what swain is so silly to live without love?
 So, Deity, bid the dear nymph to return;
 For ne'er was poor shepherd so sadly forlorn.

Ah! what shall I do? I shall die with despair.
 Take heed, all ye swains, how ye love one so fair.

§ 133. *A Pastoral Ballad.* ROWE.

DESPAIRING beside a clear stream,
 A shepherd forsaken was laid;
 And, while a false nymph was his theme,
 A willow supported his head.
 The wind that blew over the plain,
 To his sighs with a sigh did reply;
 And the brook, in return to his pain,
 Ran mournfully murmuring by.
 Alas! silly swain that I was
 (Thus sadly complaining he cry'd);
 When first I beheld that fair face,
 'Twere better by far I had dy'd!
 She talk'd, and I bless'd her dear tongue,
 When she sing'd, it was pleasure too great;
 I listen'd, and cry'd, when she sung.
 Was nightingale ever so sweet!

How foolish was I to believe
 She could doat on so lowly a clown,
 Or that her fond heart would not grieve
 To forsake the fine folk of the town!
 To think that a beauty so gay
 So kind and so constant would prove;
 Or go clad like our maidens in grey,
 Or live in a cottage on love!

What though I have skill to complain,
 Tho' the Muses my temples have crown'd;
 What tho', when they hear my soft strains,
 The virgins sit weeping around;
 Ah, Colin! thy hopes are in vain,
 Thy pipe and thy laurel resign;
 Thy fair one inclines to a swain
 Whose music is sweeter than thine!

All you, my companions so dear,
 Who sorrow to see me betray'd,
 Whatever I suffer, forbear,
 Forbear to accuse the false maid.

Tho'

Tho' thro' the wide world I should range,
 'Tis in vain from my fortune to fly;
 'Twas her's to be false and to change;
 'Tis mine to be constant—and die.

If, while my hard fate I sustain,
 In her breast any pity is found;
 Let her come with the nymphs of the plain,
 And see me laid low in the ground:
 The last humble boon that I crave,
 Is to shade me with cypresses and yew;
 And when she looks down on my grave,
 Let her own that her shepherd was true.

Then to her new love let her go,
 And deck her in golden array;
 Be finest at ev'ry fine show,
 And frolic it all the long day:
 While Colin, forgotten and gone,
 No more shall be talk'd of or seen,
 Unless when beneath the pale moon,
 His ghost shall glide over the green.

§ 134. *The Hermit.* BEATTIE.

AT the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,
 And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness
 prove; [hill,
 When nought but the torrent is heard on the
 And nought but the nightingale's song in the
 grove— [clin'd,
 'Twas then, by the cave of the mountain re-
 A Hermit his nightly complaint thus began:

Tho' mournful his numbers, his soul was re-
 sign'd;
 He thought as a sage, tho' he felt as a man.

' Ah! why thus abandon'd to darkness and
 ' woe, [strain?
 ' Why thus, lonely Philomel, flows thy sad
 ' For spring shall return and a lover bestow,
 ' And thy bosom no trace of misfortune retain.
 ' Yet if pity inspires thee, O cease not thy lay!
 ' Mourn, sweetest companion; man calls thee
 ' to mourn: [away!
 ' O soothe him whose pleasures, like thine, pass
 ' Full quickly they pass—but they never return!

' Now gliding remote on the verge of the sky,
 ' The moon, half extinct, a dim crescent displays;
 ' But lately I mark'd, when majestic on high
 ' She shone, and the planets were lost in her
 ' blaze: [pursue
 ' Roll on then, fair orb, and with gladness
 ' The path that conducts thee to splendor again:
 ' But man's faded glory no change shall re-
 ' Ah, fool! to exult in a glory so vain! [new;

' 'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no
 ' more: [you;
 ' I mourn, but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for
 ' For morn is approaching, your charms to
 ' restore, [with dew.
 ' Perfum'd with fresh fragrance, and glittering
 ' Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn;
 ' Kind Nature the embryo-blossom shall save:
 ' But when shall spring visit the mould'ring
 ' urn? [grave!
 ' O when shall it dawn on the night of the

PROLOGUES AND EPILOGUES

§ 1. *Prologue to Cato*; 1713. POPE.

TO wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
 To raise the genius, and to mend the heart;
 To make mankind in conscious virtue bold,
 Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold:
 For this the tragic muse first trode the stage,
 Commanding tears to stream through ev'ry age;
 Tyrants no more their savage nature kept,
 And foes to virtue wonder'd how they wept.
 Our author shuns by vulgar springs to move
 The hero's glory, or the virgin's love;
 In pitying love, we but our weakness shew,
 And wild ambition well deserves its woe.
 Here tears shall flow from a more gen'rous cause,
 Such tears as patriots shed for dying laws:
 He bids your breasts with ancient ardour rise,
 And calls forth Roman drops from British eyes.
 Virtue confess'd, in human shape he draws
 What Plato thought, and god-like Cato was:
 No common object to your sight displays,
 But what with pleasure Heav'n itself surveys,
 A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,
 And greatly falling with a falling state.
 While Cato gives his little senate laws,
 What bosom beats not in his country's cause!
 Who sees him act, but envies ev'ry deed!
 Who hears him groan, and does not wish to bleed!
 Ev'n when proud Cæsar, 'midst triumphal cars,
 The spoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,
 Ignobly vain, and impotently great,
 Shew'd Rome her Cato's figure drawn in state:
 As her dead father's rev'rend image past,
 The pomp was darken'd, and the day o'ercast;
 The triumph ceas'd, tears gush'd from ev'ry eye;
 The world's great victor pass'd unheeded by;
 Her last good man dejected Rome ador'd,
 And honour'd Cæsar's less than Cato's sword.

Britons attend: be worth like this approv'd,
 And shew you have the virtue to be mov'd.
 With honest scorn the first fam'd Cato view'd
 Rome learning arts from Greece, whom she sub-
 Our scene precariously subsists too long [du'd:
 On French translation and Italian song.
 Dare to have sense yourselves; assert the stage;
 Be justly warm'd with your own native rage:
 Such plays alone should please a British ear,
 As Cato's self had not disdain'd to hear.

§ 2. *Epilogue to the Lying Valet*; 1740.

GARRICK.

THAT I'm a lying rogue, you all agree;
 And yet, look round the world, and you
 shall see [me.]
 That many more, my betters, *lye* as fast as
 Against this vice we all are ever railing;
 And yet, so tempting is it, so prevailing,
 You'll find but few without this useful failing!
 Lady or Abigail, my Lord or Will,
 The *lye* goes round, and the ball's never still.
 My lyes were harmless, told to shew my parts,
 And not like those when tongues belye their
 hearts.
 In all professions you will find this flaw;
 And in the gravest too, in physic and in law.
 The gouty serjeant cries, with formal pause,
 'Your plea is good, my friend, don't starve
 'the cause.'
 But when my lord decrees for t'other side,
 Your costs of suit convince you—that he *lyed*.
 A doctor comes, with formal wig and face,
 First feels your pulse, then thinks, and knows
 your case.

Z

' Your

- * Your fever's slight, not dangerous, I assure
 ' you; [cure you.]
 * Keep warm, and *repetatur huius*, Sir, will
 Around the bed next day his friends are crying;
 The patient dies, the doctor's paid for lying.
 The poet, willing to secure the pit,
 Gives out, his play has humour, taste and wit:
 The cause comes on, and while the judges try,
 Each groan and catcall gives the bard the lie.
 Now let us ask, pray, what the ladies do?
 They too will fib a little, *entre nous*. [fan]
 * Lord! says the prude (her face behind her
 * How can our sex have any joy in man?
 * As for my part, the best could ne'er deceive
 ' me; [grieve me:]
 * And were the race extinct, -- 'twould never
 * Their sight is odious, but their touch—O gad!
 * The thought of that's enough to drive one
 mad!

Thus rails at man the squeamish Lady Dainty,
 Yet weds at fifty-five a rake of twenty!

In short, a beau's intrigues, a lover's sighs,
 The courtier's promise, the rich widow's cries,
 And patriot's zeal, are seldom more than lyes. }
 Sometimes you'll see a man belye his nation,
 Nor to his country show the least relation.

For instance, now——

A cleanly Dutchman, or a Frenchman grave, }
 A sober German, or a Spaniard brave,
 An Englishman a coward or a slave. }
 Mine, though a fibbing, was an honest art;
 I serv'd my master, play'd a faithful part:
 Rank me not, therefore, 'mongst the lying crew;
 For, though my tongue was false, my heart was
 true.

§ 3. Prologue spoken by Mr. Garrick, at the
 opening the Theatre in Drury-Lane, in the
 Year 1747. JOHNSON.

WHEN Learning's triumph o'er her barb'rous
 foes [rose;
 First rear'd the Stage, immortal Shakespear's

Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
 Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new:
 Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
 And panting Time toil'd after him in vain:
 His powerful strokes presiding Truth impress'd,
 And unresisted passion storm'd the breast.

Then Jonson came, instructed from the school,
 To please in method, and invent by rule;
 His studious patience and laborious art,
 By regular approach essay'd the heart:
 Cold approbation gave the ling'ring bays;
 For those who durst not censure, scarce could
 praise.

A mortal born, he met the gen'ral doom,
 But left, like Egypt's kings, a lasting tomb.

The wits of Charles found easier ways to
 fame, [flame;

Nor wish'd for Jonson's art, or Shakespear's
 Themselves they study'd, as they felt they writ,
 Intrigue was plot, obscenity was wit.

Vice always found a sympathetic friend;
 They pleas'd their age, and did not aim to mend.
 Yet bards like these aspir'd to lasting praise,
 And proudly hop'd to pimp in future days:
 Their cause was gen'ral, their supports were
 strong, [long;

Their slaves were willing, and their reign was
 Till shame regain'd the post that sense betray'd,
 And virtue call'd oblivion to her aid. [fin'd,

Then crush'd by rules, and weaken'd as re-
 For years the pow'r of Tragedy declin'd:
 From bard to bard the frigid caution crept,
 Till declamation roar'd, whilst passion slept;
 Yet still did virtue deign the stage to tread,
 Philosophy remain'd, though Nature fled.
 But forc'd at length her ancient reign to quit,
 She saw great Faustus lay the ghost of wit:
 Exulting folly hail'd the joyful day,
 And Pantomime and Song confirm'd her sway.

But who the coming changes can presage,
 And mark the future periods of the stage?
 Perhaps,

Perhaps, if skill could distant times explore,
New Behns, new Durseys, yet remain in store;
Perhaps, where Lear has rav'd, and Hamlet
On flying cars new sorcerers may ride; [dy'd,
Perhaps (for who can guess th' effects of chance?)
Here Hunt may box, or Mahomet may dance.

Hard is his lot, that here by fortune plac'd,
Must watch the wild vicissitudes of taste:
With every meteor of caprice must play,
And chace the new-blown bubbles of the day.
Ah! let not censure term our fate our choice,
The stage but echoes back the public voice,
The drama's laws the drama's patrons give,
For we that live to please, must please to live.

Then prompt no more the follies you decry,
As tyrants doom their tools of guilt to die;
'Tis yours this night to bid the reign commence
Of rescu'd nature and reviving sense; [show,
To chace the charms of sound, the pomp of
For useful mirth and solitary woe;
Bid Scenic Virtue form the rising age,
And Truth diffuse her radiance from the Stage.

§ 4. *Prologue to Irene*, 1749. JOHNSON.

YE glitt'ring train, whom lace and velvet
blefs,

Suspend the soft sollicitudes of dress;
From grov'ling business and superfluous care,
Ye sons of Avarice! a moment spare:
Vot'ries of Fame, and worshippers of Pow'r!
Dismiss the pleasing phantoms for an hour.
Our daring bard, with spirit unconfin'd,
Spreads wide the mighty moral of mankind.
Learn here how Heav'n supports the virtuous
mind,

Daring, tho' calm; and vig'rous, tho' resign'd.
Learn here what anguish racks the guilty breast,
In pow'r dependent, in success deprest.
Learn here that peace from innocence must flow;
All else is empty sound and idle show.

If truths like these with pleasing language
Ennobled, yet unchang'd, if Nature shine; [join;
If no wild draught depart from reason's rules,
Nor gods his heroes, nor his lovers fools;
Intriguing wits! his artless plot forgive;
And spare him, beauties! tho' his lovers live.

Be this at least his praise, be this his pride;
To force applause, no modern arts are try'd.
Should partial catcalls all his hopes confound,
He bids no trumpet quell the fatal sound.
Should welcome sleep relieve the wary wit,
He rolls no thunders o'er the drowsy pit.
No snares to captivate the judgment spreads,
Nor bribes your eyes to prejudice your heads.
Unmov'd tho' wiflings sneer, and rivals rail,
Studious to please, yet not ashamed to fail.
He scorns the meek address, the suppliant strain,
With merit needless, and without it vain.
In Reason, Nature, Truth he dares to trust:
Ye fops be silent, and ye wits be just.

§ 5. *Prologue to Comus, for the Benefit of
Milton's Grand-Daughter*; 1750. Spoken by
Mr. Garrick. JOHNSON.

YE patriot crowds who burn for England's
fame,

Ye nymphs whose bosoms beat at Milton's
name, [rhymes,
Whose generous zeal, unbought by flatt'ring
Shames the mean pensions of Augustan times;
Immortal patrons of succeeding days,
Attend this prelude of perpetual praise;
Let wit, condemn'd the feeble war to wage
With close malevolence, or public rage;
Let study, worn with virtue's fruitless lore,
Behold this Theatre, and grieve no more.
This night, distinguish'd by your smiles, shall
That never Britain can in vain excel; [tell,
The slighted arts futurity shall trust,
And rising ages hasten to be just.

At length our mighty bard's victorious lays
 Fill the loud voice of universal praise;
 And baffled spite, with hopeless anguish dumb,
 Yields to renown the centuries to come;
 With ardent haste each candidate of fame
 Ambitious catches at his tow'ring name;
 He sees, and pitying sees, vain wealth bestow
 Those pageant honours which he scorn'd below,
 While crowds aloft the laureat dust behold,
 Or trace his form on circulating gold.
 Unknown—unheeded, long his offspring lay,
 And want hung threat'ning o'er her slow decay.
 What tho' she shine with no Miltonian fire,
 No favouring muse her morning dreams inspire:
 Yet softer claims the melting heart engage,
 Her youth laborious, and her blameless age;
 Hers the mild merits of domestic life,
 The patient sufferer, and the faithful wife.
 Thus grac'd with humble virtue's native charms,
 Her grandsire leaves her in Britannia's arms;
 Secure with peace, with competence to dwell,
 While tutelary nations guard her cell.
 Yours is the charge, ye fair, ye wise, ye brave!
 'Tis yours to crown desert—beyond the grave.

§ 6. *Occasional Prologue, spoken by Mr. Garrick, at the opening of Drury-Lane Theatre, September 5, 1750.*

AS heroes, states, and kingdoms, rise and fall;
 So (with the mighty to compare the small)
 Thro' int'rest, whim, or, if you please, thro' fate,
 We feel commotions in our mimic state:
 The sock and buskin fly from stage to stage;
 A year's alliance is with us—an age!

* In which papers was this paragraph: 'We hear that Mr. Quin, Mrs. Cibber, Mr. Barry, Mr. Macklin, and Mrs. Woffington, are engaged at Covent-Garden theatre for the ensuing season.'—On the part of Drury-Lane theatre it was notified, 'That two celebrated actors from Dublin were engaged to perform there; also Miss Bellamy, and a new actress; Signor Fausan the comic dancer, and his wife; and a gentleman to sing, who had not been on any stage.'

† Mrs. Pritchard.

‡ Mrs. Clive.

And where's the wonder? all surprise must
 cease,
 When we reflect how int'rest or caprice
 Makes real kings break articles of peace.
 Strengthen'd with new allies, our foes prepare;
 'Cry, havoc! and let slip the dogs of war.'
 To shake our souls, the papers of the day
 Drew forth the adverse pow'r in dread array;
 A pow'r, might strike the boldest with dismay:
 Yet, fearless still, we take the field with spirit,
 Arm'd *cap-a-pie* in self-sufficient merit.
 Our ladies too, with souls and tongues untam'd,
 Fire up, like Britons, when the battle's nam'd:
 Each female heart pants for the glorious strife,
 From Hamlet's mother † to the cobbler's ‡ wife.
 Some few there are whom paltry passions guide,
 Desert each day, and fly from side to side:
 Others, like Swift, love fighting as their trade;
 For, beat, or beating—they must all be paid.
 Sacred to Shakespeare was this spot design'd,
 To pierce the heart, and humanize the mind.
 But if an empty house, the actor's curse,
 Shews us our Lears and Hamlets lose their force;
 Unwilling, we must change the nobler scene,
 And, in our turn, present you Harlequin:
 Quit poets, and set carpenters to work,
 Shew gaudy scenes, or mount the vaulting Turk.
 For tho' we actors, one and all, agree,
 Boldly to struggle for our—vanity,
 If want comes on, importance must retreat:
 Our first, great ruling passion, is—to eat.
 To keep the field, all methods we'll pursue;
 The conflict glorious! for we'll fight for you:
 And, should we fail to gain the wish'd applause,
 At least we're vanquish'd in a noble cause.

Prologue

§ 7. *Prologue to the Fairies: 1755. Written and spoken by Mr. GARRICK.*

Enter—interrupting the band of music.

A Moment stop your tuneful fingers, pray,
While here as usual, I my duty pay.
[To the audience.]

Don't frown, my friends [to the band] you
soon shall melt again;
But, if not *there*'s felt each dying strain,
Poor I shall speak, and you will scrape in vain.
To see me now, you think the strangest thing!
For, like friend Benedick, I cannot sing:
Yet, in this prologue, try but you *corragio*!
I'll speak you both a jig and an *adagio*.

A Persian king, as Persian tales relate,
Oft went disguis'd, to hear the people prate;
So, curious I, sometimes steal forth, *incog*.
To hear what critics croak of me—King *Log*.
Three nights ago, I heard a *tete-a-tete*,
Which fix'd, at once, our English op'ra's fate:
One was a youth born here, but flush from Rome,
The other born abroad, but here his home;
And first the *English foreigner* began,
Who thus address'd the *foreign Englishman*:
'An English op'ra! 'tis not to be borne;
'I both my country and their music scorn.
'Oh, damn their Ally Croakers and their
'Early-horn!

Signior fi—bat sons—vors recitativo:

'Il tutto, e bestiale e cativo.'

This said, I made my *exit*, full of terrors;
And now ask pardon for the following errors.

Excuse us first, for foolishly supposing [ing;
Your countrymen could please you in compo-
An op'ra too!—play'd by an English band,
Wrote in a language which you understand—
I dare not say who wrote it—I could tell ye,
To soften matters—Signor Shakesparelli:
This awkward drama—(I confess th'offence)
Is guilty too of poetry and sense:

And then the price we take—you'll all abuse it
So low, so unlike op'ras—but excuse it,
We'll mend that fault, whenever you shall
chuse it.

Our last mischance, and worse than all the rest,
Which turns the whole performance to a jest,
Our fingers all are well, and all will do their
best.

But why would this rash fool, this Englishman,
Attempt an op'ra?—'Tis the strangest plan!

Struck with the wonders of his master's art,
Whose sacred dramas shake and melt the heart,
Whose heaven-born strains the coldest breast in-
spire,

Whose chorus-thunder sets the soul on fire!
Inflam'd, astonish'd, at those magic airs,
When Sampson groans, and frantic Saul despairs,
The pupil wrote—his work is now before ye,
And waits your stamp of infamy or glory!
Yet, ere his errors and his faults are known,
He says, those faults, those errors, are his own;
If through the clouds appear some glimm'ring
rays,

They're sparks he caught from his great mas-
[ter's blaze!

§ 8. *Prologue to Virginia; 1754. Written and spoken by Mr. GARRICK.*

PROLOGUES, like compliments, are loss of
time;

'Tis penning bows, and making legs in rhyme:
'Tis cringing at the door, with simp'ring grin,
When we should shew the company within.—
So thinks our bard, who, stiff in classic know-
ledge,

Preserves too much the buckram of the col-
'Lord, Sir,' said I, 'an audience must be

'woo'd,
'And, lady-like, with flattery pursu'd;
'They nauseate fellows that are blunt and
'rude.

Z 3

'Authors,

- * Authors should learn to dance, as well as
 ' write—' [a fight!]
- * Dance at my time of life! Zounds, what
- * Grown gentlemen ('tis advertis'd) do learn by
 ' night.
- * Your modern prologues, and such whims as
 ' these, [phocles.]
- * The Greeks ne'er knew—turn, turn to So—
- * I read no Greek, Sir—when I was at school,
- * Terence had prologue—Terence was no fool.
- * He had; but why?' reply'd the bard, in rage;
- * Exotics, monsters, had possess'd the stage;
- * But we have none, in this enlighten'd age!
- * Your Britons now, from gallery to pit,
- * Can relish nought but sterling Attic wit.
- * Here take my play, I meant it for instruc-
 ' tion; [tion,]
- * If rhymes are wanting for its introduc-
 ' tion.

Off went the poet—it is now expedient
 I speak as manager, and your obedient—
 I, as your cat'rer, would provide you dishes,
 Dress'd to your palates, season'd to your wishes.
 Say, but you're tir'd with boil'd and roast at
 home,

We too can send for niceties from Rome;
 To please your tastes will spare nor pains nor
 money,

Discard sirloins, and get you macaroni.
 Whate'er new gusto for a time may reign,
 Shakespeare and beef must have their turn again.

If novelties can please, to-night we've two—
 The' English both, yet spare 'em as they're new.
 To one, at least, your usual favours show—
 A female asks it—can a man say No?—
 Should you indulge our novice*, yet unseen,
 And crown her, with your hands, a tragic queen;
 Should you, with smiles, a confidence impart,
 To calm those fears which speak a feeling heart;

Assist each struggle of ingenuous shame,
 Which curbs a genius in its road to fame.
 With one wish more her whole ambition ends—
 She hopes some merit, to deserve such friends.

§ 49. *Epilogue to the same*; 1754. GARRICK.

THE poet's pen can, like a conjuror's wand,
 Or kill or raise his heroine at command:
 And I shall, spirit-like, before I sink, [think.
 Not courteously enquire, but tell you what you
 From top to bottom I shall make you stare,
 By hitting all your judgments to a hair!

And, first, with you above I shall begin—

[To the upper gallery.

Good-natur'd souls! they're ready all to grin.
 Though twelve-pence seat you there, so near the
 ceiling,

The folks below can't boast a better feeling.
 No high-bred prud'ry in your region lurks;
 You boldly laugh and cry, as nature works.

Says John to Tom (aye—there they sit toge-
 ther,

As honest Britons as e'er trode on leather:)
 'Twas you and I, my friend, 'tis very vild,
 'That old Vergeenus should have struck his child:
 'I would have hang'd him for't had I been ruler;
 'And duck'd that Apus too by way of cooler.'
 Some maiden-dames, who hold the middle floor,

[To the middle gallery.

And fly from naughty man at forty-four,
 With turn'd-up eyes, applaud Virginia's 'scape,
 And vow they'd do the same to shun a rape;
 So very chaste, they live in constant fears,
 And apprehension strengthens with their years.

Ye bucks, who from the pit your terrors send,
 Yet love distressed damsels to befriend;
 You think this tragic joke too far was carry'd,
 And wish, to set all right, the maid had marry'd:

* Mrs. Graham, afterwards Mrs. Yates, then a new actress.

You'd

You'd rather see (if so the fates had will'd)
Ten wives be kind, than one poor virgin kill'd.

May I approach unto the boxes, pray—
And there search out a judgment on the play?
In vain, alas! I should attempt to find it;
Fine ladies see a play, but never mind it.
'Tis vulgar to be mov'd by acted passion,
Or form opinions till they're fix'd by fashion.

Our author hopes this fickle goddess's Mode,
With us will make, at least, nine days abode;
To present pleasure he contracts his view,
And leaves his future fame to time and you.

§ 10. *Prologue to Barbarossa; 1755. Written and spoken by Mr. Garrick, in the Character of a Country Boy.*

MEASTER! measter!

Is not my measter here among you, pray?
Nay, speak—my measter wrote this fine new
play—

The actor-folks are making such a clatter!
They want the pro-log—I know nought o'the
matter:

He must be there among you—look about—
A weizen pale fac'd mon—do find him out.
Pray, measter, come, or all will fall to sheame;
Call Mister—Hold—I must not tell his neame.

La! what a crowd is here! what noise and
pother!

Fine lads and lasses! one o'top o't'other.

[*Pointing to the boxes of pit and gallery.*
I could for ever here with wonder gaze;
I ne'er saw church so full in all my days!—
Your servant, sirs—What do you laugh for, eh?
You donna take me sure for one o'the play?
You should not flout an honest country lad—
You think me fool; and I think you half mad:
You're all as strange as I, and stranger too;
And, if you laugh at me, I'll laugh at you.

[*Laughing.*

I donna like your London tricks, not I;
And, since you've rais'd my blood, I'll tell you
why:

And, if you wull, since now I am before ye,
For want of pro-log, I'll relate my story.

I came from country here to try my fate,
And get a place among the rich and great:
But troth I'm sick o'th' journey I ha'ta'en;
I like it not—would I were whoame again!

First, in the city I took up my station,
And got a place with one o'th' corporation.
A round big man—he eat a plaguy deal;
Zooks! he'd have beat five picomen at a meal!
But long with him I could not make abode,
For, could you think't?—he eat a great sea-toad.
It came from Indie—'twas as big as me;
He call'd it belly-patch, and cap a-pee; [but I,
La! how I star'd!—I thought—who knows
For want of monst'ers, may be made a pye?
Rather than tarry here for bribe or gain,
I'll back to whoame and country fare again.

I left toad-eater; then I serv'd a lord,
And there they promis'd!—but ne'er kept their
word.

While 'mong the great this geaming work the
trade is, [ladies.

They mind no more poor servants—than their
A lady next, who lik't a finart young lad,
Hid me forthwith—but, troth, I thought her
mad.

She turn'd the world top-down, as I may say,
She chang'd the day to neet, the neet to day!
I was so sheam'd with all her freakish ways,
She wore her gear so short, so low her stays—
Fine folks shew all for nothing now-a-days! }

Now I'm the poet's mon—I find with wits
There's nothing fartin—nay, we eat by fits.
Our meals, indeed, are slender—what of that?
There are but three on's—measter, I, and cat.
Did you but see us all, as I'm a sinner,
You'd scarcely say which of the three is thinner.

Z 4

My

My wages all depend on this night's piece ;
But should you find that all our swans are geese !
Efect, I'll trust no more to measter's brain,
But pack up all, and whistle whoame again.

§ 11. *Epilogue to the same; 1755. Spoken by Mr. Woodward, in the Character of a fine Gentleman.* GARRICK.

Enter—speaking without.

PSHAW ! damn your epilogue, and hold
your tongue—

Shall we of rank be told what's right and wrong ?
Had you ten epilogues you should not speak 'em,
Tho' he had writ them all in *linguum Grecum*.
I'll do't, by all the gods ! (you must excuse me)
Tho' author, actors, audience, all abuse me !

[To the audience.]

Behold a gentleman !—and that's enough !
Laugh if you please—I'll take a pinch of snuff !
I come to tell you (let it not surprize you)
That I'm a wit—and worthy to advise you.
How could you suffer that same country-booby,
That pro-log speaking savage, that great looby,
To talk his nonsense !—give me leave to say,
'Twas low ! damn'd low !—but save the fellow's
play :

Let the poor devil eat ; allow him that,
And give a meal to *measter, mon, and cat*.
But why attack the fashions ? senseless rogue !
We have no joys but what result from vogue :
The mode should all controul !—nay, ev'ry
passion,

Sense, appetite, and all, give way to fashion.
I hate as much as he a turtle-feast,
But, till the present turtle-rage is ceas'd,
I'd ride an hundred miles to make myself a
beast. }

I have no ears ; yet op'ras I adore !
Always prepar'd to die—to sleep—no more !
The ladies too were carp'd at, and their drefs,
He wants 'em all ruff'd up like good queen Bess !

They are, forsooth, too much expos'd and free :
Were more expos'd, no ill effects I see ;
For more or less, 'tis all the same to me. }
Poor gaming too, was maul'd among the rest,
That precious cordial to a high-life breast !
When thoughts arise, I always game or drink,
An English gentleman should never think—
The reason's plain, which ev'ry soul might hit
on—

What trims a Frenchman, oversets a Briton.
In us reflection breeds a sober sadness,
Which always ends in politics or madness :
I therefore now propose, by your command,
That tragedies no more shall cloud this land ;
Send o'er your Shakespeares to the sons of France,
Let *them* grow grave—let *us* begin to dance !
Banish your gloomy scenes to foreign climes,
Reserve alone, to bless these golden times,
A Farce or two—and Woodward's panto-
mimes. }

§ 12. *Occasional Prologue to the Mask of Britannia ; 1755. Written and Spoken by Mr. Garrick, in the character of a Sailor, fuddled, and talking to himself.*

*Enters, singing, 'How pleasant a sailor's life
passes !'*

WELL ! if thou art, my boy, a little mellow,
A sailor, half seas o'er, 's a pretty fellow.
What cheer, ho ? Do I carry too much sail !

[To the pit.]
No—tight and trim—I scud before the gale—

[He staggers forward, and then stops.]
But softly tho'—the vessel seems to heel—
Steady ! my boy—the must not show her keel.
And now, thus ballasted—what course to steer ?
Shall I again to sea—and bang Mounseer ?
Or stay on shore, and toy with Sal and Sue ?
Dost love 'em, boy ? By this right hand I do !
A well-rigg'd girl is surely most inviting :
There's nothing better, faith—save slip and fight-
ing. I must

I must away—I must——

What! shall we sons of beef and freedom stoop,
Or lower our flag to slavery and soup?

What! shall these *Parley-voos* make such a racket,
And I not lend a hand to lace their jacket?
Still shall Old England be your Frenchman's
butt?—

Whene'er he shuffles, we should always cut.

I'll to'em, faith—Avaft—before I go——

Have I not promis'd Sall to see the show?

[Pulls out a play-bill.]

From this same paper we shall understand
What work's to-night—I read your printed
hand.

First let's refresh a bit—for, faith, I need it——

I'll take one sugar-plumb—*[takes some tobacco]*
and then I'll read it.

*[He reads the play-bill of Zara,
which was acted that evening.]*

'At the Theatre Royal, Drury-lane—

'Will be presen-ta-ted a tragedy, called
Sarah—

I'm glad 'tis *Sarah*—then our Sall may see
Her namesake's tragedy; and as for me,
I'll sleep as sound as if I were at sea.

'To which will be added—a new masque—
Zounds! why a masque? We sailors hate gri-
maces:

Above board all; we scorn to hide our faces.

But what is here, so very large and plain?

'Bri-tan-nia.'—Oh, Britannia!—good
again——

Huzza, boys!—By the Royal George I swear,
Tom Coxen and the crew shall straight be there.
All free-born souls must take Bri-tan-nia's part,
And give her three round cheers with hand and
heart!

[Going off, he stops.]

I wish you landmen tho', would leave your tricks,
Your factions, parties, and damn'd politics;
And, like us honest tars, drink, fight, and sing:
True to yourselves, your country, and your
king.

§ 13. *Prologue to the Winter's Tale, and Ca-
therine and Petruchio, 1756. Written and
spoken by Mr. GARRICK.*

TO various things the stage has been compar'd,
As apt ideas strike each humorous bard:

This night, for want of better simile,

Let this our theatre a tavern be:

The poets vintners, and the waiters we.

So, as the cant and custom of the trade is,

You're welcome, gemmen, kindly welcome,
ladies.

To draw in customers, our bills are spread;
You cannot miss the sign, 'tis Shakespeare's Head.
From this same head, this fountain-head divine,
For different palates springs a different wine;
In which no tricks to strengthen or to thin 'em—
Neat as imported—no French brandy in 'em—
Hence for the choicest spirits flows Champagne,
Whose sparkling atoms shoot thro' every vein,
Then mount in magic vapours to th'enrap-
tur'd brain!

Hence flow for martial minds potations strong,
And sweet love-potions for the fair and young:
For you, my hearts of oak, for your regale,

[To the upper gallery.]

There's good old English stingo, mild and stale.
For high, luxurious souls, with luscious sinack,
There's Sir John Falstaff in a butt of sack;
And if the stronger liquors more invite ye,
Bardolph is gin, and Pistol *aqua vite*. *[him,*
But should you call for Falstaff, where to find
He's gone, nor left one cup of sack behind him.
Sunk in his elbow chair, no more he'll roam,
No more with merry wags to Eastcheap come;
He's gone—to jest and laugh, and give us
sack at home.

As for the learned critics, grave and deep,
Who catch at words, and catching fall asleep;
Who in the storms of passion, hum and haw!
For such our master will no liquor draw—
So blindly thoughtful, and so darkly read, *[Head.*
They take Tom Durfey's for the Shakespeare's

A vintner once acquir'd both praise and gain,
And sold much Perry for the best Champagne.
Some rakes this precious stuff did so allure,
They drank whole nights—what's that—when
wine is pure!

'Come, fill a bumper, Jack.'—"I will, my
"Lord."

'Here's cream!—damn'd fine!—immense!—
"upon my word!"

ir William, what say you?—"The best,
"believe me."

'In this—eh, Jack?—the devil can't deceive
Thus the wise critic, too, mistakes his wine;
Cries out with lifted hands—'Tis great! divine!
Then jogs his neighbour, as the wonders strike
him,

[nothing like him!
This Shakespeare! Shakespeare!—Oh, there's
In this night's various and enchanted cup
Some little Perry's mix'd, for filling up. [taken,
The five long acts, from which our three are
Stretch'd out to * sixteen years, lay by, forsaken;
Left then this precious liquor run to waste,
'Tis now confin'd and bottled for your taste.
'Tis my chief wish, my joy, my only plan,
To lose no drop of that immortal man!

§ 14. *Prologue to the Apprentice, 1756. Spoken by Mr. Murphy, Author of the Piece, dressed in black.* GARRICK.

BEHOLD a wonder for theatric story!
The culprit of this night appears before ye:
Before his judges dares these boards to tread,
'With all his imperfections on his head!'
Prologues precede the piece, in mournful verse,
As undertakers walk before the hearse;
Whose doleful march may strike the harden'd
mind,
And wake its feelings for the dead—behind.
Trick'd out in black, thus actors try their art,
To melt that rock of rocks, the critic's heart.

* The action of the *Winter's Tale*, as written by Shakespeare, comprehends sixteen years.

No acted fears my vanity betray;
I am, indeed—what others only play.
Thus far myself. The farce comes next in view;
Tho' many are its faults, at least, 'tis new.
No smuggled pilfer'd scenes from France we
show,

'Tis English—English, sirs—from top to toe.
Tho' coarse my colours, and my hand unskill'd,
From real life my little cloth is fill'd.

My hero is a youth, by fate design'd [mind
For culling simples—but whose stage-struck
Nor fate could rule, nor his indentures bind. }

A place there is where such young Quixotes
meet; [treat!

'Tis call'd the Spouting-Club—a glorious
Where 'prentic'd kings alarm the gaping street.
There Brutus starts and stares by midnight taper,
Who all the day enacts—a woollen-draper:

There Hamlet's ghost stalks forth, with
doubled fist; [O, lift!]

Cries out with hollow voice, 'Lift, lift,
And frightens Denmark's prince—a young
tobacconist.

The spirit too, clear'd from his deadly white,
Rises—a haberdasher to the fight!

Not young attorneys have this rage withstood,
But chang'd their pens for truncheons, ink for
blood; [try's good!]

And (strange reverse)—dy'd for their coun-
Through all the town this folly you may trace;
Myself am witness—'tis a common case.

I've further proofs, could ye but think I wrong
ye— [among ye.

Look round—you'll find some spouting youths
To check these heroes, and their laurels crop,
To bring them back to reason—and their shop;
To raise an harmless laugh was all my aim;
And if I shun contempt—I seek not fame.
Indulge this firstling, let me but begin,
Nor nip me—in the buddings of my sin:

Some

Some hopes I cherish; in your smiles I read 'em;
Whate'er my faults, your candour can exceed 'em.

§ 15. *Epilogue to the same; 1756. Spoken by Mrs. Clive.* SMART.

[Enters reading the play-bill.

A Very pretty bill—as I'm alive!

The part of—Nobody—by Mrs. Clive!

A paltry, scribbling fool—to leave me out!—

He'll say, perhaps—he thought I could not

Malice and envy to the last degree! [spout.

And why?—I wrote a farce as well as he.

And fairly ventur'd it, without the aid

Of prologue dress'd in black, and face in }
masquerade;

O pit, have pity, see how I'm dismay'd!

Poor soul! this canting stuff will never do,

Unless, like Bayes, he brings his hangmen too.

But granting that, from these same obsequies,

Some pickings to our bard in black arise;

Should your applause to joy convert his fear,

As Pallas turns to feast Lardella's bier;

Yet 'twould have been a better scheme, by half,

T'have thrown his weeds aside, and learnt with }
me to laugh.

I could have shewn him, had he been inclin'd,

A spouting junto, of the female kind.

There dwells a milliner in yonder row, [show,

Well-dressed, full-voiced, and nobly built for

Who, when in rage she scolds at Sue and Sarah,

Damn'd, damn'd dissembler!—thinks she's more }
than Zara.

She has a daughter too, that deals in lace,

And sings—O Ponder well—and Chevy Chase, }

And fain would fill the fair Ophelia's place.

And in her cock'd-up hat, and gown of camlet,

Presumes on something—touching the Lord }
Hamlet.

A cousin too, she has, with squinting eyes,

With waddling gait, and voice like London cries;

Who for the stage too short by half a story,

Acts Lady Townly—thus—in all her glory;

And, while she's traversing her scanty room,
Cries—' Lord, my Lord, what can I do at }
'home?'

In short, there's girls enough for all the fel- }
lows, [lous,

The ranting, whining, starting, and the jea-

The Hotspurs, Romeos, Hamlets, and Othel- }
los.

Oh! little do these silly people know

What dreadful trials actors undergo.

Myself, who most in harmony delight,

Am scolding here from morning until night.

Then take advice from me, ye giddy things,

Ye royal milliners, ye apron'd kings;

Young men beware, and shun our slippery ways,

Study arithmetic, and burn your plays;

And you, ye girls, let not our tinsel train

Enchant your eyes, and turn your madd'ning }
brain;

Be timely wife, for oh! be sure of this:—

A shop, with virtue, is the height of blis.

§ 16. *Prologue to the Author; 1757. FOOTE.*

SEVERE their task, who, in this critic age,

With fresh materials furnish out the stage!

Not that our fathers drain'd the comic store;

Fresh characters spring up as heretofore—

Nature with novelty does still abound;

On ev'ry side fresh follies may be found.

But then the taste of every guest to hir,

To please at once the gallery, box, and pit, }

Requires, at least, no common share of wit.

Those who adorn the orb of higher life,

Demand the lively rake, or modish wife;

Whilst they who in a lower circle move,

Yawn at their wit, and slumber at their love.

If light low mirth employs the comic scene,

Such mirth as drives from vulgar minds the }
spleen;

The polish'd critic damns the wretched stuff,

And cries—'Twill please the gall'ries well }
enough.'

Such jarring judgments who can reconcile?
 Since fops will frown, where humble traders
 To dash the poet's ineffectual claim, [simile.

And quench his thirst for universal fame,
 The Grecian fabulist, in moral lay,
 Has thus address'd the writers of his day.
 Once on a time, a son and sire, we're told,
 The stripling tender, and the father old,
 Purchas'd a jack-ass at a country fair,
 To ease their limbs, and hawk about their ware;
 But as the sluggish animal was weak,
 They fear'd, if both should mount, his back
 would break:

Up gets the boy, the father leads the ass,
 And through the gazing crowd attempts to pass:
 Forth from the throng the grey-beards hobble
 And hail the cavalcade with feeble shout, [out,
 'This the respect to reverend age you show,
 'And this the duty you to parents owe.'
 'He beats the hoof, and you are set astride;
 'Sirrah! get down, and let your father ride.'
 As Grecian lads are seldom void of grace,
 The decent, duteous youth, resign'd his place.
 Then a fresh murmur through the rabble ran,
 Boys, girls, wives, widows, all attack the man.
 'Sure never was brute beast so void of nature!
 'Have you no pity for the pretty creature?
 'To your own baby can you be unkind?
 'Here—Suke, Bill, Betty—put the child be-
 hind.'

Old Dapple next the clowns compassion claim'd:
 'Tis wonderment them boobies be'n't ashamed:
 'Two at a time upon the poor dumb beast:
 'They might as well have carried him, at
 least.'—

The pair, still pliant to the partial voice,
 Dismount, and bear the ass—then, what a
 noise!—

Huzzas, loud laughs, low gibe, and bitter joke,
 From the yet silent sire, these words provoke:—
 'Proceed, my boy, nor heed their farther call;
 'Vain his attempts, who strives to please them all.'

§ 17. *Prologue to Comus. Performed for the
 Benefit of the General Hospital at Bath, 1756,
 and spoken by Miss Morrison, in the character
 of a Lady of Fashion.* HOADLEY.

She enters with a number of tickets in her hand.

WELL, I've been beating up for volunteers,
 But find that charity has got no ears.
 I first attack'd a colonel of the guards—
 Sir, charity—consider its rewards;
 With healing hand the saddest sores it skins,
 And covers—Oh!—a multitude of sins.
 He swore the world was welcome to his
 thoughts:

'Twas damn'd hypocrisy to hide one's faults;
 And with that sin his conscience ne'er was twit-
 The only one he never had committed. [ted,
 Next to my knight I plead, He shook his head;
 Complain'd the stocks were low, and trade was
 dead.

In these Bath charities a tax he'd found
 More heavy than four shillings in the pound.
 What with the play-house, hospital, and abbey,
 A man was stripp'd—unless he'd look quite
 shabby.

Then such a train, and such expence, to wit,
 My lady, all the brats, and cousin Kit—
 He'd steal himself, perhaps, into the pit. }

Old Lady Slipslop, at her morning cards,
 Vows that all works of *genus* she regards;
 Raffles for Chinese gods, card-houses, shells,
 Nor grudges to the music or the bells,
 But has a strange *antiquity* to nasty *ospitels*. }

I hope your lordship—then my lord replies—
 No doubt the governors are—very wise;
 But for the play, he—wondered at their
 choice. }

In Milton's days such stuff might be the taste,
 But, faith! he thought it was damn'd dull and
 chaste.

Then swears he to the charity is hearty.
 But can't, in honour, break his evening party.

When

When to the gouty alderman I sued,
The nasty fellow, gad, was downright rude.
Is begging grown the fashion, with a pox!
The mayor should set such housewives in the
stocks.

Give you a guinea! zounds! reply'd the beast,
'Twould buy a ticket for a turtle-feast. [ye—
Think what a guinea a-head might set before
Sir, mullet—turbot—and a grand John Dory.
I'll never give a groat, as I'm a sinner,
Unless they gather't in a dish—at dinner.

I trust, by art and more polite address,
You fairer advocates met more success;
And not a man compassion's cause withstood,
When beauty pleaded for such *gen'ral* good.

§ 18. *Prologue to the Trip to Paris. Spoken by
Mr. Shuter, at one of his Benefits. FOOTE.*

IN former times there liv'd an Aristotle,
Who, as the song says, lov'd, like me, his
bottle.

To Alexander Magnus he was tutor—
(An't you surpriz'd to hear the learned Shuter?)
But let that rest—a new tale I'll advance,
A tale?—no, truth! mun—I'm just come from
France.

From Paris I came; (why I went there, no matter)
I'm glad that once more I'm on this side the
water: [over;

'Twas to win a large wager that hurry'd me
But I wish'd to be off when I came down to
Dover.

To swallow sea-water the doctors will tell ye,
But the sight of such water at once fill'd my
belly; [the sea;
They who chuse it for physic may drink of
But only to think on't is physic for me.

When I first went on board, Lord! I heard
such a racket, [through the packet;
Such babbling and squabbling, fore and aft,
The passengers bawling, the sailors, yo-ho-ing,
The ship along dashing, the winds aloft blowing;

Some sick and some swearing, some fingering, some
shrieking; [booms creaking;
Sails hoisting, blocks rattling, the yards and
Stop the Ship!—but the tars never minding our
cases, [grinn'd in our faces.

Took their chews, hitch'd their trowsers, and
We made Calais soon, and were soon set on
shore; [trod before.

And I trod on French ground, where I ne'er
The scene was quite chang'd, 'twas no more yo-
yo-ho, [no!

With damme Jack, Yes, boy—or damme Tom,
'Twas quite t'other thing, mun, 'twas all com-
plaisance;

With cringes and scrapes we were welcom'd to
France;

Ah, *Monseer Angloy*—they cry'd—*be oh ven nu,*
Tres umble servant, Sir, we glad to see you.

I ne'er met such figures before in my rambles,
They flock'd round my carcase like flies in the
shambles:

To be crowd'd amongst them at first I was loth,
For fear they should seize me, and soufeme for
broth.

At last, tho' they call'd me my *Lor Angleterre*,
(Lord had you then seen but my strut and my
stare!) [sword;

Wee, wee, I cry'd, *wee* then—and put on a
So at once Neddy Shuter turn'd into a lord.

I expected at France all the world and his wife,
But I never was baulk'd so before in my life:

I should see wonders there, I was told by *Mon-*
seer; [queer;

So I did, I saw things there were wonderful
Queer streets, and queer houses, with people
—much queerer;

Each one was a talker, but no one a hearer.

I soon had enough of their *pallavousee*:
It's a fine phrase to some folks, but nonsense to
me.

All folks are there dress'd in a toyshop like show,
A hodge-podging habit 'twixt fidler and beau;

Such

Such hats and such heads too, such coats and
such skirts— [shirts.]

They sold me some ruffles—but I found the
Then as to their dinners, their soups, and
their stewings,

One ounce of their meat serves for ten gallons of
brewings:

For a slice of roast beef how my mind was agog!
But for beef they produc'd me a fricasee'd frog:
Out of window I tofs'd it, it wa'nt fit to eat,
Then down stairs I jump'd, and ran into the
street.

'Twas not their palaver could make me determine
To stay, where I found it was taste to eat vermin.
Frogs in France may be fine, and their Grand
Monarque clever; [land for ever!]
I'm for beef, and King George, and Old Eng-

§ 19. *Epilogue to the Minor*; 1760.

NEAR the mad mansions of Moorfields I'll
bawl;
Friends, fathers, mothers, sisters, sons, and all,
Shut up your shops, and listen to my call.
With labour, toil, all second means dispense,
And live a rent-charge upon Providence.
Prick up your ears, a story now I'll tell,
Which once a widow and her child besel:
I knew the mother and her daughter well.
Poor, it is true, they were, but never wanted;
For whatsoe'er they ask'd, was always granted.
One fatal day the matron's truth was try'd,
She wanted meat and drink, and faintly cry'd.

Child. Mother, you cry—

Mother. —Oh, child! I've got no bread.

Child. What matters that? Why Providence
an't dead!

With reason good this child the truth might say;
For there came in at noon, that very day,
Bread, greens, potatoes, and a leg of mutton;
A better sure a table ne'er was put on.
Ay, that might be, ye cry, with those poor souls;
But we ne'er had a rasher for the coals.

And d'ye deserve it? How d'ye spend your days?
In pastimes, prodigality, and plays!
Let's go see Foote! Oh, Foote's a precious
limb!

Old Nick will soon a foot-ball make of him!
For foremost rows in side-boxes you shove;
Think you to meet with side-boxes above,
Where giggling girls and powder'd fops may
sit?

No, you will all be cramm'd into the pit,
And crowd the house for Satan's benefit—
Oh! what you snivel?—Well, do so no
more—

Drop, to atone, your money at the door,
And—if I please—I'll give it to the poor.

§ 20. *Prologue to All in the Wrong*; 1761.

Written and spoken by Mr. FOOTE.

TO-NIGHT, be it known to box, gall'ries,
and pit,
Will be open'd the original warehouse for wit;
The new manufacture, Foote and Co. undertake-
ers,

Play, opera, pantomime, farce—by the makers.
We scorn, like our brethren, our fortune to owe
To Shakespeare and Southerne, to Otway and
Rowe;

Tho' our judgment may err, yet our justice is
shown; [own;

For we promise to mangle no works but our
And moreover, on this you may firmly rely,
If we can't make you laugh, that we won't
make you cry.

For our monarch, who knew we were mirth-
loving souls, [bowls;

Has lock'd up his lightning, his daggers and
Resolv'd that in buskins no heroes should stalk,
He has shut us quite out of the tragedy walk.
No blood, no blank verse—in short, we're un-
done,

Unless you're contented with frolic and fun.

If,

If, tir'd of her round in the Ranelagh mill,
There should be one female inclin'd to sit still;
If blind to the beauties, or sick of the squall,
A party should not chuse to catch cold at Vaux-
hall :

If at Sadler's sweet Wells the wine should be
thick,

The cheefecakes be four, or Miss Wilkinfon
sick; [in June,

If the fume of the pipe should prove pow'rful
Or the tumblers be lame, or the bells out of
tune ;

We hope you will call at our warehouse in
Drury ;

We've a curious assortment of goods, I assure ye;
Domestic and foreign, indeed all kind of wares,
English cloths, Irish linens, and French *pet-en-
pairs*.

If, for want of good custom, or losses in trade,
The poetical partners should bankrupts be made;
If, from dealings too large we plunge deeply in
debt,

And a *whereas* comes out in the Muses Ga-
zette,

We'll on you, our assigns, for certificates call;
Tho' insolvents we're honest, and give up our
all.

§ 21. *Prologue to the School for Lovers, 1762.*
Written and spoken by Mr. GARRICK.

SUCCESS makes people vain—The maxim's
true---

We all confess it, and not over new.

The veriest clown, who stumps along the streets,
And doffs his hat to each grave cit he meets,
Some twelve-months hence, bedaub'd with li-
very lace,

Shall thrust his saucy flambeau in your face.
Not so our bard---tho' twice your kind applause
Has, on this sickle spot, espous'd his cause;
He owns, with gratitude, the obliging debt;
Has twice been favour'd, and is modest yet.

Your giant wits, like those of old, may climb
Olympus high, and step o'er space and time;
May stride, with seven-leagu'd boots, from
shore to shore,

And, nobly, by transgressing, charm ye more.
Alas! our author dares not laugh at schools---
Plain sense confines his humbler muse to rules:
He shifts no scene---but here I stop him short---
'Not change your scenes!' said I---'I'm sorry
for't:

'My constant friends above, around, below,
'Have English tastes, and love both change and
show: [flat,

'Without such aid, ev'n Shakespeare would be
'Our crowded pantomimes are proofs of that.

'What eager transport starts from ev'ry eye,
'When pullies rattle, and our genii fly!

'When tin cascades, like falling waters gleam,
'Or through the canvas burst the real stream!

'While thirftv Illington laments, in vain,
'Half her new-river roll'd to Drury-lane.

'Lord, Sir!' said I, 'for gallery, boxes, pit,
'I'll back my harlequin against your wit.'

Yet still the author, anxious for his play,
Shook his wife head---'What will the critics
say?'

'As usual, Sir, abuse you all they can!'

'And what the ladies?'---'He's a charming
man!

'A charming piece---one scarce knows what it
means; [sweet scenes!'

'But that's no matter---when there's such
Still he persists---and let him---*entre nous*---

I know your tastes, and will indulge 'em too.
Change you shall have; so set your hearts at ease:

Write as *he* will, we'll act it---as *you* please.

§ 22. *Epilogue to Elvira; 1763. IBID.*

LADIES and gentlemen---'tis so ill-bred---
We have no epilogue, because I'm dead;
For he, our bard, with frenzy-rolling eye,

Swears

Swears you shan't laugh, when he has made you cry.

At which I gave his sleeve a gentle pull,
Suppose they should not cry, and should be dull:

In such a case, 'twould surely do no harm;
A little lively nonsense, taken warm,
On critic stomachs, delicate and queasy,
'Twill even make a heavy meal sit easy.

The town hates epilogues—it is not true.

I answer'd that for *you*—and *you*—and *you*—

[*To Pit, Boxes, and 1st Gall.*]

They call for epilogues and hornpipes too.

[*To the Upper Gall.*]

Madam, the critics say—to you they're civil,
Here, if they have them not, they'll play the devil.

Out of this house, Sir, and to you alone,
They'll smile, cry Bravo! charming!—Here they groan:

A single critic will not frown, look big,
Harmless and pliant as a single twig,
But crouded here they change, and 'tis not odd,
For twigs, when bundled up, become a rod.
Critics to bards, like beauties to each other,
When *tete-a-tete* their enmity they smother.

'Kiss me, my dear—how do you?—charming creature!

[each feature!]

'What shape! what bloom! what spirit in

'You flatter me—'pon honour, no—You do—

'My friend—my Dear, sincerely yours—adieu!'

But when at routs the dear friends change their tone;

I speak of foreign ladies, not our own.

Will you permit, good sirs, these gloomy folk

To give all tragedy without one joke?

They gravely tell us, Tragedy's design'd

To purge the passions, purify the mind:

To which I say, to strike those blockheads dumb,

With physic always give a sugar plumb.

I love these sugar-plums in prose or rhymes;
No one is merrier than myself sometimes;
Yet I, poor I, with tears and constant moan,
Am melted down almost to skin and bone:
This night, in sighs and sobs I drew my breath;
Love, marriage, treason, prison, poison, death,
Were scarce sufficient to complete my fate;
Two children were thrown in to make up weight.

With all these sufferings, is it not provoking
To be deny'd at last a little joking?

If they will make new laws, for mirth's sake
break 'em,

Roar out for epilogues, and let me speak 'em.

§ 23. *Mr. Foote's Address to the Public, after
a Prosecution against him for a Libel; 1764.*

FOOTE.

HUSH! let me search before I speak aloud—

Is no informer skulking in the crowd?

With art laconic, noting all that's said,

Malice at heart, indictments at his head;

Prepar'd to levy all the legal war,

And rouse the clamorous legions of the bar?

Is there none such?—Not one?—then, *entre nous,*

I will a tale unfold, tho' strange, yet true;
The application must be made by you.

At Athens once, fair queen of arms and arts,

There dwelt a citizen of moderate parts *;

Precise his manner, and demure his looks,

His mind unletter'd, tho' he dealt in books;

Amorous, tho' old; tho' dull, lov'd repartee;

And penn'd a paragraph most daintily:

He aim'd at purity in all he said,

And never once omitted *eth* or *ed*;

In *hath* or *doth* was rarely known to fail,

Himself the hero of each little tale.

* George Faulkner, Bookseller.

With

With wits and lords this man was much delighted,
[knighted.]

And once (it has been said) was near being

One Aristophanes (a wicked wit,
Who never heeded grace in what he writ)
Had mark'd the manners of this Grecian sage,
And, thinking him a subject for the stage,
Had, from the lumber cull'd, with curious care,
His voice, his looks, his gesture, gait, and air,
His affectation, consequence, and mien,
And boldly launch'd him on the comic scene.
Loud peals of plaudits through the circle ran,
All felt the satire, for all knew the man.

Then Peter—*Petros* was his classic name,
Fearing the loss of dignity and fame,
To a grave lawyer in a hurry flies,
Opens his purse, and begs his best advice.
The fee secur'd, the lawyer strokes his band,
'The case you put I fully understand;
'The thing is plain from *Cocus's* reports,
'For rules of poetry a't rules of courts:
'A libel this—I'll make the mummer know it.'
A Grecian constable took up the poet,
Restrain'd the fallies of his laughing muse,
Call'd harmless humour scandalous abuse:
The bard appeal'd from this severe decree,
Th'indulgent public set the pris'ner free:
Greece was to him what Dublin is to me.

§ 24. *Prologue to Much ado about Nothing,*
acted by command of their Majesties, 1765.
Written and spoken by Mr. GARRICK; being
his first appearance after his return from Italy.

WITH doubt, joy, apprehension, almost
dumb,

To this awful court, once more I come:
Left Benedick should suffer by my fear,
Before he enters, I myself am here.
I'm told (what flattery to my heart) that you
Have wish'd to see me; nay, have press'd it too:
Alas! 'twill prove another *Much ado*.

I, like a boy who long has truant play'd,
No lessons got, no exercises made,
On bloody Monday takes his fearful stand,
And often eyes the birchen-scepter'd hand.
'Tis twice twelve years since first the stage I trod,
Enjoy'd your smiles, and felt the critic's rod;
A very nine-pin I, my stage-life through,
Knock'd down by wits, set up again by you.
In four-and-twenty years the spirits cool;
Is it not long enough to play the fool?

To prove it is, permit me to repeat
What late I heard, in passing thro' the street:
A youth of parts, with ladies by his side,
Thus cock'd his glass, and thro' it shot my pride:
'Tis he, by Jove! grown quite a clumsy fel-
'low;

'He's fit for nothing but a Punchinello!'
'Oh, yes, for comic scenes, Sir John—no fur-
'ther: [murder!]

'He's much too fat—for battles, rapes, and
Worn in the service, you my faults will spare,
And make allowance for the wear and tear.

The Chelsea pensioner, who, rich in scars,
Fights o'er, in prattle, all his former wars;
Tho' past the service, may the young ones teach
To march—present—to fire—and mount the
breach. [grieve

Should the drum beat to arms, at first he'll
For wooden leg, lost eye, and armless sleeve:
Then cocks his hat, looks fierce, and swells his
chest: [best.]

'Tis for my king, and zounds! I'll do my

§ 25. *Prologue to False Delicacy; 1768. Spoken*
by Mr. King. GARRICK,

I'M vex'd—quite vex'd—and you'll be vex'd
—that's worse— [curse.
To deal with stubborn scribblers—there's the
Write moral plays—the blockhead!—why good
people,

You'll soon expect this house to wear a steeple!
For

For our fine piece, to let you into facts,
Is quite a sermon—only preach'd in acts.
You'll scarce believe me, till the proof appears;
But even I, Tom fool, must shed some tears:
Do, ladies, look upon me—nay, no simpering;
Think you this face was ever made for whim-
p'ring?

Can I a cambric handkerchief display,
Thump my unfeeling breast, and roar away? }
Why, this is comical, perhaps you'll say.
Resolving this strange awkward bard to pump,
I ask'd him what he meant?—He, somewhat
plump,

New purs'd his belly, and his lips thus biting,
"I must keep up the dignity of writing!"
"You may, but if you do, Sir, I must tell ye,
"You'll not keep up that dignity of belly."
Still he preach'd on—"Bards of a former age
"Held up abandon'd pictures on the stage;
"Spread out their wit, with fascinating art,
"And catch'd the fancy, to corrupt the heart;
"But, happy change! in these more moral days
"You cannot sport with virtue, ev'n in plays;
"On virtue's side his pen the poet draws,
"And boldly asks a hearing for his cause." [prate,
Thus did he prance and swell—The man may
And feed these whimsies in his addle pate,
That you'll protect his Muse, because she's good:
A virgin, and so chaste!—Oh lud! Oh lud!
No Muse the critic beadle's lash escapes,
Though virtuous, if a dowdy and a trapes:
If his come forth a decent likely lass,
You'll speak her fair, and grant the proper pass:
Or should his brain be turn'd with wild pre-
tences,
In three hours time you'll bring him to his
senses;
And well you may, when in your pow'r you get
him; [him.
In that short space, you blister, bleed, and sweat
Among the Turks, indeed, he'd run no danger;
They sacred hold a madman and a stranger.

§ 26. *Prologue to Bon Ton*; 1775. COLMAN.

FASHION in ev'ry thing bears sovereign sway,
And words and periwigs have both their day;
Each have their purlieus too, are modish each,
In stated districts, wigs as well as speech. [tie;
The Tyburn scratch, thick club, and Temple
The parson's feather-top, frizz'd broad and high!
The coachman's cauliflow'r, built tiers on tiers!
Differ not more from bags and brigadiers
Than great St. George's or St. James's styles
From the broad dialect of Broad St. Giles.

"What is Bon Ton?"—"Oh, damme!" cries a
buck, [luck:

Half drunk—"Ask me, my dear, and you're in
"Bon Ton's to swear, break windows, heat the
watch, [a catch.

"Pick up a wench, drink healths, and roar
"Keep it up! keep it up! damme, take your
swing! [thing!"

"Bon Ton is life, my boy; Bon Ton's the
"Ah! I loves life, and all the joys it yields,"
Says Madam Fustock, warm from Spitalfields.

"Bon Ton's the space 'twixt Saturday and
Monday,

"And riding in a one-horse chair o'Sunday!

"'Tis drinking tea, on summer afternoons,

"At Bagnigge-Wells, with china and gilt
spoons! [pattens,

"'Tis laying by our stuffs, red clokes, and

"To dance *couillions* all in silks and sattins!"

"Vulgar!"—cries Miss—"Observe in higher
life, [wife:

"The feather'd spinster, and thrice-feather'd

"The club's Bon Ton. Bon Ton's a constant
trade

"Of rout, *festino*, ball, and masquerade!

"'Tis plays and puppet-shews—tis something
new;

"'Tis losing thousands every night at *lu*.

"Nature it thwarts, and contradicts all reason;

"'Tis stiff French stays, and fruit—when out of
season!

"A role

* A rose, when half-a-guinea is the price ;
 * A set of bays, scarce bigger than six mice :
 * To visit friends you never wish to see ;
 * Marriage 'twixt those who never can agree ;
 * Old dowagers dress'd, painted, patch'd, and
 curl'd—
 * This is Bon Ton, and this we call *the*
world!
 " True," says my lord, "and thou, my only son,
 " Whate'er your faults, ne'er sin against Bon
 Ton !
 " Who toils for learning at a public school,
 " And digs for Greek and Latin, is a fool.
 " French, French, my boy's the thing! *jasez!*
 prate, chatter !
 " Trim be the mode, whipt-syllabub the matter!
 " Walk like a Frenchman; for on English pegs
 " Moves native awkwardness with two left legs.
 " Of courtly friendship form a treacherous
 league, [intrigue;
 " Seduce mens daughters—with their wives
 " In slightly semicircles round your nails,
 " Keep your teeth clean—and grin, if small-
 talk fails; }
 " But never laugh, whatever jest prevails:
 " Nothing but nonsense e'er gave laughter birth,
 " That vulgar way the vulgar shew their mirth.
 " Laughter's a rude convulsion, sense that justles,
 " Disturbs the cockles, and distorts the muscles.
 " Hearts may be black, but all should wear clean
 faces;
 " The graces, boy! The graces, graces, graces!"
 Such is Bon Ton! and walk this city thro', }
 In building, scribbling, fighting, and *virtu*, }
 And various other shapes, 'twill rise to view. }
 To-night our Bayes, with bold, but careless
 tints,
 Hits off a sketch or two, like Darly's prints.
 Should connoisseurs allow his rough draughts
 strike 'em,
 'Twill be Bon Ton to see them, and to like 'em.

§ 27. *Prologue to the Rivals*; 1775. SHERIDAN.
Enter Serjeant at Law, and Attorney following,
giving a Paper.

Serj. WHAT's here—a vile cramp hand! I
 cannot see

Without my spectacles. *Att.* He means his fee.
 Nay, Mr. Serjeant, good Sir, try again. [*Gives*
money.] [*'tis pretty plain.*

Serj. The scrawl improves, [*more*—O come,
 Hey! how's this?—Dibble!—sure it cannot be!
 A poet's brief! a poet and a fee! [*know,*

Att. Yea, Sir!—tho' *you*, without reward, I
 Would gladly plead the muses cause.—*Serj.*
 So—so!

Att. And if the fee offends, your wrath should
 fall

On me —*Serj.* Dear Dibble, no offence at all.

Att. Some sons of Phoebus in the Courts we
 meet,

Serj. And fifty sons of Phoebus in the Fleet!

Att. Nor pleads he worse, who with a decent
 sprig

Of bays—adorns his legal waste of wig.

Serj. Full-bottom'd heroes, thus, on signs, un-
 A leaf of laurel—in a grove of curl! [*furl*

Yet tell your client that, in adverse days,
 This wig is warmer than a bush of bays. [*ply,*

Att. Do you then, Sir, my client's place sup-
 Profuse of robes, and prodigal of tye—

Do you, with all those blushing pow'rs of face, }
 And wonted bashful hesitating grace, }

Rise in the court, and flourish on the case? }
 [*Exit.*

Serj. For practice then suppose—this brief will
 shew it—

Me, Serjeant Woodward—counsel for the poet.
 Us'd to the ground—I know 'tis hard to deal

With this dread *Court*, from whence there's no
 appeal;

No *tricking* here, to blunt the edge of law,
 Or, damn'd in equity, escape by *flaw*:

But

But judgment giv'n—your sentence must remain;
No writ of error lies—to Drury-lane:

Yet when so kind you seem, 'tis past dispute
We gain some favour, if not costs of suit.
No spleen is here! I see no hoarded fury;
I think I never fac'd a milder jury! [portation,
Sad else our plight!—where frowns are trans-
A hiss the gallows—and a groan damnation!
But such the public candour, without fear
My client waves all right of challenge here.
No newsmen from our session is dismiss'd,
Nor wit nor critic we scratch off the list;
His faults can never hurt another's ease,
His crime at worst—a bad attempt to please:
Thus, all respecting, he appeals to all;
And by the general voice will stand or fall.

§ 28. Epilogue to the same; 1775.

SHERIDAN.

LADIES, for You—I heard our poet say
He'd try to coax some moral from his play:
• One moral's plain, cry'd I, 'without more fuss;
• Man's social happiness all rests on us—
• Thro' all the drama—whether damn'd or not,
• Love gilds the scene, and women guide the plot.
• From ev'ry rank—obedience is our due—
• D'ye doubt?—The world's great stage shall
prove it true.'

The cit, well skill'd to shun domestic strife,
Will sup abroad; but first—he'll ask his wife.
John Trot, his friend, for once will do the same;
But then—he'll just step home to tell his dame.

The surly squire—at noon resolves to rule,
And half the day—Zounds! Madam is a fool!
Convinc'd at night—the vanquish'd victor says,
Ah, Kate, you women have such coaxing ways!

The jolly toper chides each tardy blade—
Till reeling Bacchus calls on love for aid:
Then with each toast, he sees fair bumpers swim,
And kisses Chloe on the sparkling brim!

Nay, I have heard that statesmen, great and
wise,

Will sometimes counsel with a lady's eyes;
The servile suitors watch her various face,
She smiles preferment—or she frowns dis-
grace,

Court'sies a pension here—there, nods a place.

Nor with less awe, the scenes of humbler life,
Is view'd the mistress, or is heard the wife.

The poorest peasant of the poorest soil,
The child of poverty, and heir to toil—
Early from radiant love's impartial light
Steals one small spark, to cheer his world of
night:

Dear spark! that oft through winter's chilling
Is all the warmth his little cottage knows!

The wand'ring tar, who not for years has
pre-s'd

The widow'd partner of his day of rest—
On the cold deck, far from her arms remov'd,
Still hums the ditty which his Susan lov'd:
And while around the cadence rude is blown,
The boatswain whistles in a softer tone.

The soldier, fairly proud of wounds and toil,
Pants for the triumph of his Nancy's smile;
But ere the battle, should he list her cries,
The lover trembles—and the hero dies!
That heart, by war and honour steel'd to fear,
Droops on a sigh, and sickens at a tear!

But ye more cautious—ye nice-judging few,
Who give to beauty only beauty's due,
Tho' friends to Love—ye view with deep regret
Our conquests marr'd, and triumphs incomplete,
Till polish'd wit more lasting charms disclose,
And judgment fix the darts which beauty throws.
In female breasts did sense and merit rule,
The lover's mind would ask no other school;
Sham'd into sense—the scholars of our eyes,
Our beaux from gallantry would soon be wise;
Would gladly light, their homage to improve,
The lamp of knowledge at the torch of love!

Prologue

§ 29. *Prologue to the School for Scandal*; 1777.

GARRICK.

A School for Scandal!—Tell me, I beseech you, [you?]

Needs there a school this modish art to teach
No need of lessons now—the knowing think—
We might as well be taught to eat and drink.

Caus'd by a dearth of scandal, should the vapours

Distress our fair ones, let them read the papers;
Their pow'rful mixtures such disorders hit,
Crave what they will, there's *quantum sufficit*.

'Lord!' cries my Lady Wormwood (who loves tattle,

And puts much salt and pepper in her prattle)
Just ris'n at noon, all night at cards when thrashing,

'Strong tea and scandal, bless me, how refreshing!

'Give me the papers, Liss—how bold and free! (*sips*)

'Last night Lord L. (*sips*) was caught with Lady D. [*latile!* (*sips*)]

'For aching heads, what charming *sal vo-*

'If Mrs. B. will still continue flirting,

'We hope she'll draw, or we'll undraw the curtain.—

'Fine satire, poz! In public all abuse it!

'But, by ourselves, (*sips*) our praise we can't refuse it.

'Now, Liss, read you—there, at that dash and star—' [ware,]

'Yes, Ma'am—A certain Lord had best be—

'Who lives not twenty miles from Grosvenor-square;

'For should he Lady W. find willing—

'Wormwood is bitter.'—'Oh! that's me—the villain!

'Throw it behind the fire, and never more

'Let that vile paper come within my door.'

Thus at our friends we laugh, who feel the dart;

To reach our feelings, we ourselves must smart.

Is our young bard so young, to think that he
Can stop the full spring-tide of calumny?

Knows he the world so little, and its trade?—

Alas! the devil's sooner rais'd than laid.

So strong, so swift, the monster there's no gagging; [wagging.

Cut Scandal's head off—still the tongue is

Proud of your smiles, once lavishly bestow'd,

Again our young Don Quixote takes the road;

To shew his gratitude, he draws his pen,

And seeks this hydra, Scandal, in its den;

From his fell gripe the frightened fair to save—

Tho' he should fall, th' attempt must please the brave.

For your applause, all perils he would through,

He'll fight—that's write—a cavaliero true,

Till ev'ry drop of blood—that's ink—is spilt }
for you.

§ 30. *Epilogue to the same*: 1777. Spoken by Mrs. Abington, in the Character of Lady Teazle. COLMAN.

I, Who was late so volatile and gay,

Like a trade-wind must now blow all one way,

Bend all my cares, my studies, and my vows,

To one old rusty weather-cock—my spouse:

So wills our virtuous bard!—the pye-ball'd Bayes

Of crying epilogues and laughing plays.

Old bachelors, who marry smart young wives,

Learn from our play to regulate your lives!

Each brings his dear to town—all faults upon her—

London will prove the very source of honour;

Plung'd fairly in, like a cold bath it serves,

When principles relax—to brace the nerves.

Such is my case—and yet I must deplore

That the gay dream of dissipation's o'er.

And say, ye fair, was ever lively wife

Born with a genius for the highest life,

Like

Like me, untimely blasted in her bloom,
 Like me, condemn'd to such a dismal doom ?
Save money—when I just knew how to *waste* it !
Leave London—just as I began to taste it !
 Must I then watch the early crowing-cock ;
 The melancholy ticking of a clock ?
 In the lone rustic hall for ever pounded,
 With dogs, cats, rats, and squalling brats sur-
 rounded ?

With humble curates can I now retire
 (While good Sir Peter boozes with the 'squire)
 And at backgammon mortify my soul,
 That pants for lu, or flutters at a vole ? [expire,
 Seven's the main !—dear sound !—that must
 Lost at hot-cockles round a Christmas fire !
 The transient hour of fashion too soon spent,
 ' Farewell the tranquil mind, farewell content !
 ' Farewell the *plumed* head—the cushion'd *tete*,
 ' That takes the cushion from his proper seat !
 ' The spirit-stirring drum !—card-drums I
 mean — [queen !
 ' Spadille, odd trick, pam, basto, king and
 ' And you, ye knockers, that with brazen
 ' The welcome visitor's approach denote, [throat
 ' Farewell !—all *quality* of high renown,
 Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious
 town,
 ' Farewell !—your revels I partake no more ;
 ' And Lady Teazle's occupation's o'er.'
 —All this I told our Bard—he smil'd, and said
 'twas clear

I ought to play deep tragedy next year :
 Meanwhile he drew wise morals from his play,
 And in these solemn periods stalk'd away.
 ' Blest were the fair, like you her faults who
 stop, [dropt !
 ' And clos'd her follies when the curtain
 ' No more in vice or error to engage,
 ' Or play the fool at large on life's great
 stage !'

* Upon the first representation of this play, 1770, it was damned, from the violence of party.

§ 31. *Prologue to a Word to the Wise, performed
 for the Benefit of Mr. Kelly's Family ; 1777.*

JOHNSON.

THIS night presents a play which public
 rage,
 Or right or wrong, once hooted from the stage*.
 From zeal or malice, now no more we dread,
 For English vengeance *wars not with the dead* !
 A generous foe regards with pitying eye
 The man whom Fate has laid where all must lie.
 To wit reviving from its author's dust,
 Be kind, ye judges, or at least be just.
 For no renew'd hostilities invade
 Th'oblivious grave's inviolable shade.
 Let one great payment every claim appease,
 And him who cannot hurt, allow to please ;
 To please by scenes unconscious of offence,
 By harmless merriment, or useful sense.
 Where aught or bright or fair the piece displays,
 Approve it only—'Tis too late to praise.
 If want of skill, or want of care appear,
 Forbear to hiss—the poet cannot hear.
 By all like him must praise and blame be found,
 At best a fleeting gleam, or empty sound.
 Yet then shall calm reflection bless the night,
 When liberal pity dignify'd delight ;
 When pleasure fir'd her torch at virtue's flame,
 And mirth was bounty with an humbler name.

§ 32. *Prologue to the Miniature Picture ; 1780.*

SHERIDAN.

CHILL'D by rude gales, while yet reluctant
 May
 Withholds the beauties of the vernal day ; [prove,
 As some fond maid, whom matron frowns re-
 Suspend the smile her heart devotes to love ;
 The season's pleasures too delay their hour,
 And winter revels with protracted pow'r :
 Then blame not, critics, if, thus late, we bring
 A winter's drama ; but reproach—the spring.

What

What prudent cit dares yet the season trust,
Bask in his whisky, and enjoy the dust?
Hous'd in Cheap-side, scarce yet the gayer spark
Atchieves the Sunday triumph of the Park;
Scarce yet you see him, dreading to be late,
Scour the New-Road, and dash thro' Grosvenor-gate.

Anxious—and fearful too—his steed to show,
The hack'd Bucephalus of Rotten-Row:
Careless he seems, yet vigilantly fly,
Wooes the stray glance of ladies passing by,
While his off-heel, insidiously aside,
Provokes the caper which he seems to chide.
Scarce rural Kensington due honour gains,
The vulgar verdure of her walk remains,
Where white rob'd misses amble two by two,
Nodding to booted beaux—'How do, how do?'
With gen'rous questions, that no answer wait,
'How vastly full!' A'nt you come vastly late?
'Isn't it quite charming?' When do you leave town?
'A'nt you quite tir'd? Pray, can we set you down?'

These suburb pleasures of a London May,
Imperfect yet, we hail the cold delay;
But if this plea's deny'd, in our excuse
Another still remains, you can't refuse;
It is a lady writes—and, hark—a noble Muse!
But see a critic starting from his bench—
'A noble author?' Yes, Sir, but the play's
not French;

Yet if it were, no blame on us could fall;
For we, you know, must follow fashion's call:

And true it is, things lately were in train
To woo the Gallic Muse at Drury-Lane;
Not to import a troop of foreign elves,
But treat you with French Actors—in ourselves:
A friend we had, who vow'd he'd make us speak
Pure slippant French—by contract—in a week;
Told us 'twas time to study what was good,
Polish, and leave off being understood:

That crowded audiences we thus might bring
To Monsieur Parsons and Chevalier King:
Or should the vulgar grumble now and then,
The prompter might translate—for country gentlemen.
Strait all subscrib'd—kings, gods, metes, fingers,
actors:

A Flanders figure-dancer our contractor.
But here I grieve to own, tho't be to you,
He acted—e'en as most contractors do,
Sold what he never dealt in, and, th'amount
Being first discharg'd, submitted his account;
And what th'event? Their industry was such,
Dodd spoke good Flemish, Bannister bad Dutch;
Then the rogue told us, with insulting ease,
So it was foreign, it was sure to please:
Beaux, wits applaud, as fashion should command,

And misses laugh—to seem to understand—
So from each clime our soil may something gain;
Manhood from Rome, and sprightliness from Spain;

Some Russian Roscius next delight the age,
And a Dutch Heinel skate along the stage.
Exotic fopperies, hail! whose flatter'ing smile
Supplants the sterner virtues of our isle!
Thus while with Chinese firs and Indian pines
Our nurs'ries swarm, the British oak declines:
Yet vain our Muse's fear—no foreign laws
We dread, while native beauty pleads our cause:
While you to judge, whose smiles are honours
higher [inspire.

Than verse should gain, but where those eyes
But if the men presume your pow'r to awe,
Retort their churlish senatorial law:
This is your house—and move—the gentlemen withdraw:

Then they may vote, with envy never ceasing,
Your influence has increas'd, and is in rearing:
But there, I trust, the resolution's finish'd;
Sure none will say—it ought to be diminish'd.

§ 33. *Verses to the Memory of Mr. GARRICK, Spoken as a Monody, by Mrs. YATES, at the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane.*

IF dying excellence deserves a tear,
If fond remembrance still is cherish'd here,
Can we persist to bid our sorrows flow
For fabled sufferers and delusive woe?
Or with quaint smiles dismiss the plaintive strain,
Point the quick jest—indulge the comic vein—
Ere yet to buried Roscius we assign
One kind regret—one tributary line!
His fame requires we act a tenderer part:
His memory claims the tear you gave his art!

The general voice, the meed of mournful
verse,
The splendid sorrows that adorn'd his hearse,
The throng that mourn'd as their dead favourite
pass'd,
The grac'd respect that claim'd him to the last,
While Shakespeare's image, from its hallow'd
base,
Seem'd to prescribe the grave, and point the
place;
Nor these, nor all the sad regrets that flow
From fond fidelity's domestic woe,
So much are Garrick's praise—so much his due,
As on this spot—one tear bestow'd by you.

Amid the arts which seek ingenuous fame,
Our toil attempts the most precarious claim!
To him, whose mimic pencil wins the prize,
Obedient fame immortal wreaths supplies:
Whate'er of wonder Reynolds now may raise,
Raphael still boasts cotemporary praise:
Each dazzling light and gaudier bloom subdu'd,
With undiminish'd awe his works are view'd:
E'en beauty's portrait wears a softer prime,
Touch'd by the tender hand of mellowing time.

The patient sculptor owns an humbler part,
A ruder toil, and more mechanic art;
Content with slow and timorous stroke to trace
The lingering line, and mould the tardy grace:

But once atchiev'd, tho' barbarous wreck o'er-
throw

The sacred fane, and lay its glories low,
Yet shall the sculptur'd ruin rise to-day,
Grac'd by defect, and worship'd in decay;
Th'enduring record bears the artist's name,
Demands his honours, and asserts his fame.

Superior hopes the poet's bosom fire,
O proud distinction of the sacred lyre!
Wide as th'inspiring Phoebus darts his ray,
Diffusive splendor gilds his votary's lay.
Whether the song heroic woes rehearse,
With Epic grandeur, and the pomp of verse;
Or, fondly gay, with unambitious guile
Attempt no prize but favouring beauty's smile;
Or bear dejected to the lonely grove
The soft despair of unprevailing love;
Whate'er the theme, thro' ev'ry age and clime
Congenial passions meet th'according rhyme;
The pride of glory, pity's sigh sincere,
Youth's earliest blush, and beauty's virgin tear.

Such is their meed—their honours thus
secure,
Whose arts yield objects, and whose works
endure.

The actor only shrinks from time's award;
Feeble tradition is his memory's guard;
By whose faint breath his merit must abide,
Unvouch'd by proof, to substance unall'd!
Even matchless Garrick's art, to heav'n re-
sign'd,

No fix'd effect, no model leaves behind.

The grace of action, the adapted mien,
Faithful as Nature to the varied scene;
Th'expressive glance, whose subtle comment
draws

Entranc'd attention, and a mute applause;
Gesture that marks, with force and feeling
fraught,

A sense in silence, and a will in thought;
Harmonious speech, whose pure and liquid tone
Gives verse a music, scarce confess'd its own;

As

As light from gems assumes a brighter ray,
And, cloth'd with orient hues, transcends the
day!

Passion's wild break, and frown that awes the
sense

And ev'ry charm of gentle eloquence,
All perishable!---like th'electric fire,
But strike the frame, and, as they strike, expire:
Incense too pure a bodied flame to bear,
Its fragrance charms the sense, and blends with
air.

Where then, while sunk in cold decay he lies,
And pale eclipse for ever veils those eyes!
Where is the blest memorial that ensures
Our Garrick's fame---whose is the trust?---
'Tis yours.

And O! by ev'ry charm his heart essay'd
To sooth your cares! by ev'ry grief allay'd!
By the hush'd wonder which his accents drew!
By his last parting tear, repaid by you!
By all those thoughts, which many a distant
night

Shall mark his mem'ry with a sad delight!
Still in your hearts dear record bear his name,
Cherish the keen regret that lifts his fame;
To you it is bequeath'd, assert the trust,
And to his worth ('tis all you can) be just.

What more is due from sanctifying time
To cheerful wit and many a favour'd rhyme,
O'er his grac'd urn shall bloom, a deathless
wreath, [beneath.

Whose blossom'd sweets shall deck the mask
For these, when Sculpture's votive toil shall rear
The due memorial of a loss so dear!

O loveliest mourner, gentle muse! be thine
The pleasing woe to guard the laurel'd shrine!
As Fancy, oft by Superstition led
To roam the mansions of the fainted dead,
Has view'd, by shadowy eve's unfaithful gloom,
A weeping cherub on a martyr's tomb; [bier,
So thou, sweet Muse, hang o'er his sculptur'd
What patient woe, that loves the lingering tear;

With thoughts that mourn, nor yet desire relief,
With meek regret, and fond enduring grief;
With looks that speak---he never shall return!
Chilling thy tender bosom, clasp his urn;
And, with soft sighs, disperse th'irreverend dust
Which time may strew upon his sacred bust!

§ 34. *Epilogue intended to be spoken by Mr. Shuter, in the Character of a Schoolmaster, with a rod in his hand.*

WHEN vice and folly are a nation's bane,
When poets write, and parsons preach in
vain,

When satire's sting and moral precepts fail,
Then threats and rougher methods must prevail.
Behold a schoolmaster --Ticklebreach by name,
Who comes a headstrong people to reclaim;
To lash those foibles now so common grown,
And once more place fair Virtue on her throne.
This magic rod, tho' nought but simple wood,
With wonders (strange to mention) is endu'd.
If to that part of man we all deride,
'Tis rightly handled, and with skill apply'd;
'Twill make a lawyer honest 'gainst his will,
The doctor save the patient he would kill;
The statesman too, that Atlas of the state,
Who toils, and sweats, and bends beneath the
weight

Of places, pensions, sinecures, and fees,
At the first stroke will find immediate ease:
With joy he'll cast the pond'rous load aside,
And at the helm take honour for his guide;
Relieve the indigent without a bribe,
And spurn at sycophants, that fawning tribe:
The modern Bobadil, who in taverns boasts
The feats he did when on proud Gallia's coasts,
How twenty Frenchmen at a time he slew,
'Twenty more---kill 'em; twenty more---kill
them too!

When in the field his looks his fears betray,
And his own shadow makes him run away;

A a

But

But if the force of this same twig he feels,
His courage straight will leave his friendly heels,
Mount to his heart, his martial bosom warm,
And, like brave Prussia, the whole world alarm.

Next, to the male-coquet I mean to speak,
Whose head, and heart, and nerves alike are
weak;

Who, like that curious mask which Æsop feigns,
The fox admir'd, yet mourn'd the want of brains;
Who plies his glass, and grinning cries, 'Sir
Peter,

' There's a fine girl; Gad's curse! a charming
creature!

' What eyes, what lips! and then her shape and
gait!

' She must be mine, egad, at any rate.'

This wand, if once it touch the coxcomb's tail,
I do assure him, ne'er was known to fail;
He'll own its charms surpass his fals and drops,
For into men it changes fools and fops;
Makes 'em look wise, say little, and do more;
All which, I'm sure, they never did before.

In good queen Bets's happy golden reign,
The British fair their virtues did maintain;
But, shame to tell, how dreadful the reflection!
The sex is now so bad, they want correction---
But hold, methinks from yonder box I hear
My Lady Dainty thus express her fear:

' Lard! sure the filthy fellow does not mean

' To turn us up; he won't be so obscene:

' I'll go this instant, and ask Mr. Rich,

' How he dares suffer this rude Ticklebreech?'

Ladies, be calm, this needless rage suspend,
And take good counsel as from friend to friend:
If you would shun acquaintance with the birch,
Shun cards on Sabbath-day, and go to church;
This vicious appetite no longer feed:

Be virtuous all, be British dames indeed.

And now, my pupils, what you've learnt this
night,

Go teach to others, and you'll then do right;

Be you to them the same indulgent tutor,
And come next year to see your friend Ned
Shuter.

§ 35. *Prologue occasioned by the Death of*
Mr. Henderson; 1785. MURPHY.

ERE fiction try this night her magic strain,
And blend mysteriously delight with pain;
Ere yet she wake her train of hopes and fears
For Jaffier's wrongs and Belvidera's tears,
Will you permit a true, a recent grief,
To vent its charge, and seek that kind relief?

How shall we feel the tale of feign'd distress,
While on the heart our own afflictions press?
When our own friend, when *Henderson* expires,
And from the tomb one parting pang requires!
In yonder abbey shall he rest his head,
And on this spot no virtuous drop be shed?

You will indulge our grief:---those crowded
rows

Show you have hearts that feel domestic woes;
Hearts that with gen'rous emulation burn,
To raise the widow drooping o'er his urn:
And to his child, when reason's op'ning ray
Shall tell her *whom* she lost, this truth convey;
Her father's worth made each good man his
friend;

Honour'd thro' life, regretted in his end!

And for his relatives, to help his store,
An audience gave, when he could give no more.

Him we all mourn; his friends still heave the
sigh,

And still the tear stands trembling in the eye.
His was each mild, each amiable art,
The gentlest manners, and the feeling heart;
Fair simple truth; benevolence to all;
A gen'rous warmth, that glow'd at friendship's
call;

A judgment sure, while learning toil'd behind;
His mirth was wit, his humour sense refin'd;

A soul

A soul above all guile, all meaner views;
The friend of science; friend of ev'ry muse!
Oft have I known him in my vernal year---
This no feign'd grief---no artificial tear!
Oft in this breast he wak'd the Muse's flame;
Fond to advise, and point my way to fame.
Who most shall praise him, all are still at strife;
Expiring virtue leaves a void in life.

A void our scene has felt:---with Shakespeare's
page

Who now, like him, shall animate the stage?
Hamlet, Macbeth, and Benedick, and Lear,
Richard, and Wolsey, pleas'd each learned car.
If feigning well be our consummate art,
How great *his* praise, who in Iago's part
Could utter thoughts so foreign to his heart! }
Falstaff, who shook this house with mirthful
roar,

Is now no counterfeit:---he'll rise no more!
'Twas Henderson's the drama to pervade,
Each passion touch, and give each nicer shade.
When o'er these boards the Roman Father
pass'd---

But I forbear---that effort was his last.
The Muse there saw his zeal, though rack'd
with pain,

While the slow fever ambush'd in each vein.
She fought the bed where pale and wan he lay,
And vainly try'd to chase disease away;
Watch'd ev'ry look, and number'd ev'ry sigh,
And gently, as he liv'd, she saw him die.
Wild with her griefs, she join'd the mournful
throng

With sullen sound as the hearse mov'd along:
Thro' the dim vaulted aisles she led the way,
And gave to genius past his kindred clay;
Heard the last *requiem* o'er his relics cold,
And with her tears bedew'd the hallow'd
mould.

In faithful verse, there near the lonely cell,
The fair recording epitaph may tell,

That he who now lies mould'ring into dust,
Was good, was upright, generous, and just;
By *talents* form'd to grace the poet's lays;
By *virtue* form'd to dignify his days.

§ 36. Prologue to *Two to One*; 1784.
COLMAN.

TO-night, as heralds tell, a virgin muse,
An untrain'd youth, a new advent'rer
sues;
Green in his one-and-twenty, scarce of age,
Takes his first flight, half fledg'd, upon the
stage.

Within this little round the parent bird
Hath warbled oft; oft patiently you heard;
And as he strove to raise his eager throat,
Your kind applause made music of his note.
But now, with beating heart, and anxious eye,
He sees his vent'rous youngling strive to fly:
Like Dædalus, a father's fears he brings,
A father's hopes, and fain would plume his
wings.

How vain, alas, his hopes! his fears how
vain!
'Tis YOU must hear, and, hearing, judge the
strain.

Your equal justice sinks or lifts his name;
Your frown's a sentence, your applause is fame.
If humour warms his scenes with genial fire,
They'll ev'n redeem the errors of his fire;
Nor shall *his* lead-- dead! to the bottom drop,
By youth's enliv'ning cork buoy'd up at top.
If characters are mark'd with ease and truth,
Pleas'd with his spirit, you'll forgive his youth.
Should fire and son be both with dulness curst,
'And Duncie the Second follow Duncie the First,'
The shallow stripling's vain attempt you'll
mock,

And damn him for a *Chip of the old Block*.
Epilogue

§ 37. *Epilogue by Mr. Garrick, on quitting the Stage, June 1776.* GARRICK.

A Veteran see! whose last act on the stage
Entreats your smiles for sickness and for
age; [mind;
Their cause I plead---plead it in heart and
A fellow-feeling makes one wond'rous kind:
Might we but hope your zeal would not be less
When I am gone, to patronize distress;
That hope obtain'd, the wish'd-for end secures
To soothe their cares, who oft have lighten'd
yours.
Shall the great heroes of celestial line, [wine,
Who drank full bowls of Greek and Roman
Cæsar and Brutus, Agamemnon, Hector,
Nay, Jove himself, who here has quaff'd his
nectar; [court her,
Shall they who govern'd fortune, cringe and
Thirst in their age, and call in vain for porter?
Like Belisarius, tax the pitying street,
With *date obolum* to all they meet? [gore;
Shan't I, who oft have drench'd my hands in
Stabb'd many, poison'd some, beheaded more;
Who numbers slew in battle on this plain;
Shan't I, the slayer, try to feed the slain?

Brother to all, with equal love I view
The men who slew me, and the men I slew:
I must, I will this happy project seize,
That those, too old to die, may live with ease.
Suppose the babes I smother'd in the Tower,
By chance, or sickness, lose their acting pow'r,
Shall they, once princes, worse than all be
serv'd!
In childhood murder'd, and, when murder'd,
starv'd?
Matrons half ravish'd, for your recreation,
In age, should never want some consolation:
Can I, young Hamlet once, to nature lost,
Behold, O horrible! my father's ghost,
With grisly beard, pale cheek—stalk up and
down,
And he, the Royal Dane, want half a crown?
Forbid it, ladies! gentlemen, forbid it!
Give joy to age, and let 'em say—You did it.
To you, ye gods*! I make my last appeal;
You have a right to judge as well as feel;
Will your high wisdoms to our scheme incline,
That kings, queens, heroes, gods, and ghosts
may dine?
Olympus shakes!--that omen all secures;
May every joy you give be tenfold yours!

* To the Upper Gallery.



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